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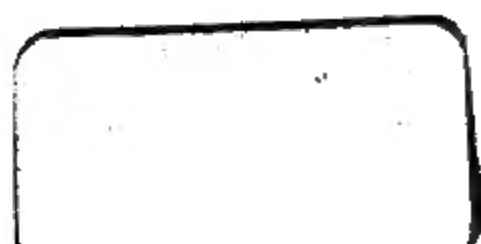
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

AND

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

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INDEX.

	PAGE
Among the Mummy Pits. By Lady L. Ridding	644
Anne Mozley—In Memoriam. By C. M. Yonge	341
At the Fair. By Katharine S. Macquoid	146
Book Notices	239, 704
Browning—An Introduction. By A. D. Innes	22
Cameos from English History. By C. M. Yonge :—	
End of the Regency	74
The French Church under Fleury	192
Philosophy in Seedtime'	314
The Pragmatic Sanction	432
War of the Polish Election	574
The Queen and the Minister	668
Charles Kingsley. By C. M. Yonge	283
China Cupboard, The	112, 232, 353, 473, 593, 710
Christmas Eve in South Africa, A. By Esperanza	657
Church History Society	110, 230, 350, 470, 593, 707
Church House, The. By Ivanovna	189
Coleridge (S. T.) on Mysticism	377
Country Society of Yesterday. By C. M. Hallett	637
Cousin Amy. By Lucy C. Lillie	507
Dante and Beatrice. By Rose E. Selfe	414
Decisi, The. By Mrs. Church	266
Finger Posts in Faery Land; Papers on the 'Faery Queene.' By C. R. Coleridge	102, 223, 342, 462, 584, 698
Greek Forerunners of Christ.—IV. Philo. By Rev. P. Lilly	136
Hylas	438
Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. By M. Bramston	428
Life in a Hungarian Village. By M. L. Cameron	179
Lilian and Lili (<i>Conclusion</i>). By the Author of 'Mdle. Mori'	3
Limp Ladies. By F. Wilford	186
National Health Society, The. By Mary R. Pridham	310
Near Batticaloa, Ceylon. By C. F. Gordon Cumming	290
Number 8—A Family Chronicle. By G. Butt	61

the full height of their poetic genius, wrote but little verse herself. The collected edition of 'The Works of Wordsworth' (Macmillan, 1889) contains only five of her poems (pp. 225, 357, 361, 703, 773), and of these, all but one, 'The Floating Island,' are addressed to children. Simple and unpretending as these verses are, in almost every line they betray the presence of a lofty poetical imagination. And, if we turn to her journals, we find ample proof of her great powers of observation, her exquisite perception of the beauty of Nature. She was a poet indeed, and yet she sought not her own, but was content to merge herself in her brother's greatness. Nowhere can we find a better instance of *modest worth*.

'Grasmere, a Fragment,' a poem of great merit, which will also shortly be printed for the first time, by the kind permission of the representatives of the poet Wordsworth, is dated Sept. 26th, 1829, but may have been composed at an earlier period. The MS. has been transcribed from an album which belonged to Miss Emily Trevenen, of Helleston in Cornwall, and the autograph poems which form its contents were the happy memorial of a visit to the Lake Country, which she paid on the occasion of the marriage of Henry Nelson Coleridge with his cousin Sara.

Miss Trevenen bequeathed the album to her friend Derwent Coleridge.

ERNEST H. COLERIDGE.

LILIAN AND LILI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,'
'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROBABLY Lili would have argued the point as to whether it were advisable to give Pearl more wholesome admonition or not, if she had not had more pressing matters on her mind. 'I did not come here to talk about Pearl or even of M. Archer's impertinence,' she said. 'You may imagine, Ma-belle, that I should not have walked alone so far for a little reason. I wanted to say something very important to you, and also to me.'

'Really?' said Lilian, expectantly, but not much moved, since by this time she had grown used to Lili's parade of mystery.

'Yes, *chérie*, it is necessary to speak frankly. Of course I have guessed your intentions for me, but indeed it will never come to anything, M. Thorley will never think of me.'

'Think of you? In what way? I suppose you do not mean as a wife?'

'Yes, my cousin. I know you hoped it when you asked me to come here; I suspected it all the time, and I felt sure of it that day when you said a husband should be eight years older than his wife. I think you should not have said that before M. Chris, dear Lilian; it put me in an undignified position, but never mind that now, *chérie*, there is something more important—ah, I must say it even if you are angry with your poor Lili, for there is no one else to speak; you are too unpractical to perceive it, but others do; I look on and see the game, and it is you whom M. Chris desires to marry.'

'Lili! what are you talking about?'

'Ah, you are angry, your eyes flash, and yet I only speak for your sake, and it is true, Ma-belle, quite true; you see he knows

all your possessions, your riches, and naturally he desires to obtain them. It is not that you could not be loved for yourself, *chérie* ; you know I think there is no one like you, but this Chris, he is mercenary, it is your property that he loves and covets, not my sweet Lilian. It is as I say, though you may not believe me.'

'Lili,' said Miss Bruce, recovering her breath, and speaking with more displeasure in her tone than the girl had ever heard there, 'you are talking nonsense, and very mischievous nonsense. You do not wish to be a mischief maker, but you might do great harm by such ridiculous talk. You need only look at me to see how far such possibilities are from me—as far as if I were dead or in a cloister. Put such fancies out of your head once for all.'

Lili sighed and folded her hands in incredulous protest, and Lilian sat silent, not daring to trust herself to speak again for some moments.

'What put this into your head?' she asked at last.

'It is true, *ma cousine*. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton think so.'

'What can you mean?'

'I heard them talk of it while I was near their room door.'

'Do you mean that you listened?' said Lilian, disposed just then to believe Lili capable of anything.

'Listen! No, I only heard, and it made me understand everything. They spoke of Chris and Rescar, and that he had made sure of it, and something about opportunities, and Mr. Egerton seemed angry—ah, I do not wonder! And I felt I must come directly and tell you.'

'You little goose!' said Lilian, relieved yet angry. 'Some day you will know how silly you have been. Now, Lili, recollect I absolutely forbid you to say another word of this to anyone. Do you understand?'

'I think I will go downstairs for a little while,' said Lili, in the tone which Miss Bruce had learned to understand, and she rose and went silently away out of the room, with the corners of her mouth drooping, leaving her cousin very distinctly thankful for her departure. She found herself regretting that the girl had ever come to Rescar, and wishing never to see her again. What had passed had strangely upset her; at first the suggestion had seemed merely ludicrous, if offensive, but after all, Chris was a young man and she still a young woman, though she had long ceased to look on herself in that light. But for her accident

there would have been nothing unlikely in such a project. Yes, it might have been, and Lilian recognised this with the strangest thrill. Surely no one else dreamed. . . . All at once Lilian felt utterly lonely and defenceless, even Miss Miller absent—she must have Miss Miller back, the dear old faithful friend of all her life, and she rose from her couch, unconscious until later what an unheard of effort she was making, and fetched her blotting book and inkstand, which happened to be out of reach of her hand, and wrote a hasty note to summon her back. As she signed her name she paused. ‘Poor Milly!’ she thought, ‘her first holiday in all these years—and already half spoiled by that niece’s illness. I am too selfish.’ And she tore the sheet up, lay back on her couch and closed her eyes, but as she did so a great wave of bitterness and longing swept over her which brought smarting tears to her eyelids as she felt what life might have been but for that fatal day which made any future but that of a helpless invalid impossible to her. Even at the first, when she fought so many battles with herself that no one guessed, she had hardly ever felt so nearly beaten as now. A great darkness overwhelmed her; she could not see that in any sense it was well that she should lie here a cripple, cut off from all the sweet joys and interests given to others, rarely out of pain, her life narrowed to endurance instead of active service, reduced to depend on others all the years she had to live.

‘It is God’s will,’ she murmured, casting herself on that faith which alone can uphold when the enigmas of life are too hard for us. ‘It is God’s will. He knows, though I do not.’

And when Lili returned she found her lying asleep, looking so calm, and sweet, and fair that she stood rebuked before her, and was ashamed of her pettish determination to make her repent having slighted her advice.

She sat down very quietly and turned a loving face to Miss Bruce when she woke. ‘You have had a nice rest, *chérie*,’ she said, ‘that is right. But how did you get your blotting book? I saw it was on another table just now.’

‘You always notice everything, I know. Well, I actually fetched it. You see how independent I am growing.’

‘Oh, you walked across the room alone! Oh, Lilian!’

‘I did, and I am none the worse for it.’

‘I always thought you could do much more if they would let you, and I see I was right. But you must not try to move unless I am with you; promise me that. I could not answer for it to

myself if I let you do anything rash. It is so stupid for you to be always upstairs ; we ought to get you down into the drawing-room, or put your sofa in the conservatory, and then you could see the white lapageria. Why not?' as Lilian shook her head.

'I cannot bear the pain of being carried downstairs. It has been tried.'

'But when? What! five years ago, and because you could not bear it then, nobody has tried since! Don't you see what it is? You and everyone have got so used to your being laid up that you do not know what you can or cannot do,' said Lili, with bracing frankness. 'It is just like your wearing a cap; you began when your hair fell off, and now you keep on doing it though it is as thick as ever—lovely hair! I wish I had the care of you; things would be very different.'

'I should not wonder,' laughed Miss Bruce.

'Anyhow, you ought to try if you cannot get downstairs; I believe you could perfectly do it. Chris must find some way of taking you; I shall ask him about it.'

She was so eager over this plan that she forgot her jealousy of Chris. Lilian's heart sank at the prospect of such an effort, recollecting too how much it had cost her when made; but, after all, there was sense in what Lili said; perhaps it was a duty to try, and there was a thrill in the thought of getting out of these two rooms in which she had spent six years, and knew so well.

'We will think about it, dear. Why, I never gave you a letter from Dieppe which came to day.'

'It is from Petite. Ah, this is what I expected. I thought he would take my advice. Petite will marry M. Charles Alain; his father came and settled it all with our aunt on Sunday last.'

'But I thought it was you——'

'But since he could not have me! His sister has gone into a convent, and his mother wants a daughter-in-law to help her. He is a good kind of young man, and will make Petite a husband as there are few. And they are to be married next month.'

Lili looked thoughtful; Miss Bruce supposed that she was uneasy as to this transfer of affection, but she was thinking of something quite different.

'I do not think it would be quite right not to go to the

wedding,' she said slowly. 'Petite would like it, and so would M. Charles.'

'Indeed!'

'Of course. We shall be very good friends. I must consider this, but we will not talk of that now. It is all your doing, *chérie*—if you had not given Petite some money, M. Alain would never have thought of it.'

'Certainly marriage is not romantic in France.'

'Of course not. Romantic! It is serious, it is an affair. Only silly girls are romantic. I knew one who was—she wrote love letters, and bribed the *bonne* to post them, and said she should die if she did not marry the young clerk of her father. Well, of course it was found out, and she did not die at all, but took the man her parents chose for her, and it was a great deal better. But well brought up girls are not so silly. Oh, I wonder what M. Charles will give in the *corbeille*. You know that is brought by the *fiancé* the day before the wedding. I know exactly how everything will go. Of course there must be a contract, as Petite has a little fortune, and M. Charles will inherit the farm; that will be signed before the relations and some friends, and then there is the ceremony at the *Mairie*, but the interesting part is next day.'

'Well?' said Lilian, very glad to see Lili full of a new subject which might put Chris out of her head.

'I don't see how we shall manage,' said Lili, meditatively. 'To do it properly we ought to have a mother *and* aunt. You see, aunt will have to dress Petite for her marriage, and embrace her from time to time as she puts on her things; then we shall go to Church—we must drive, of course. It is so awkward, papa not being alive, because he ought to go in the first carriage with Petite, and if aunt does, who will go with M. Charles in the second? I cannot think how we shall arrange it.'

'Indeed it seems very difficult.'

'It is,' said Lili, seriously. 'And I do hope the priest will give us a nice address; it gives distinction to a marriage. Of course we shall have a little breakfast afterwards, quite simple, you know, and perhaps all go for a drive, and then a dinner and a dance at a restaurant. Oh, we must have that. And about midnight we shall all go home, and aunt will say good-bye to Petite, and embrace M. Charles. . . . How he will blush! You do not know how he blushes,' said Lili, with a merry laugh.

'Well, dear, I am glad if it all satisfies you.'

‘Certainly it does. Shall I give you my letter? But no, I do not think I will,’ said Lili, with some slight embarrassment. ‘It is not that I am wanting in confidence in you, dear Ma-belle, indeed.’

‘Of course you and Abeille must have a great many things to say to one another which are not meant for a third person, dear.’

‘It is not that,’ said Lili.

Miss Bruce would have noticed her unusual thoughtfulness after the receipt of this letter had not Mrs. Egerton carried her off again, and when she returned next day Lilian was very unwell. Either she had made too great an exertion, or the emotion which she had gone through had harmed her; she was not able to leave her bed, and Mrs. Benson was anxious to summon Miss Miller.

‘No, I will not have her holiday shortened,’ Lilian said. ‘You can take very good care of me, Benson.’

‘There is no need to send for anyone since I have come home,’ said Lili, with dignity. ‘Of course I shall nurse my cousin. Has the doctor been summoned?’

‘He was here hours ago, miss,’ answered Benson shortly, and Lilian laughed in spite of pain.

‘You ought to have sent for me this morning.’

‘I don’t know as there was anything for you to do, miss.’

Lili installed herself in the sick room, and did not make a bad nurse, but night brought a contest which was not likely to do an invalid good. Benson prepared to sit up, and Lili considered this her right.

‘I’m not going to leave my mistress to anyone, Miss Lili!’ Benson declared indignantly. ‘It wants someone as knows what illness is when she is like that.’

‘*Chérie*, say you would rather have me, your little Lili who loves you, than anyone,’ cried Lili, flying to the bedside.

‘I think I had better have Benson, dear; she is used to me,’ said Lilian, longing for silence and darkness.

‘I think it is very unkind,’ said Lili, in tears.

She spent a very dull evening alone and sulky, not at all realising how much suffering Lilian was enduring. Chris happened to come next day, and inquired anxiously after her.

‘How can I tell? Benson is with her; she chose to have Benson.’

‘Look here, Lili, you don’t know half what it means when

Lilian gives in. Have you ever felt real bad pain? I thought not. Well, I can tell you it is an awful thing, even for a man to have to stand it, let alone a delicate woman. If you care about Lilian, you'll be thankful to let her have the person who can give her the most relief about her, and it stands to reason that Benson knows best what to do.'

'But I want to be with her; I love her more than Benson can.'

'What does that matter? I am not talking of you,' said Chris.

His genuine surprise that she could think of herself at such a time was a wholesome tonic. Lili felt a little ashamed.

'I do so want to do something for her,' she said.

'Well, I dare say. It strikes me you can best do that just now by letting her alone. Where were you when she fell ill?'

'At Moulton Hall. I will never go there again.'

Chris showed such evident interest in her experiences at Moulton that she was flattered, and gave a full and particular account of what she had seen and done there, with one important omission.

'Cad!' said Chris, when she told him of James Archer's speech.

'Everybody recollects that mamma was governess there, said Lili. 'In France we are not looked down on, but I am here.'

Chris, grateful to her for having given him some news of Pearl, tried to console her, but he saw that the suspicion rankled.

'Never mind,' she said. 'I do not want to talk about it. There is something else. Could we not get Lilian downstairs?'

'It does not look much like it, I am afraid.'

'Oh, but she will soon be better. It is so sad to be always upstairs, with only the sea and the gulls to look at, and she gets too conscientious. You must think what to do.'

'It has been tried, I know.'

'Six years ago!' said Lili, contemptuously.

She had set Chris thinking. After all, they had acquiesced too easily in Lilian's being confined to her two rooms; she was certainly stronger of late; the experiment ought to be made if she would consent.

And when next he came, and found her again on her sofa, he had a plan to propose which she accepted because it was his, suppressing many inward tremors.

'You see, it is not as if you would not have many years to spend,' Lili added, 'squeaking gates hang long, as you say.'

'I hate that proverb,' said Lilian, with unusual petulance, while Chris burst out laughing at Lili's version of it.

'Do you? But why?' said Lili, opening her eyes.

'If you were a squeaking gate, you would know. But you are quite right, Lili, and, Chris, we will try your nice plan.'

'Thank you, dear,' said Chris gratefully, understanding her unspoken nervousness. 'If it answers, it will have been well worth while to make the effort.'

The effort was made successfully, though to leave the room to which she had grown so accustomed and be carried into others, was in itself no light one, and when laid on a couch in the conservatory, Lilian looked so white and faint as to alarm everyone.

'Let her be,' said Chris, putting the indignant Lili aside, and fanning Lilian gently till she looked up and smiled, and could take the glass which Benson was holding for her. After that, it was keen delight to her to look round and see the blossoming shrubs, and the walls draped with creepers and ferns, and the banks of flowers beneath them.

'I can't look enough,' she said.

Everyone in Rescar felt this a great event; even Elizabeth Pease, who had seemed likely to 'never smile again,' recovered her temper and looked pleased, and in the midst of the general satisfaction in walked Miss Miller.

'Good heavens, my dear child!' she exclaimed, standing still with uplifted hands. 'You here! This is too delightful!'

'Milly! My dear Milly! But I might say "you here," I think!'

'There! I said my letter was never posted! Then you did not expect me? I thought so when there was no carriage to meet me.'

'My dear Milly! did you walk?'

'No, I came in a butcher's cart, quicker than ever I did in my life. Well, Chris, this is your doing, my dear boy, I am sure! I *am* pleased!' The tears stood in her kind eyes.

'Well, no; I believe the credit belongs to Miss Lili here.'

'Lili, I ought to have introduced you, dear. Forgive me; I was so surprised to see my dear Miss Miller.'

Lili gave her hand with reserve. She had been measuring the new comer narrowly; the arrival of the blithe little woman was

not welcome to her, and a shade fell on Miss Bruce's face as she perceived it.

'You must not stay too long the first time, my cousin,' Lili said.

'No, to be sure. So this is her first coming down? Now, how nice that I should be here for it,' said Miss Miller. 'She must come downstairs whenever she can, Chris. This is a great event. Let me put that shawl round you, Lilian. Well, I am so pleased I don't know what to do!'

She assumed her place as companion and friend so absolutely as a matter of course that even Lili was daunted. 'It is worse than Benson,' she murmured, looking at her with hostile eyes.

Lilian was too tired to talk when she had been carried back to her sitting room, but she listened with pleasure to Chris and Miss Miller, who had a great deal to say to each other about people and things which all three knew well, but which had no interest for Lili, and she went to the window and looked wistfully out at the sea, neutral tinted in the twilight, though a faint band of orange lingered in the sky. A large vessel on the horizon, whose sails had been as white as a seagull's wings until the sun set, was now neutral tinted too; the sea heaved slowly and broke in low waves upon the sand. Lili felt very sad. She thought of Dieppe, and acquaintances there, and of Petite, happy and astonished and half afraid that Lili might grudge her this good fortune, and of all the little matters that interested her there, and leaned her head against the window frame silently. Miss Bruce called her by-and-by, and she came, and took up some work, but had nothing to say. She felt herself an outsider; they were all very kind to her, but if she were gone they could do very well without her. Miss Miller, about whom she had hardly thought at all, had come back, and Mitchell sat on her lap and purred, and Lilian looked glad and happy, and Chris—Chris seemed quite at home with them all, as a matter of course. Only Lili was a stranger. It suddenly seemed clear to her that she did not belong to them, should never be one of them, and that life in England was insupportably dull. She had not liked living in Pension Lobineau, she did not want to return thither, but she was tired of life in Rescar, sad and dejected.

'I think I will go to my room and write to Petite,' she said. 'You do not want me, my cousin.'

'I am going to my room too directly, dear,' said Lilian.

But half an hour later when Lili returned to fetch her work

basket Lilian was still there ; she had become so much interested in the talk, which flowed all the freer for Lili's absence, that she had forgotten she was tired.

'I thought you were going to bed,' said Lili, severely. 'I am. Good night.'

She did not offer to come to Lilian's room as usual, and it was as well, for she would have found Miss Miller there, which would have offended her very much. She felt hurt and unhappy, without very well knowing why, and went away without further good nights to anyone, leaving Lilian to wonder how she should deal with her if she took umbrage at Miss Miller ; a question to which she found no answer.

CHAPTER XV.

'SHE is not in the least what I expected,' said Miss Miller. 'I thought from your description that she was a brisk lively little creature, rather wilful, but loving and amusing, and here I find a silent girl, looking as if everyone illused her, and watching every word one says as if she were a detective.'

This was Miss Miller's view of Lili after they had been three days together, and she had in vain tried to cheer her up, or get on friendly terms with her. 'I can't understand the change in her,' said Lilian.

'I am quite sure there is something unsatisfactory about her, my dear, for she never has a kind word for Mitchell.'

There was no doubt that Lili was greatly changed. She had grown listless, *ennuyée*, dejected, never proposing any plan, sometimes keeping quite aloof, sometimes gazing at Miss Bruce with sad and reproachful eyes. Instead of seizing every opportunity of rendering her service, she usually answered, 'You do not want me now, my cousin, you have Miss Miller, and besides, there are M. Chris and Pearl Egerton.' Lilian sometimes suspected that she had been crying, but if she questioned her, she got no satisfactory reply. 'You love so many, and I have nobody who is my own,' she once said, and that was all that could be extracted. Jealousy was a good deal at the root of Lili's unhappiness. She had struggled against Pearl, feeling on vantage ground as a relation, with a right in Rescar, and she had denounced innocent Chris, but she felt powerless against this cheery little plump Miss Miller, who did not even perceive her efforts to oust her, and resumed her duties as a matter of

course, treating Lili kindly, being kind to everyone, but without particular interest in her. Worst of all, she was part of Miss Bruce's past, in which Lili had no share.

Lili gave up one little office after another silently, and would not be induced to take them up again. 'No, I will not make the bouquets any more,' she said; 'Miss Miller thinks I do it badly. I heard her inquire who put such stiff bunches into the vases, so I suppose I do not arrange them as English people like. I do not want to do them any more.'

And she never did. Miss Bruce was glad to resume an occupation which was a pleasure to her, but Lili's attitude spoiled a good deal of the enjoyment.

'My Lili, do you not think you are a little silly?' she once suggested, when the girl made some such speech.

'Perhaps. If you say so, I suppose I am, but I would rather not do it,' she replied.

Lilian thought this mood would pass away, and took as little notice of it as possible, but Lili was really unhappy; a conflict was going on in her mind, and she was not sure what she wished. Up to this time she had always known what she desired, though it might be unattainable. Life had not been smooth, but there were no perplexing questions in it. Now she had come to a point where there were two roads leading widely apart, and she did not know which to take. Lilian observed that a letter from Dieppe invariably depressed her, and sent her to her own room. Could she regret M. Charles? She scouted the notion with such genuine astonishment that some other explanation had to be found.

George Egerton rode over to call, and saw Miss Miller, which was not what he came for. Lili did not appear, though she owned to seeing him ride up. 'He wearies me,' was her remark. 'He is too like his father, with his big light eyes and large feet, and he is impolite to Mrs. Egerton and Pearl. One knows what a man will be in his own house, if one has seen him in that of his parents. He is a *rustre*.'

'It would do George Egerton a great deal of good to hear that,' said Miss Miller, much amused; her presence was no bar whatever to Lili's confidences when she was in a humour to make them. 'He has been spoiled by young ladies.'

'That young man,' said Lili, with immense contempt.

A few days later she came in flushed, and holding her head very erect. 'My cousin,' she said, standing before Lilian,

‘please tell me, do English gentlemen ask ladies to marry them before they have consulted the parents?’

‘Well, yes, generally, I think, if they have no reason to fear objections.’

‘Ah, is it so? Then it is not an impertinence? I am glad to know that. I thought it was, and naturally I was angry.’

Miss Miller and Lilian exchanged glances.

‘Who has been asking you to marry him, Lili?’

‘M. George.. He met me returning from the boat, and he reproached me for being always out when he came, and asked if it was expressly. I said yes, for I did not care to see him, and he was much surprised.’

‘I should think so. George is not used to such treatment,’ laughed Miss Miller.

‘He should not have asked if he did not desire to know. And he got hot and angry, and said many foolish things; he would not cease, and I remembered you said it would be good for him to know my thoughts about his conduct to Mrs. Egerton, so I told him what they were, and he was astonished and quite humble. I said how in France we reverence our parents and obey them when we are quite old, and that I regard you as a mother, and if he wanted to be my husband he must go to you first, but that I should implore you not to sacrifice me. And at last he went away. Heavens! how silly a man in love looks! He had the air of a fox which a hen had flown at. But I am glad it was not an impertinence.’

‘I am afraid you are a hardhearted little creature, Lili,’ said Miss Miller, who had listened with vast amusement.

‘But why? His wanting me is not a reason for accepting him.’

‘But surely it is for pitying him?’

‘It will do him good not to get everything his own way; he thought he honoured me, and was much surprised to learn there are many I should prefer. And he got beside himself and said I must and should marry him; he did not care if I had not a franc—a brass farthing I think he called it—he would ask no one’s leave. It was then I spoke to him of his parents.’

Miss Miller and Lilian looked at one another again, and their glances said, ‘I should not have expected that of George Egerton; he must be very much in love,’ and ‘I think the better of him for it’—and then both involuntarily smiled.

‘I do not see what amuses you,’ said Lili, affronted. ‘I speak sense.’

‘Excellent, dear.’

‘It is M. George then,’ said Lili, not quite pleased that her suitor should be laughed at, though she might decry him herself.

‘No, not poor George ; I am very sorry for him, but you tell it all in such a business like way, Lili ; you certainly are not sentimental.’

‘Only silly people are sentimental over things like this. When Elise Barrada—that girl I told you of—could not have her father’s clerk, she used to write to him that if they were not united she should die, and he must put violets on her grave ; that is sentimental, and I think it *bête*.’

‘How do you know what she wrote ?’

‘She showed me the letter one day ; her mother thought it was an English theme which I could aid her to write—Elise begged me to post it secretly.’

‘I hope you refused.’

‘Of course I refused. Do you think I would mix myself in a secret correspondence ? It might have ruined my prospects. And then she implored Petite, who was sorry for her—she has so tender a heart, Petite ! but she too refused because she thought a girl should not deceive her mother. And it was happy we did, for the father of the young man found the letters and carried them to M. Barrada, who took Elise that very day back to the convent where she was educated, though there was a beautiful public *fête* and illuminations that evening, and kept her there till he had found a *parti* for her. She wept—ah, like a fountain.’

‘It really was hard both to lose the lover and the *fête*,’ said Miss Miller.

‘Especially the *fête*, for perhaps there would never be another like it,’ said Lili. ‘That was what really was unfortunate.’

George Egerton was unquestionably in love, belying all his mother’s predictions.

‘I am exceedingly glad to hear it,’ Mrs. Egerton said, much more warmly than usual when Pearl confided to her that George had proposed without so much as asking if Lili had a dowry, and happening to meet him directly after, she stopped and surprised him very much by saying, ‘I wish I could help you, George ; I shall be pleased if you succeed.’

He stopped and stared at her. ‘I never thought you would take to it,’ he said.

'I am sorry for that, since you believe it would be for your happiness,' answered Mrs. Egerton ; her voice did not betray the keen pang at her heart, but perhaps his own words returned upon his ear, for he said, 'Thank you, mother,' and kissed her. She could not recollect his having done such a thing since he sat on her knee as a child, and tears came suddenly to her eyes.

'She said I was not a good son to you,' George muttered as he saw them. 'I suppose she was right.'

He was not a bad fellow at bottom, and though he would not get the wife he wanted, Lili had not wasted her words after all.

'I believe things are rough on mother,' he said later to Pearl. 'But, hang it ! why can she never take my father by the right end ?'

Pearl had no answer to that, and was glad to speak of Lili instead. She knew that George must have been very hard hit when he came and begged her to see what she could do for him. Personally she did not like Lili, and still thought her underbred, though she had certainly gained a great deal by being with Miss Bruce, but she might suit George better than a more refined wife would have done, and George had a great deal to offer if Mr. Egerton liked the marriage ; if not, to work for the sake of some one dear to him would be the best thing in the world for him, Pearl thought.

She went with good will to seek Lili, with a much lighter heart than she had had for a long while. She chose the hour when Miss Miller would be taking the colley for a walk, and hoped she might compass a private interview with Lili. Entering unannounced, she found Lilian lying in the window, watching the sea birds through a field glass ; she was particularly fond of birds and intimate with their habits. Lili was a little distressed at the interest she took in trifles, birds among them.

'I hoped you would be in the drawing room or conservatory,' Pearl said.

'Not yet, by-and-by, I hope. You cannot guess the enjoyment it is to get downstairs and hear and see fresh things. It is like coming back to life. I almost think some day I may get to the sands ; they have already carried me to the terrace, and I felt the spray on my face. And a gull almost touched me as he flew by !'

The delight with which Lilian spoke gave some measure of what her six years' imprisonment had cost her. 'Ah, and

you never complained all the time you have been shut up here !' Pearl said.

'Dear, I dared not. If I had once let myself begin. . . . And so many things have helped me. But tell me of yourself, my sweet. I suspect good news ; you look as fresh as Aurora herself !'

'Do I ? My godfather, old Mr. Edwards, is dead.'

'Is that good news ?'

'Yes,' answered Pearl, smiling. 'It seems hard hearted, but I never saw him, and he has left me five thousand pounds.'

'Ah, I begin to see. And your father ?'

'He was very angry at first. I think I may tell you, because I hope all that is over, but some days ago James Archer told me he had papa's leave to marry me—was it not mean to ask papa first ? for you know James Archer knew, Miss Bruce ! And when I said I would not—oh, he was hateful ! And he went to papa !'

'And then, dear ?' said Lilian, anxiously.

'Papa was terribly angry. He told me he knew I had refused for the sake of a man who had never asked me to marry him ; that was cruel, I think, for Chris has only not done so because papa forbade him, and he has been so good and honourable about it ! I know he will as soon as I am of age—but the worst was that papa blamed my mother for my refusal. If only I could, I would have said yes then. But there was Chris to think of.'

'It is the last thing she would allow,' said Lilian, mindful of what Mrs. Egerton had said.

'It was all as miserable as possible ; papa said we two made a party against him—but I want to forget it all if I can.'

'Yes. And then came this legacy ?'

'I think papa imagined I should defy him when I had some money of my own, so I went to him and said it would make no difference ; I should not try to see Chris nor write to him without his leave, but I hoped he would let me. And he was so surprised—and pleased, I am sure ; he did not say much—I don't think he quite knew what to say—but I believe I may tell Chris when I see him next. And, perhaps, by-and-by—'

She looked very happy, and Lilian was delighted.

'But I want to see Lili, and talk to her about George,' Pearl said presently. 'You do not mind ?'

‘Not at all, but I do not fancy she will listen. I wish you could find out what is amiss with her, Pearl.’

Lili was not in her room, nor downstairs ; the butler said she had gone out through the drawing room window. Pearl took the same way, crossed the turf, emerged into the walk behind the slopes at one of the angles, and found herself face to face with Chris, who had arrived a little while earlier, and was making for the house after a short tour of inspection with Sturt.

‘Chris! Oh, it is so long since I have seen you!’

‘My darling,’ said Chris, clasping her outstretched hands.

The suddenness of the meeting had taken both off their guard. Having said this much, it was impossible not to say a great deal more ; they moved slowly on, talking in low tones, and watched in speechless horror by Lili, who had scrambled up to gather filberts from the bushes overhead, and thus was an unsuspected witness of the interview. The instant they were out of sight, in happy unconsciousness of her presence, she slid down the slope and flew across the lawn, arriving with eyes wide with consternation in Lilian’s room.

‘Oh, my cousin, they are traitors, that Chris and Pearl too!’ she cried.

‘What! Chris here! He certainly *has* that divining-rod. What has happened?’

‘He—they—how shall I say it? He kissed her. I saw it, my cousin.’

‘You must have been very much in the way, I am afraid,’ said Miss Bruce composedly. ‘Well?’

‘Well! You can say well! It is monstrous! It is abominable!’

‘I dare say there were good reasons for it. Did Pearl object?’

‘No, that is the worst. Pearl, who seemed so modest, so proud! And you are not even shocked!’

‘My dear child,’ said Miss Bruce, seeing how serious it was to Lili. ‘I suppose I must tell you a secret ; Chris and Pearl have loved each other ever since they were children, and I think now there is some hope of Mr. Egerton’s consenting to their marriage. It makes me very glad. But remember, you must not speak of it.’

Lili was quite silent for some minutes, slowly taking in this information. ‘You knew it!’ she said at length.

‘Of course. Chris and Pearl have had a trying time, and have behaved very well.’

‘I do not know about that,’ said Lili, still thinking of the kiss. ‘In France we should not say so. But you are so different in England. With us he would only come to see Pearl before her father and mother. Of course I do not mean that, if he was really in love, he might not have given her a little *billet doux* sometimes when they met. But as for kissing her . . . ah, heavens ! And now they are gone nobody knows where together. As for me, I should have made him wait for a *tête à tête* until the wedding day. I do not understand it.’

She paused, and reflected sadly on the indecorum of English ways.

‘Then after all he did not want—’ she said suddenly. ‘That was not what Mr. Egerton meant. And I used to believe Pearl wanted Rescar, but since I have seen Moulton, and how colossally rich the Egertons are I have thought I was perhaps unjust.’

‘Yes, you certainly were unjust, and perhaps not very wise, my little Lili.’

‘I—do not know,’ said Lili, meditatively. ‘Perhaps. But why will Mr. Egerton not let them marry ? Because of James Archer ?’

‘Partly.’

‘He is a cad,’ said Lili, who had noted the word when Chris said it, and felt it to be a good one. ‘And now I know she ought not to marry him, since he is the son of a man who sent her mother walking—*se promener*—what do you call it ?’

‘Jilted, I suppose. But who told you anything of that ?’

‘I heard that Miss Besley say it to somebody. Would he consent if Chris were rich ? Yes ? But why then do you not promise that some day—oh, a long while off, I hope, *chérie*—you will give them Rescar ? Yes, I mean it,’ as Lilian looked at her in astonishment. ‘You wonder that I, who am so much nearer to you than Chris, should say so ? Well, I will tell you the truth. When I came here I hoped you would give me your lands, or perhaps leave them to me, but now I do not wish it any more.’

‘No ?’ said Lilian, more and more surprised.

‘No. At first I liked everything ; it amused me ; it was new, and I loved you, *chérie*. I love you now, but Miss Miller has come, and the things are not new any more, and I am

ennuyée by them. Rescar is an old *château*; I am glad to belong to it; I shall always remember that I am a Bruce, but I do not desire to live here. I love not the English life, nor the people, except you, Ma-belle. I should die if I had to do like English ladies and go to *réunions* where there is much to eat and no conversation, and attend to gardens and charities and sit in a *salon*, and have a husband like M. George. I went to Moulton on purpose to see what an English life would be like, and it is *assommante*,' said Lili, with a shudder. 'What I desire is to look after my housekeeping and go to market, and have one *bonne*, and cook in my kitchen—ah, we would not have the horrible *gratin* my aunt makes, no indeed! And my husband would tell me all his affairs, and I would help him. I could not do that in Rescar.'

'Not quite, I suppose. And you would prefer this to being mistress of Rescar?'

'Yes, I should. I should like to have a *château*, but I should be dull and then I am miserable. I like to do little things all day long, and go and come, and talk with this one and that, and I should be afraid of English servants.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Lilian, rather sadly.

'I know that I am—I have thought about it all these days. I shall never forget you, *chérie*. You do not want me, but you have been good to me, and I love you much, but it is best that I go. Petite marries soon and I must assist at the ceremony. And besides—I did not show you her letter, because I had not made my mind clear then, but Madame Carette has been asking if I were returning, for if not she must make other plans for her son—the *pension* needs a mistress. So may I go and tell Chris and Pearl how we have settled it?'

Miss Bruce was not prepared for so sudden a decision. She put out her hand to detain Lili.

'Stay, dear; this is too serious to decide in such a hurry. I must think it over before speaking to Chris. You must not pledge me in this hasty way.'

'But since it is I who make the sacrifice!' said Lili, opening her eyes.

As usual there was justice in Lili's views. In some sense she had really made a sacrifice, and Chris and Pearl owed her some gratitude. Such claim as she had on Rescar she had given up ungrudgingly, not only because she did not want it, but with a real desire to atone for having judged Chris unjustly.

‘*Ouf!* I am glad not to have to think any more about it!’ said she.

The problem which had perplexed Lilian was unexpectedly solved. To herself her experiment seemed a total failure, but Lili had learned some lessons at Rescar which she would not forget when she returned to Dieppe and became Madame Carette.

(Concluded.)

AN EVENING PSALM.

SOLEMNLY, softly, the sunshine is dying,
Resting awhile on the brow of the hill;
Down in the valley the shadows are lying,
Dim and reposeful and misty and still.

Over the ripples the twilight is creeping,
Weaving a shroud for the fair summer-day;
Down in the forest the dew-drops are weeping,
Mourning the beauty that’s passing away.

Sweetest the day in the hour of its dying,
Fairest the tints the last sunbeams beget,
So may our lives, with their dawn-beauty vying,
Shine out the tenderest just as they set!

BLANCHE ORAM.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AN INTRODUCTION.

‘On the earth, the broken arcs, in the heaven, a perfect round.’
Abt Vogler.

A DISCUSSION has been going on in those pages of the ‘Monthly Packet’ where Chelsea China reigns supreme, on the merits of Robert Browning as Teacher and Poet. The many thoughtful and suggestive papers which have been sent in show that several readers of the ‘Packet’ are also well acquainted with the works of Browning; they show also by their unanimity that to know him is to love him, and that in studying his poems, his teaching becomes an essential part of our intellectual and spiritual being, an ever-present influence in our daily lives. But it is rather to those who have not yet discovered him that this paper is intended to appeal, and, so far as such a fragmentary discourse may, to serve as a help.

To begin with, let me endeavour to guard against certain possible misunderstandings. To pass judgment on one who has so lately gone from among us, one whose work, even when written fifty years back, belongs in effect to our own generation, is practically impossible. We know what the poet is to *us*; we cannot tell what he will be to the generation that will be growing up fifty years hence. Each generation has its own problems, its own set of newly-ascertained facts, which have to be brought into line with the old eternal truths, and which seem at the first to cut at the very root of those old truths. And so it is that the solutions which satisfied our grandfathers seem to us no solutions at all. And it always seems as if the old problems had been of no account, and the new one, for the time, is so vital; so that the man who answers *our* questionings seems to us an oracle for all time. And the worst of it is that the problems of the generation just before our own, generally seem to be the most trivial of all, for the very simple reason that the solutions which have been arrived

at through much travail and conflict of soul have just had time to become commonplace and hackneyed. We cannot, then, 'place' one to whom we owe so much. The critic's part is to point out where there is treasure beyond price to be found ; it is not his office to draw up a class-list of the immortals.

In the second place, if I have found it necessary to emphasise some of the defects in Browning's work, I trust that the most enthusiastic and the least discriminating of his admirers—they are not to be identified—will not feel hurt. But indiscriminate praise is not the method by which those persons will most readily be induced to study Browning, who will get most benefit out of him. Human nature is contrary, and if you urge a man promiscuously to read Browning, he will inevitably begin upon 'Sordello,' and equally inevitably he will refuse to try any more. Now you might as well endeavour to study geometry by starting on the second book of Euclid as to study Browning by starting on 'Sordello.' It was *Black Rabbit*, I think, who declared that our poet was faultless 'but for a certain hardness in his blank verse.' With all due deference, that strikes me as exaggerated praise for the discoverer of the truly remarkable rhymes to (let us say) 'Manchester' and 'Witanagemot.'

Thirdly, I am not to be understood as in any way impugning the truth or validity of theological doctrines or arguments to be found in Browning, when I say that the 'China Cupboard' critics have shown a general tendency to exaggerate their importance as Browning's 'message.' A scientific discussion either in rhyme or blank verse may be interesting, but it is not likely to be convincing. It is the function of the poet to appeal through the emotions, the logician's appeal is purely intellectual ; and the logician is apt to break the poetical spell, as the poet is apt to introduce a disturbance in the logician's syllogism.

It will be found to be something very like a universal rule that the people who depreciate Browning are those who have not been at the trouble to read him. The phrase is used advisedly, for, to begin with, you must be at some trouble to read him. Here are no commonplace thoughts such as we all think every day, decked out in graceful language. The demon of the circulating library is not incited to scribble 'How true !' about the margin of the 'Ring and the Book.' Here is none of the tawdry pessimism which captivates the too numerous unfortunates who mistake dyspepsia for '*Weltschmerz*.' Again, there is hardly a story, a ballad, or a song to be found among all the volumes. In

short, Browning did little work in those fields of poetry where it is *easiest* to read. Chiefly he is concerned with states of feeling which are both very intense and highly complex ; out of the ken of those who never feel very deeply, and are rarely actuated by complex motives, and requiring considerable emotional and intellectual effort to be appreciated even by the others.

To the natural difficulty presented by his favourite subjects is added, for the ordinary reader, the obstacle of certain idiosyncracies of form, mannerisms, and eccentricities, which will probably be always found irritating, and are especially so to an age which has revelled in the somewhat excessive graces and amazing mastery of form displayed by the Laureate and a variety of lesser poets. A habit of using exceedingly colloquial words and phrases, and rhymes which are remarkable rather for ingenuity than melody, of leaving out relatives, of compressing a sentence till at first sight the meaning seems condensed away altogether, of inserting parentheses marked only by a method of punctuation peculiar to the author, of throwing in a casual allusion to some event or place or person familiar to this exceedingly erudite writer, but quite incomprehensible to the unlearned—all this may—must be—charged to Browning, and materially increases the difficulty, and diminishes the pleasure, of reading him to any one not thoroughly inured to his ways.

These defects, in a greater or less degree, are to be met with very nearly throughout Browning's work ; it is only here and there that a poem can be found entirely free from some touch of them. Yet when once you come to know the bulk of the poems, these things sink into entire insignificance. They hardly affect our enjoyment ; nay, to many persons, they positively enhance it. Many a truth with which we have all been familiar—so familiar that we have mentally shoved it into the background as not worth bearing in mind—comes upon us with a fresh and startling sense as of a new discovery, when it is presented in an unaccustomed dress ; for the first time it becomes real and living, the words in which it was presented become the only possible method of expressing it, the very faultiness of the form becomes a virtue. It is only before we are sufficiently habituated—only while we are still ready to be scared by a superficial roughness—that these defects are of consequence.

But a more serious matter is Browning's affection for subjects which are of little interest except to psychological anatomists. It

is to this that we owe 'Fifines,' and 'Inn Albums,' 'Red-Cotton Nightcap-Country,' and 'Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau;' as well as other shorter productions. The object of this paper is, in part at least, to serve as a sort of sign-post for those who have never attempted to read Browning, or have tried and failed. I should say, therefore, that the volumes I have named here ought never to be attempted save by the enthusiast. They have an interest of their own; they could never have been produced but by a brain of the most astonishing subtlety and power; but just as the average raw youth who tries to make his fortune by gold-digging is apt to find that he has an exceedingly unpleasant time, and nothing to show for it at the end, so to ordinary mortals the process of delving in Browning's most abstruse expositions of abnormal human nature, is productive only of bad temper and a general unreasoning bias against the poet and all his works.

It ought to be superfluous to tell beginners to avoid those works of their author which are declared on all hands to be the least attractive, the hardest of comprehension, and the dullest which he has given to the world. We do not begin Æschylus with the 'Seven against Thebes;' nor Wordsworth with the 'Excursion.' But human nature is so perverse that an extraordinary number of people persist in making their first attempt on 'Sordello'; and finding that ten pages of that has left them thoroughly befogged, they proceed to tell you that people only say they like Browning because they like to show off. That is, of course, mere nonsense. Some of his keenest admirers, who have derived an infinity of courage and consolation from his poems, whose sympathies have been enlarged and their ideals ennobled by them, who have been strengthened by them in heart and brain—are people whom their best friends or worst enemies would never dream of describing as either clever or conceited.

It is no long time since the 'Shilling Browning' was issued to an expectant public, and was received generally with an indignant chorus. No one could pretend to say that it is an adequate or thoroughly satisfactory collection; but though it might have been a great deal better—every lover of the poet probably feels that he or she would have made something much better of it—it might assuredly have been a great deal worse. Personally, it appeared to me that the most flagrantly inexcusable omissions were those of 'Saul' and 'Love Among the Ruins.' For 'Saul' at least is one of the very first poems which I should put in the hands of a girl who wanted to be introduced to

Browning. But apart from this, and from the fact that 'Mr. Sludge' is utterly out of place in such a collection, the 'Shilling Browning' is the simplest introduction that can well be given. From it the student will realise that the poet is not always so very ungainly and so dreadfully hard to understand after all. Let any good reader pronounce these lines from 'Abt Vogler'—

'All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist ;
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When Eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the Lover and the Bard ;
Enough that he heard it once ; we shall hear it by-and-by.'

Or this, from 'One Word More,' by way of contrast—

'But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross the step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush, and bless myself with silence.'

Or this, 'Home Thoughts from Abroad'—

'Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there !
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !'

It is sufficient to refer to these lines, recalled at random, to for ever refute the doctrine that if music is a necessary quality in poetry, Browning is no poet. Others (all, if I remember rightly, in the selection) rise readily to the mind—'The Lost Leader ;' 'A Toccata ;' 'Summum Bonum ;' 'The Last Ride ;' 'Evelyn Hope.' Or again, some which have been, alas ! omitted—'There's a woman like a dew-drop' ; 'Over the sea our galleys went' ; 'Saul ;' 'Love among the Ruins ;' that grand passage from the 'Ring and the Book'—

'O Lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire.'

If we have to admit that there are too many harsh lines, crabbed passages, and surprising rhymes among the selected poems, as elsewhere, we can assuredly claim that there are also not only lines and stanzas, but whole poems of the most splendid verse.

It would, however, seem probable that the initial difficulty caused by defects of style, insignificant as we may learn in time to account them, must always act as a check on any really widely extended popularity. This, however, can hardly be regarded as a drawback on the author's greatness. For it is not by the number, but by the moral and intellectual calibre of his readers that the influence of a great writer must be measured ; it may often be that vast numbers who have not read a line of one man's works are his unconscious disciples, while another, whose volumes are in the hands of 'everyone,' shall hardly have availed to influence one solitary act in the lives of all his readers. That would seem to be the true answer to one of the questions raised by *Marcia*.

If we wish duly to understand Browning, it is of vital importance to keep one fact constantly in mind—that most of his poems are spoken by men and women,

‘Live or dead, or fashioned to his fancy,’

and that their opinions are not necessarily the opinions of the author. He has pronounced clearly enough in ‘One Word More’ on this point, when he is speaking avowedly for himself and no one else, to his wife :

‘Love, you saw me gather men and women
Live or dead, or fashioned to my fancy :
Enter each and all and use their service,
Speak from every mouth,—the speech a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving.
I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the Fifty ;
Let me speak *this once in my true person.*’

It is true that Browning speaks through his characters, but the thought is modified by the point of view of the person uttering it, so that we have Evelyn Hope's lover implying a clear belief in a series of lives in a series of worlds ; and the speaker of ‘Old Pictures in Florence’ repudiating the same idea. So thorough is the poet's capacity for sympathizing with his characters, that he has even succeeded in imparting a kind of sincerity to the sophistries of Mr. Sludge and Bishop Blougram. But we must beware always of proclaiming that Browning held this or that doctrine because one of his characters has given it expression ; as I have known people who supposed that Bishop Blougram stands as Browning's apologist for Christianity—whereas the

Bishop is simply Mr. Worldly Wiseman compounding for the chance of eternal life.

The range of Browning's sympathies—his power of entering into, understanding, accounting for, the most diverse characters—has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. For a poet whose chief subject-matter was to be human nature in its more emotional and more complex phases, he was magnificently equipped. Unlike Wordsworth, he deals comparatively little with nature apart from man. But this is due to no neglect or lack of appreciation on his part. There are descriptive passages, only too rare, which show at once the minuteness of his observation and the intensity of his enjoyment, as in the 'Englishman in Italy,' 'Home Thoughts from Abroad,' and 'By the Fireside.' On the other hand, a picture has rarely been painted at once with strokes so few and with such completeness of effect as in this, 'Meeting at Night'—

'The grey sea and the long black land,
And the yellow half-moon large and low,
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.'

A reference has already been made to the theological poems. These serve particularly well to point the distinction between teacher and poet; for it is essentially the function of the latter to appeal *through the emotions*. It follows that, whereas the teacher may resort to close reasoning and elaborate logic, the poet convinces us not so much by his irrefutable syllogisms as by the vivid expression of intense conviction. We must distinguish, therefore, between the theological and the religious. Now and then, in that group of pieces which I class as theological—'A Death in the Desert;' 'Christmas Eve;' 'Easter Day;' 'La Saisiaz;' 'Cleon;' 'Karshish;' the body of 'Ferishtah,' and some others—the *poet* breaks out:

'For life, with all it yields of joy, and woe,
And hope, and fear—believe the aged friend—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is,
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And having gained truth, keep truth; that is all.'

But for the most part the value of them is mainly intellectual: admirable as they are, they stand on a lower poetical plane than

the rest. We turn from them to 'Saul' to find the true basis of the faith that is in us—the intense conviction of the Creator's transcendent love ; an inspiration, an intuition, which we must indeed reconcile with the rest of the 'facts,' but which is not derived from them. From this, and not from any evidences, as the Robert Elsmere would seem to suppose, of miraculous powers—valuable as these may be to support and prop 'a wavering faith—is derived the conviction of the necessity for the Incarnation. Without this, the evidences are nothing ; with it, they are even superfluous.

In the answer that he gives to the intellectual problem, Browning addresses his own age—our age ; for the problem itself is one that is ever taking fresh forms, and needing a fresh statement of its solution. But the faith itself—realised through the emotions and the imagination as a vital fact and not a mere logical formula—is one for all time. Hence, many of the conceptions which rest on it are not more important, if we can judge the matter, for us than they will be for our great-grand-children. This faith itself is present, equally profound and equally real, in the Hebrew boy, the Jewish Rabbi, and the Apostle, in Karshish, and Pompilia, and Pippa ; and out of it spring those grand ideals of life and thought and action which Browning has set before us.

For out of his conception of the Divine Love springs his conception of human love ; not as a passion, not as a sentimental or romantic affection ; but as the emotion which stirs the very depth of our being, which completes us here, as it finds its own completion in the life hereafter ; the witness to the divine in man. And this not only when it is crowned with bliss here, as in 'By the Fireside,' or 'Count Gismond,' but also when it fails of its reward as in 'The Last Ride,' 'Evelyn Hope,' or 'One Way of Love.' And involved with this is the conception of life on this planet as just an episode in the soul's development. So that death is not a thing to be greatly cared for or feared, for ourselves or for others ; but is to be looked on rather as the entry upon a new phase of life where the souls that belong to each other shall find each other.

'Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up, and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
 Your heart anticipate my heart,
 You must be just before, in fine,
 See and make me see, for your part,
 New depths of the divine !'

Another aspect of the same conception is presented in 'Prospice,' where the speaker is facing the idea of Death—

'I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a voice, then thy breast,
 Oh thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !'

And a third phase in 'Evelyn Hope,' where the lover stands by the side of his lost love—the girl who had died before she was old enough to *know*—

'God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love ;
 I claim you still for my own love's sake.'

And this idea has its counterpart in the general attitude of the man to life. Just as there is no sympathy with mere sentimental longings or conventional skin-deep affections, so all slothfulness and indolence, all whining and shirking, all emotional posturing, is utterly abhorrent. Life here is a stage of development, and we have to develop ourselves body and soul to the best of our power ; and development comes of a healthy energy, a dauntless activity of heart and body and brain ; not from coddling—moral, physical, or intellectual. For courage, determination, and constancy, even misdirected, there is always hope ; the unpardonable sin is his who sets his hand to the plough and looks back. 'Let a man contend to the uttermost for his life's set prize, be it what it will ;' because it is the intensity of a man's feeling that is the measure of his capabilities, the test of the Divine spark within him.

'All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.'

So, when his energies are nobly directed, whether he attains or fails, the man has accomplished the task for which he was placed in this world, which is the

‘Machinery, just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.’

This, then, is the most completely characteristic doctrine of Browning, the thought which is the key to poem after poem : never despair, never lose heart, never turn aside from the great aim ; because the mere failure in achievement is not in truth failure at all. ‘’Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do.’ ‘For what is our failure here but a triumph’s evidence for the fulness of the days ?’

It is worth being at some pains to learn that lesson.

So in Browning we have little pausing to look back and dream with a sigh of ‘The tender grace of a day that is dead ;’ none of the ‘idle tears’ for ‘the days that are no more ;’ instead, there is a constant looking forward to an eternity of activity and development, a going from strength to strength—‘We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.’

This is the true meaning of that ‘optimism’ which some people are said to find ‘too robust.’ But the only sense of the word in which we can have an excess of it is, where we apply it to those too fortunate persons who live in a lotus-land of ‘calm rest and dreamful ease,’ untroubled by care themselves and ignoring the pain of others. But that is a wholly different thing from the magnificent dauntlessness which flings out Rabbi Ben Ezra’s grand challenge—

‘Then welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth’s smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go !
Be our joy three parts pain !
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor account the pang : dare, never grudge the throe !’

Those are not the words of one who has escaped the wear and tear of life, and makes light of its rubs ; rather, no man could have dared to utter them but one who had suffered keenly and endured nobly, a foremost fighter in the ranks of God’s army.

Browning’s life was a long one ; a long fight, a hard struggle with many defeats ; and not without its great rewards. In ‘the fulness of the days’ the triumph came to him. He has gone as his own hero of ‘Prospice’ prayed that he might go. And the last words he left to the world, the ‘Epilogue to Asolando,’ abide as a fit legacy to mankind from the strongest, the most dauntless soul that our times have known.

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

IV.—WOMEN'S WORK AMONGST THE POOR.

IN these days everything and everybody is organised, at the obvious risk of losing much grace, spontaneity, and life. Workers may become stereotyped and machine-like, and their work then becomes, comparatively speaking, worthless. At the same time my object in writing this paper is to urge the necessity of training upon young women who feel they have a vocation for working among the poor, and further to suggest openings for workers both paid and unpaid.

It may, perhaps, seem a truism to say that in order to be of any real use to the poor, or indeed to go amongst them without doing positive harm, experience and training are of the greatest importance. A short time since I heard a clergyman's wife say that the clergy knew how to deal with poor people by virtue of the grace of Ordination. I should be the last person to deny the grace of Holy Orders, but I should have liked to ask that lady why, if her hypothesis were true, a knowledge of Butler's Analogy or of Paley's Evidences is not imparted at the same time? One is quite as likely to happen as the other. But though we may smile at such a doctrine when we see it reduced to an absurdity, it is nevertheless practically believed and acted upon by a good many people. How many of our young deacons, when they go to their first curacy, know anything of the way in which the poor really live? How many of them know anything of the Poor Law, or of legislation specially affecting the poor? It is perfectly true that in after years many of the clergy learn a great deal about such things, but it would surely prevent much blundering and waste of power if they could learn the A B C of practical work beforehand.

What is true of the young clergy is equally true of other workers. A girl has a good deal of time on her hands, she hears

that district visitors are wanted in her parish, she wishes to do something for Christ's poor and His Church, her offer of help is accepted, and a district 'with no bad people in it, only some of them very poor,' is handed over to her.

Now in nine cases out of ten what will happen? If she is quick-witted and observant she will soon find out that some of her new acquaintances are clean, tidy, and apparently prosperous; their children are regular at school, and it is a pleasure to visit them. Others are dirty, very poor, and seem to be always 'at the last gasp,' the children are hardly ever at school, having no boots to go in, and the cruelty of both landlord and school attendance officer is a fruitful topic of conversation. Here at the outset is a difficulty; why are these two classes of people living side by side so different? How can the difference between them be accounted for? As for trying to amend the ways of the poor and dirty, and to help them to become prosperous and clean, that is a task altogether beyond her powers. What then does she hope to do for them? Most of her ideas about the poor are taken from descriptions of them in magazines, where squalor and misery are depicted in the darkest colours; her ignorance as to trades, rates of wages, the Poor Law, and the agencies available for relief is complete. To put it shortly she has no true idea of the real position of the people among whom she is to work. It is only too probable that, in despair, she will degenerate into one of the many amateur relieving officers (alas for the independence of our people) who abound in almost every parish in England. Of course she gets profuse thanks; the poor, thriftless souls are grateful for her grocery tickets and her shillings, but she will never find the condition of a family so permanently improved that it will cease to need her gifts. The disease of poverty is not to be cured by such means; or as a worker of great experience once said to me: 'A surgeon might just as well try to mend a broken leg by giving the patient a peppermint drop every half-hour.' There is, too, a serious danger connected with this form of relief. It disheartens the thrifty careful man to see that improvidence, dirt, and drunkenness 'pay;' is it very unlikely that in time he also may be corrupted? A London City Missionary gave the following instance, which came under his notice in his district. There was a house inhabited by several families, all of whom paid their way, and were steady, careful, clean people. In an evil hour there came as tenants to this house a dirty, drunken, thriftless family, bringing in their wake two benevolent ladies who visited and also

'relieved' them. The Missionary stated that in a very short time every tenant in that house had become hopelessly dirty, drunken, and thriftless. Why? *Because they saw it paid to be poor!*

How then can workers be of use to the poor? How can they do good instead of harm? How can they raise people instead of merely relieving them? Personal influence is the chief agent. It is this subtle, indescribable power, which alone can grapple successfully with the enormous difficulties which have to be faced. It was this element in General Booth's scheme which commended it to many thoughtful minds, although they were forced to reject it on account of grave defects which I need not discuss here. But personal influence must be coupled with knowledge and experience. Would any man or woman dare to set up as an amateur doctor without having received a medical education? Yet we see all around us men and women working away with a will, tampering with the moral nature of the poor, administering fearlessly the powerful drug of relief, without waiting or wishing to learn what the almost certain result of that drug may be. The best worker I have ever known, one who has perhaps more real friends among the poor than any other woman in England, said to me once, 'The poor are so ill-treated.' I asked her what she meant, and she replied: 'Everything is done to destroy their independence, and to teach them to trust anybody's efforts but their own.'

How can young women get training? There is abundance of zeal, cultivation, and real desire to benefit the poor. What is wanting to convert the raw material into a band of workers which shall leave its mark for good on the poorer classes of this country? How can the necessary knowledge of the difficult problems to be solved be acquired?

Many of the elder clergy, especially those who have worked in large towns, can give much valuable information about the way in which the poor live, but as a rule they have no time to train their workers. Deaconesses and Sisters of Charity have no doubt experience, so far as it goes; although I cannot help suspecting that their knowledge must be of a one-sided kind. They are known to be benevolent, and therefore are pretty sure to be received with open arms. As a rule they have nothing of their own to bestow, but they are not unnaturally used as almoners both by the clergy and by the wealthy laity. It is not probable that they would be willing to impart their knowledge to outsiders,

even if they had time to do so. Moreover some of their favourite methods of dealing with the poor are open to criticism, and are certainly calculated to increase pauperism. Trucks of food for the so-called 'unemployed,' unfair trading, which undersells the poor striving needlewoman, free breakfasts, &c. &c., use up an enormous amount of sympathy and money which might be far better employed. I remember one good little Deaconess who used to beg for money to pay up the back rents in her district!

There is a society which ought to be the great training college for workers among the poor. The Charity Organisation Society has committees in every part of London and in most of our large towns. I would advise any young woman who really wishes to learn how the poor live, what their real (not their supposed or apparent) difficulties are, and the wisest and most effectual means of helping them, to ask leave to attend the meetings of one of these committees as a visitor. If she is really in earnest she will be warmly welcomed. She will find some ten or twelve men and women of all professions and creeds met together to consult over the various cases of poverty and distress brought before them. Many a time have I heard one single case discussed for half an hour—patiently, carefully, sympathetically, before a decision could be arrived at which really satisfied the committee. Many of these committees want more workers, and would thankfully accept offers of help from young and active women, willing to be taught the best and wisest principles of dealing with the poor.

There are many openings for workers in the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants; the Society for the Relief of Distress is constantly wanting almoners; there are ladies wanted to act as Board School visitors, and there is the Society for visiting Invalid Children, which needs helpers, but my space will not allow me to dwell on these. I will devote the rest of this paper to one grand opening for women workers, both paid and unpaid.

In the opinion of those well able to judge, there will be in a short time a large and ever-increasing demand for women qualified to take charge of tenement houses and to collect rents. The London County Council has large schemes for pulling down and building up, and it is almost certain its example will sooner or later be followed in other large towns. There will be a sudden demand, but where will be the supply? I quote the words of a

member of the London County Council, who is managing director of several large properties in London :—

‘We hear a great deal of talk nowadays about better houses for working people, but unfortunately, because large schemes of improvement are beset with difficulties, we hear of but little being actually accomplished ; and where better houses are built, we too often find that they are less of a success than might be wished and expected, because the important fact is ignored that dwellings need to be managed as well as built, and the tenants need to be educated to use them properly before they can get the full benefit of them. Large blocks of dwellings, left without experienced heads to govern them, are likely to prove doubtful blessings.’

Most of my readers probably know that Mr. Ruskin and Miss Octavia Hill devised together the scheme of buying up miserable house-property, gradually converting it into decent dwellings, and, better still, educating the tenants in decent and orderly habits. The houses are handed over to ladies, who collect the rents, see after repairs, keep the accounts, and in fact manage the property. A really good rent-collector should possess many qualities. Courage she must have, to enable her to do an unpopular thing when it has to be done, good temper, and judgment, tact, and, perhaps above all, patience. Good health is essential, for rents must be collected whether it is wet or fine, and there is a good deal of climbing up and down stairs ; but it is not such hard work as hospital nursing, it is a much more independent life than that of a governess, and the paid workers earn five per cent. on the rents collected. The influence which a refined, educated, religious woman may have over her tenants is almost unbounded. She becomes a real friend to many of them ; her intercourse with them is healthy and natural. She is neither the ‘tract-lady,’ nor the ‘lady with the tickets,’ therefore she may at times see the rough side of her people. One of my friends who has been a landlady for many years tells the following story. A woman for some misconduct had received notice to quit, upon which she exclaimed, in a fit of anger : ‘It’s a dreadful wicked place, and I’m glad to go. When I lived in B., a City Missionary used to come and read and pray with me, *and leave me a ticket for groceries*, but no one has been nigh this place with such a thing !’

It is quite impossible to describe all the different kinds of work which grow out of the care of house-property. There is plenty of scope for the Temperance worker. If the rent is not forthcoming,

and the landlady hears of a drinking bout, she will not be slow to associate cause and effect, and a sharp, firm, yet kindly warning may be the beginning of better things for the poor, weak, tempted man or woman. There are summer excursions, when all who can, go out together for a day in the country, and the landlady becomes hostess. There are evening classes for the lads, and, where there is a playground, supervision of the play, which is apt to degenerate into bullying and even worse. But above all is the real, steady friendship between the landladies and their people. When the tenants once understand that they are not treated capriciously, but are in the hands of a woman who is trying to do her duty by them, and expects them to try and do theirs by her, a great step has been gained. They will confide in her, they will tell her their troubles, difficulties—nay, more, their temptations, their sins. They know that she will very often defend them from themselves or help them through their troubles.

If any young woman who reads this paper thinks she would like to know more about this work, I advise her to read Miss Octavia Hill's 'Homes of the London Poor,' and if any one would like to try their hand at it they may write to me (Miss Sophia Lonsdale, The Close, Lichfield), and I shall be able to put them in communication with ladies who have been employed on large properties for many years, and who are willing to train workers.

It is a field in which any woman may be proud to work. It is real work, not mere 'slumming,' which of late years, especially in the East of London, has become fashionable, and upon this point I would commend to my readers the wise words of the present Bishop of Bedford. It is work which makes a large and ever-increasing demand upon the workers' sympathies and interest, but it is well worth doing, and though it has its disappointments, it has also its pleasures and its rewards.

SOPHIA LONSDALE.

NOTE.—In this article no attempt has been made to deal with the relations between rich and poor as we see them under their most natural and pleasant conditions ; I mean that friendly intercourse, extending over a number of years, perhaps from generation to generation, whereby the circumstances and characters of the poor become intimately known to their richer neighbours. If some misfortune happens it is told by the one, and the tale is believed by the other, quite naturally and simply, and assistance is given and received as between friends. But this kind of intercourse, though often seen in country villages, is not usually attainable in large towns, and even the squires' and clergymen's daughters in their friendly visits to the village people, will be none the worse as friends, for more of that sound, accurate knowledge which, rightly directed, is power.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VELVET.

CONSTANCE created quite a sensation when she came down dressed for Church on Christmas day in a dark blue velvet jacket, deeply trimmed with silver fox, and a hat and muff *en suite*, matching with her serge dress, and, though unpretending, yet very handsome.

Up jumped Ida, from lacing her boots by the fire. 'Well, I never! They *are* spoiling you! Real velvet, I declare, and real silk-wadded lining! Look, ma! What made *them* dress you like that?'

'It wasn't they,' said Constance; 'it was Lady Adela. One Sunday in October it turned suddenly cold, and I had only my cloth jacket, and she sent upstairs for something warm for me. This was just new before she went into black, when her husband died, and she had put it away for Amice, but it fitted me so well, and looked so nice, that she was so kind as to wish me to keep it always.'

'Cast-off clothes! That's the insolence of these swells,' said Ida. 'I wonder you had not the spirit to refuse.'

'Sour grapes,' muttered Herbert, while her mother sighed—'Ah! that's what we come to!'

'Must not I wear it, mamma?' said Constance, who had a certain attachment to the beautiful and comfortable garment. 'She told me she had only worn it once in London, and she was so very kind.'

'Oh! if you call it kindness,' said Ida, 'I call it impertinence.'

'If you had only heard——' faltered Constance.

'No, no,' said their mother; 'you could not refuse, of course, my dear, and no one here will know. It becomes her very well too. Doesn't it, Ida?'

Ida made a snort. 'If people choose to make a little chit of a school-girl ridiculous by dressing her out like that!' she said.

'There isn't time now before Church,' said Constance almost tearfully, 'or I would take it off.'

'No such thing,' said Herbert. 'Come on, Conny. You shall walk with me. You look stunning, and I want Westhaven folk to see for once what a lady is like.'

Constance was very glad to be led away from Ida's comments, and resolved that her blue velvet should not see the light again at Westhaven. But she did not find this determination easy to carry out; for, perhaps for the sake of teasing Ida, Herbert used to inquire after the jacket, and insist on her wearing it, and her mother liked to see her, and to show her, in it. It was only Ida who seemed unable to help saying something disagreeable; till almost in despair, Constance offered to lend her the bone of contention; but Lady Adela was a small woman, and Constance would never be on so large a scale as her sister, so that the garment refused to be transferred except at the risk of being injured by alteration; and here Mrs. Morton interfered, 'It would never do to have them say at Northmoor that Lady Morton's gift had been spoilt by their meddling with it.' Constance was glad, though she suspected that Lady Adela would never have found it out.

Then Ida consulted Sibyl Grover, who was working with a dressmaker, and with whom she kept up a sort of patronizingly familiar acquaintance, as to making something to rival it, and Sibyl was fertile in devices as to doing so cheaply; but when she consulted her superior, she was told that without the same expensive materials, it would evidently be only an imitation, and moreover, that the fashion was long gone out of date—which enabled Ida to bear the infliction with some degree of philosophy.

This jacket was not, however, Constance's only trouble. Her conscience was already uneasy at the impossibility of getting to evensong on Christmas day. She had been to an early Celebration without asking any questions, and had got back before Herbert had come down to breakfast; and very glad she was that she had done so, for she found that her mother regarded it as profane 'to take the Sacrament' when she was going to have a party in the evening; and when Constance was in the midst of the party she felt that—if it were to be—her mother might be right.

It was a dinner first—at which Constance did not appear—chiefly of older people, who talked of shipping and of coals. Afterwards, if they noticed the young people, joked them about their imaginary lovers—beaux, as the older ladies called them; young men, as the younger ones said. One, the most plain-spoken of all, asked Herbert how he felt, at which the boy wriggled and laughed sheepishly, and his mother had a great confabulation with various of the ladies, who were probably condoling with her.

Later, there were cards for the elders, and sundry more young people came in for a dance. The Rollstones were considered as beneath the dignity of the Mortons, but Herbert had loudly insisted on inviting Rose for the evening, and had had his way; but, after all, she would not come. Herbert felt himself aggrieved, and said she was as horrid a little prig as Constance, who, on her side, felt a pang of envy as she thought of Rose going to church and singing hymns and carols to her father and mother, while she, after a struggle under the mistletoe, which made her hot and miserable, had to sit playing waltzes. One good-natured lady offered to relieve her, but she was too much afraid of the hero of the mistletoe to stir from her post, and the daughter of her kindly friend had no scruple in exclaiming—

‘Oh no, ma, don’t! You always put us out, you know, and Constance Morton is as true as old Time.’

‘I am sure Constance is only too happy to oblige her friends,’ said Mrs. Morton. ‘And she is not out yet,’ she added, as a tribute to high life.

If Constance at times felt unkindly neglected, at others she heard surges of giggling and suppressed shrieking and protests that made her feel the piano an ark of refuge.

The parting speech from a good-natured old merchant captain was, ‘Why, you demure little pussy cat, you are the prettiest of them all! What have you lads been thinking about to let those little fingers be going instead of her feet? Or is it all Miss Ida’s jealousy, eh?’

All this, in a speaking-trumpet voice, put the poor child into an agony of blushes, which only incited him to pat her on the cheek, and the rest to laugh hilariously, under the influence of negus and cheap champagne.

Constance could have cried for very shame, but when she was waiting on her mother, who, tired as she was, would not go to bed without locking up the spoons and the remains of the wine,

Mrs. Morton said kindly, 'You are tired, my dear, and no wonder. They were a little noisy to-night. Those are not goings-on that I always approve, you know, but young folk always like a little pleasure extra at Christmas. Don't you go and get too genteel for us, Conny. Come, come, don't cry! Drink this, my love; you're tired.'

'Oh! mamma, it is not the being genteel—oh no! but Christmas day and all!'

'Come, come, my dear! I can't have you get mopy and dull. Religion is a very good thing, but it isn't meant to hinder all one's pleasure, and when you've been to church on a Christmas day, what more can be expected of young people but to enjoy themselves? Come, go to bed and think no more about it.'

To express or even to understand what she felt would have been impossible to Constance, so she had to content herself with feeling warmed at her heart by her mother's kind kiss.

All the other parties she saw were much more decorous, even to affectation, except that at the old skipper's, and he was viewed by the family as a subject for toleration, because he had been a friend and messmate of Mrs. Morton's father. All the good side of that lady and Ida came out towards him and his belongings. He had an invalid grand-daughter, with a spine complaint and feeble eyesight, and Ida spent much time in amusing her, teaching her fancy work and reading to her. Unluckily it was only trashy novels from the circulating library that they read. Ida had no taste for anything else, and protested that Louie would be bored to death if she tried to read her the African adventures which were just then the subject of enthusiasm even with Herbert. Ida was not a dull girl. Unlike some who do not seem to connect their books with life, she made them her realities and lived in them; and as she hardly ever read anything more substantial, her ideas of life and society were founded on them, though in her own house she was shrewd in practical matters, and though not strong, was a useful, active assistant to her mother whenever there was no danger of her being detected in doing anything derogatory to one so nearly connected with the peerage.

Indeed, she seemed to regard her sister's dutiful studies as proofs of dulness and want of spirit. She was quite angry when Constance objected to 'The Unconscious Impostor,'—very yellow, with a truculent flaming design outside—that 'she did not think she ought to read that kind of book—Aunt Mary would not like it.'

‘Well, if I would be in bondage to an old governess! You are not such a child now.’

‘Don’t, Ida! Uncle Frank would not like it either.’

‘Perhaps not,’ said Ida, with an ugly, meaning laugh as she glanced again at the title.

Constance might really have liked to read more tales than she allowed herself. ‘The House in the Marsh’ tempted her, but she was true to the advice she had received, and Rose Rollstone upheld her in her resolution.

Ida thought it rather ‘low’ in Herbert and Constance to care for the old butler’s daughter, but their mother had a warm spot in the bottom of her heart, and liked a gossip with Mrs. Rollstone too much to forbid the house to her daughter; besides that, she shrank from inflicting on Constance so much distress.

So during the fortnight that Rose spent at home, the girls were together most of the morning. After Constance, well wrapped up, had practised in the cold drawing-room, where economy forbade fires till the afternoon, she sped across to Rose in the little stuffy parlour where Mr. Rollstone liked to doze over his newspaper to the lullaby of their low-voiced chatter. Often they walked together, and were sometimes joined by Herbert, who, on these occasions, always shewed that he knew how to behave like a gentleman.

Herbert was faithfully keeping his promise not to bet, though, as he observed, he had not expected to be in for it so long. But it was satisfactory to hear that his present fellow-pupils did not go in for that sort of thing, and Constance felt sure that her uncle and aunt would be pleased with him and think him much improved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

‘THE REVENGE OF SORDID SPIRITS.’

‘I AM convinced,’ said Ida Morton, ‘it is quite plain why we are not invited.’

‘My dear, you see what your aunt says: that Mrs. Bury’s daughter’s husband is ordered to India, and that having the whole family to stay at Northmoor gives them the only chance of being all together for a little while, and after their obligations to Mrs. Bury——’

‘Ma, how can you be so green? Obligations, indeed! It is all a mere excuse to say there is not room for us in that great

house. I see through it all. It is just to prevent us from being able to ask inconvenient questions of the German nurse and Mrs. Bury and all !'

'Now, Ida, I wish you would put away that fancy. Your uncle and aunt were always such good people ! And there was Mrs. Bury——'

'Mother, you will never understand the revenge of sordid souls,' said Ida, tragically, quoting from 'The Unconscious Impostor.'

'Revenge ! What can you mean ?'

'Of course; you know, Mrs. Bury never forgave Herbert's taking her for a tramp, and you know how nasty uncle was about that white rook and the bets. Oh, it is quite plain. The poor dear boy was to be deprived of his rights, and so this journey was contrived, and they got into this out-of-the-way, inaccessible place, and sent poor Conny away, and then had no doctor or nurse—exactly as people always do.'

'Oh, Ida, only in stories ! Your novels are turning your head.'

'Novels are transcripts of life,' again said Ida, solemnly quoting.

'I don't believe it, if they put such things into your head,' said her mother. 'Asking Herbert to be godfather, too ! Such a compliment !'

'An empty compliment, to hoodwink us and the poor boy,' said Ida. 'No, no, ma ; the keeping you away settles it in my mind, and it shall be the business of my life to unmask that !'

So spoke Ida, conscious of being a future heroine.

It was quite true that Herbert had been asked to stand godfather on his little cousin's admission into the Church, after, of course, a very good report had been received from his tutor. 'You are the little fellow's nearest kinsman,' wrote Lord Northmoor, 'and I trust to you to influence him for good.' Herbert wriggled, blushed, thought he hated it, was glad it had been written instead of spoken, but was really touched.

His uncle had justly thought responsibility would be wholesome, and besides, Herbert represented to him his brother, for whom he had a very tender feeling.

It was quite true that Northmoor was as full as it would hold. Mrs. Bury's eldest daughter was going out to India, and another had a husband in the Civil Service ; the third lived in Ireland, and

the only way of having the whole family together for their last fortnight was to gather them at Northmoor, as soon as its lord and lady returned, nor had they been able to escape from their Dolomite ravine till the beginning of May, for the roads were always dangerous, often impassable, so that there had been weeks when they were secluded from even the post, and had had difficulties as to food and fire.

However, it had done them no harm, and their stay was often looked back upon as, metaphorically as well as literally, the brightest and whitest time in their lives. Frank had walked and climbed both with Mrs. Bury and on his own account, and had drunk in the wild glories of the mountain winter, and the fantastic splendours of snow and ice on those wondrous peaks. And, with that new joy and delight to be found in the queer wooden cradle, his heart was free to bound, as perhaps it had never done before, in exulting thankfulness, as he looked up to those foretastes of the Great White Throne.

Never had he had such a rest before from toil, care, and anxiety as in those months in the dry, bracing air, and it was the universal remark that Lord Northmoor came back years younger and twice the man he had been previously, with a spirit of cheerfulness and enterprise such as had always been wanting; while as to his wife, she was less strong than before, but there was a certain peaceful, yet exulting happiness about her, and her face had gained wonderfully in sweetness and expression.

The child was a fine, plump little fellow, old enough to laugh and respond to loving faces and gestures. Mary had feared the sight might be painful to Lady Adela, and was gratified to find her too true a baby-lover and too generous a spirit not to worship him almost as devotedly as did Constance.

Perhaps the heads of the family had never seen or participated in anything like the domestic mirth and enjoyment of that fortnight's visit. Bertha was with Lady Adela, and the intimacy and confidence in which Frank and Mary had lived with Mrs. Bury had demolished many barriers of shyness, and made them hosts who could be as one with their guests—guests with whom the shadow of parting made the last sunshine seem the brighter.

'I did not know what I was letting you in for,' said Bertha, in apology to Mrs. Bury.

'My dear, I would not have been without the experience on any account. I never saw such a refreshing pair of people.'

‘Surely it must have been awfully slow—regular penal servitude?’

‘You confuse absence of small talk with absence of soul, Birdie. When we had once grown intimate enough to hold our tongues if we had nothing to say, we got on perfectly.’

‘And what you had to say was about Master Michael?’

‘Not entirely; though I must say the mingled reverence and curiosity with which they regard the little monster, and their own fear of not bringing up their treasure properly, were a very interesting study.’

‘More so than your snowy peaks! Ah, if the proper study of mankind is man, the proper study of womankind is babe.’

‘Well, it was not at all an unsatisfactory study in this case. And let me tell you, Miss Birdie, it is no bad thing to be shut in for a few months with a few good books and a couple of thoroughly simple-hearted people, who have thought a good deal in their quiet, humdrum way.’

‘Why, Lettice, you must have been quite an education to them!’

‘I hope they were an education to me.’

‘I hope your conscience is not going to be such a rampant and obstructive thing as that which they possess in common,’ said Bertha.

‘I wish it had been,’ said Mrs. Bury, gravely.

‘At any rate, the deadly lively time has brisked you all up!’ said Bertha, laughing.

Constance, on her Saturdays and Sundays, looked on with a kind of wonder. She was not exactly of either set. The children were all so young as to look on her as a grown-up person, though willing to let her play with them; and she was outside the group of young married people, and could not enter into their family fun, but this kind of playfulness and merriment was quite a revelation to her. She had never before seen mirth—except, of course, childish and schoolgirl play, that had in it something that hurt her taste and jarred on her feeling as much as did Ida’s screeching laughter in comparison with the soft rippings of these young matrons.

Still, little Michael was her chief delight, and she could hardly be detached from him. She refreshed her colloquial German (or rather Austrian) with his nurse, who had much to say of the goodness of *die gnädigen Frauen*. Poor thing! she was the youthful widow of a guide, and the efforts of the two Frauen had

been in vain to keep alive her only child, after whose death she had found some consolation in taking charge of Lady Northmoor's baby on the way home. Constance hoped Ida might never hear this fact.

Some degree of prosperity was greeting the little heir. A bit of moorland, hitherto regarded as worthless, had first been crossed by a branch line, and the primary growth of a station had been followed by the discovery of good building stone, and the erection of a crop of houses of all degrees, which promised to put the Northmoor finances on a better footing than had been theirs for years, and set their conscientious landlord to work at once on providing church room and schools.

All this, and that most precious possession at home, combined to give Lord Northmoor an amount of spirit and life that enabled him to take his place in the county. He emancipated himself from the squire, showed an opinion of his own, and opened his mouth occasionally. As Bertha observed, no one would ever have called him a stick if he had begun like this. To people like these, humbled and depressed in early life, a little happiness was a great stimulus.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TOUR.

IT was not till Christmas that Ida had the opportunity of making her observations. By that time, 'Mite,' as he was supposed to have named himself, had found the use of his feet, and was acquiring that of his tongue. In fact, he was a very fine, forward child, who might easily have been supposed to be eighteen months old instead of fifteen, as Ida did not fail to remark.

He was a handsome little creature, round and fair, with splendid, sturdy legs and mottled arms, hair that stood up in a pale golden crest, round blue eyes, and a bright colour, without much likeness as yet to either parent, though Lord Northmoor declared that there was an exact resemblance to his own brother Charles, Herbert's father, as he first remembered him. Ida longed to purse up her lips, but did not dare, and was provoked to see her mother taken completely captive by his charms, and petting him to the utmost extent.

Indeed, Lady Northmoor, who was very much afraid of spoiling him, was often distressed when such scenes as this took

place. 'Mite! Mite, dear, no!' when his fat little hands had grasped an ivory paper-cutter, and its blade was on the way to the button mouth. 'No!' as he paused and looked at her. 'Here's Mite's ball!'

'Poor little dear! do let him have it'—and Mite, reading sympathy in his aunt's face, laughed in a fascinating, triumphant manner, and took a bite of the paper knife with his small teeth.

'Mite! Mother said no!' and it was gently taken from his hand, but before the fingers had embraced the substituted ball, a deprecating look and word of remonstrance gave a sense of ill-usage, and there was a roar.

'Oh! poor little dear! Here—Auntie's goody goody——'

'No, no; please, Emma—he has had quite as many as he ought. No, no, Mite——' and he was borne off sobbing in her arms, while Ida observed, 'There! is that the way people treat their own children?'

'Some people never get rid of governess habits,' observed Mrs. Morton, quite unconscious that, but for her interference, there would have been no contest and no tears.

But she herself had no doubts, and was mollified by Mary's plea on her return. 'He is quite good now; but, you see, there is so much danger of our spoiling him, we feel that we cannot begin too soon to make him obedient.'

'I could not bear to keep a poor child under in that way.'

'I believe it saves them a great deal if obedience is an instinct,' said Mary.

It had not been Mrs. Morton's method, and she was perfectly satisfied with the result, so she only made some inarticulate sound; but she thought Frank equally unnatural, when he kept Michael on his knee at breakfast, but with only an empty spoon to play with! All the tossing and playing, the radiant smiles between the two did not in Ida's eyes atone for these small beginnings of discipline, even though her uncle's first proceeding, whenever he came home, was to look for his son, and if the child were not in the drawing-room, to hurry up to the nursery and bring him down, laughing and shouting.

The Tyrolean nurse had been sacrificed to those notions of training which the Westhaven party regarded as so harsh. Her home sickness and pining for her mountains had indeed fully justified the 'rampant consciences,' as to the humanity as well as the expedience of sending her home before her indulgence of the *kleiner Freiherr* had had time to counteract his parents' ideas,

and her place had been supplied by the nurse whom Amice was outgrowing ; so that Ida was disappointed of her intentions of examining her, and laid up the circumstances as suspicious—though, on the other hand, her mother was gratified at exercising a bit of patronage by recommending a nursery girl from Westhaven. The next winter, however, was not marked by a visit to Northmoor. Ida had been having her full share of the summer and early autumnal gaieties of Westhaven, and among the yachts which were given to putting in there, was a certain *Morna*, belonging to Sir Thomas Brady, who had become a baronet by force of success in speculation. His son, who chiefly used it, showed evident admiration of Miss Morton's bright cheeks and eyes, and so often resorted to Westhaven, and dropped in at what she had named Northmoor Cottage, that there was fair reason for supposing that this might result in more than an ordinary flirtation.

However, at the regatta, when she had looked for distinguished attention on his part, she felt herself absolutely neglected, and the very next day the *Morna* sailed away, without a farewell.

Ida at first could hardly believe it. When she did, the conviction came upon her that his son's attachment had been reported to Sir Thomas, and that the young man had been summoned away against his will. It would have been different, no doubt, had Herbert still been heir presumptive.

'That horrid little Mite!' said she.

Whether her heart or her ambition had been most affected might be doubtful. At any rate, the disappointment added to the oppression of a heavy cold, which she had caught at the regatta, and which became severe enough to call for the doctor.

The next winter the mother and daughter did not go to Northmoor. At a ball given on board a steam yacht just before Christmas, Ida caught a violent cold on the chest, the word congestion was uttered, and an opinion was pronounced that as she had always weak lungs, a spring abroad would be advisable.

Mrs. Morton wrote a letter with traces of tears upon it, appealing to her brother-in-law to assist her as the only hope of saving her dearest child, and the quarries had done so well during the last year that he was able to respond with a largesse sufficient for her needs, though not for her expectations.

Mrs. Morton would have liked to have taken Constance as interpreter, and general aid and assistant ; but Constance was

hard at work, aspiring to a scholarship at a ladies' college, and it was plain that her sister was not so desirous of her company as to make her mother overrule her wishes as a duty.

In fact, Ida had found a fellow-traveller who would suit her much better than Constance. Living for the last year in lodgings near at hand was a Miss Gattoni, daughter of an Italian courier and French lady's maid. As half-boarder at a third-rate English school, she had acquired education enough to be first a nursery governess, and later a companion ; and in her last situation, when she had gone abroad several times with a rheumatic old lady, she had recommended herself enough to receive a legacy which rendered her tolerably independent. She was very good-natured, and had graduated in the art of making herself acceptable, and, as she wished to go abroad again, she easily induced Mrs. Morton and Ida to think it a great boon that she should join forces with them, and as she was an experienced traveller with a convenient smattering of various tongues, she really smoothed their way considerably and lived much more at her ease than she could have done upon her own resources, always frequenting English hotels and boarding-houses.

Mrs. Morton and Ida were of that order of tourists who do not so much care for sights as for being on a level with those who have seen them ; and besides, Ida was scarcely well or in spirits enough for much exertion till after her first month at Nice, which restored her altogether to her usual self, and made her impatient of staying in one place.

It is not, however, worth while to record the wanderings of the trio, until in the next summer they reached Venice, where Ida declared her intention of penetrating into the Dolomites. There was an outcry. What could she wish for in that wild and savage country, where there was no comfortable hotel, no society, no roads—nothing in short to make life tolerable, whereas an hotel full of Americans of extreme politeness to ladies, and expeditions in gondolas, where one could talk and have plenty of attention, were only too delightful.

That peaks should be more attractive than flirtations was inexplicable, but at last in secret confabulation Ida disclosed her motive, and in another private consultation, Mrs. Morton begged Miss Gattoni to agree to it, as the only means of satisfying the young lady, or putting her mind at rest about a fancy her mother could not believe in, though even as she said, 'it would be so very shocking, it is perfectly ridiculous to think my brother Lord

Northmoor would be capable,' the shrewd confidante detected a lingering wish that it might be so!

Maps and routes were consulted, and it was decided that whereas to go from Venice through Cadore would involve much mule-riding and rough roads, the best way would be to resort to the railway to Verona, and thence to Botzen as the nearest point whence Ratzes could be reached.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IDA'S WARNING.

BOTZEN proved to be very hot and full of smells, nor did Mrs. Morton care for its quaint old mediæval houses, but Ida's heart had begun to fail her when she came so near the crisis, and on looking over the visitors' book, she gave a cry. 'Ah, if we had only known! It is all of no use.'

'How?' she was asked.

'That horrid Mrs. Bury!'

'There?'

'Of course she is. Only a week ago she was here. If she is at Ratzes, of course we can do nothing.'

'And the road is *affreux*, perfectly frightful,' said Miss Gattoni. 'I have been inquiring about it. No access except upon mules. A whole day's journey—and the hotel! Bah, it is *vilain*!'

'If Ida is bent on going she must go without me,' said Mrs. Morton. 'I—I have had enough of those horrid beasts. Ida's nonsense will be the death of me.'

'I don't see much good in going on with that woman there,' said Ida gloomily. 'She would be sure to stifle all inquiry.'

'A good thing too,' muttered poor, weary Mrs. Morton.

Ida turned the leaves of the visitors' book till she found the names of Lord and Lady Northmoor, and then, growing more eager as obstructions came in her way, and not liking to turn back as if on a fool's errand, she suggested to Miss Gattoni that questions might be asked about their visit. The Tyrolean patois was far beyond her, and not too comprehensible to her friend, but there was a waiter who could speak French, and the landlady's German was tolerable.

The milord and miladi were perfectly remembered, as well as their long detention, but the return had been by way of Italy,

so they had not revisited Botzen with their child the next spring.

‘But,’ said the hostess, ‘there is a young woman in the next street who can tell you more than I. She offered herself as a nurse.’

This person was at once sent for. She was the same who had been mentioned by Mrs. Bury, but she had exchanged the peasant costume, which had, perhaps, only been assumed to please the English ladies, for the townswoman’s universal endeavour at French fashion, such as no means enhanced her rather coarse beauty, which was more Italian than Austrian.

Italian was the tongue which chiefly served as a medium between her and Miss Gattoni, though hers was not pure enough to be easily understood. Mrs. Morton and Ida put questions which Miss Gattoni translated as best she could, and made out as much as possible of the answers. It was elicited that she had not been allowed to see the English miladi. All had been settled by the signora who came yearly, and who had rejected her after all her trouble, though the doctor had recommended her, and though her *creatura* would have been just the right age, and that little *ipocrita’s* child was older, ever so much older—she spread out her hands to indicate infinity.

‘Ah!’ said Ida, ‘I always thought so.’

‘Ask her how much older,’ demanded Mrs. Morton.

The replies varied from nearly *un semestre* to *tre settimane*—and no more could be made of that question.

‘Where was the foster-child?’

Again the woman threw up her hands to indicate that she had no notion—what was it to her? She could not tell if it were alive or dead; but (upon a leading question) it had not been seen since Hedwige’s departure nor after her return. Was it boy or girl? and, after some hesitation, it was declared to have been *un maschio*.

There was more, which nobody quite understood, but which sounded abusive, and they were glad to get rid of her with a couple of *thalers*.

‘Well?’ said Ida triumphantly.

‘Well?’ echoed her mother in a different tone. ‘I don’t know what you were all saying, but I’m sure of this, that that woman was only looking to see what you wanted her to say. I watched the cunning look of her eyes, and I would not give that for her word,’ with a gesture of her fingers.

‘But, ma, you didn’t understand! Nothing could be plainer. The doctor recommended her, and sent her over in proper time, but she never saw any one but Mrs. Bury, who, no doubt, had made her arrangements. Then this other woman’s child was older—nobody knows how much—but we always agreed that nobody could believe Mite, as they call him, was as young as they said. And then that other child was a boy, and it has vanished.’

‘I don’t believe she knew.’

‘No, I do not think she did,’ chimed in Miss Gattoni. ‘This *canaille* will say anything!’

‘I believe the woman,’ said Ida, obstinately. ‘Her evidence chimes in with all my former conclusions.’

The older ladies both had a strong misgiving that the conclusions had formed the evidence, and Mrs. Morton, though she had listened all along to Ida’s grumbling, was perfectly appalled at the notion of bringing such a ridiculous accusation against the brother-in-law, against whom she might indeed murmur, but whom she knew to be truthful and self-denying. She ventured to represent that it was impossible to go upon this statement without ascertaining whether the Grantzen child was alive, or really dead and buried at Ratzes, and that the hostess of the inn there would have been better evidence, but—

‘He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
Might as well hoodwinked shoot or in the dark,’

and Ida was certain that all the people at Ratzes had been bribed, and that no one would dare to speak out while Mrs. Bury kept guard there. Indeed, for that lady to guess at such suspicions and inquiries would have been so dreadful that Ratzes was out of the question, much to the relief of the elders, dragged along by the masterful maiden against their better judgment, though indeed Miss Gattoni gave as much sympathy in her *tête-à-têtes* with Ida as she did to her mother in their consultations.

They were made to interview the doctor, but he knew as little about the matter as the disappointed *balia*, and professed to know much less. In point of fact, though he had been called in after the accident, Mrs. Bury had not thought much of his skill, and had not promoted after-visits. There had not been time to summon him when the birth took place, and Mrs. Bury had thought her experience more useful afterwards than his

treatment was likely to be. So he was a slighted and offended man, whose testimony, given in good German, only declared the secretiveness, self-sufficiency, and hard-neckedness of Englander !

And Ida's state of mind much resembled that of the public when resolved to believe in the warming-pan of Queen Mary Beatrice.

(To be continued.)

FIDELIS.

‘WAIT for me!’ when you pleaded, late for school,
You never begged in vain.
Straightway I braved the master, broke the rule,
And loitered in the lane,
Heeding not wind or weather,
That we might be together.

Through life I've waited ; for your dearest sake
Missed many a sunny day,
Proud as the child of old, and glad to take
With you a lonelier way.
What mattered storm or shine ?
Your hand lay warm in mine.

I'm first again. There is a boat I know,
And a pale river-mist
That, as I cross, will take an opal glow,
Flush next to amethyst ;
But never touch the shore
That's radiant evermore.

There's not an angel, love, shall tempt my feet
Beyond that river-side.
Content, I'll turn my eyes from visions sweet,
Wait by the flowing tide :
But when your boat comes in
The rapture will begin !

ELSIE KENDALL.

SWARMS OF SUNS.

BY J. E. GORE, F.R.A.S.

AMONG the so-called nebulae are many objects which, when examined with telescopes of adequate power, are seen to be resolved into myriads of small stars. Their comparative isolation from surrounding objects impresses us forcibly with the idea that they form, as it were, families of stars connected by some physical bond of union. Of these clusters as they are called, we have naked eye examples in the Pleiades, and the 'Bee Hive' in Cancer. Others may be partially seen with a good opera glass or binocular, but most of them require telescopes of considerable power to view them to advantage. They are of various forms and of all degrees of condensation. Some are comparatively large and irregular, others small and compressed, with the component stars densely crowded. Many are of such uniform shape as to have received the name of globular clusters. These have been aptly termed 'balls of stars,' and are among the most interesting objects in the stellar heavens. The most remarkable example of this class visible in the Northern hemisphere is that known as thirteen Messier. It lies between the tolerably bright stars Zeta and Eta Herculis, nearer the latter star. It may be seen with an opera glass as a hazy looking star of about the sixth magnitude, with a star on each side of it. Examined with a powerful telescope it is resolved into numerous small stars. Sir William Herschel estimated them at 14,000, but the real number is probably much less. Assuming the average magnitude of the components at twelve and a half, I find that an aggregation of 14,000 stars of this brightness would shine as a star of about the second magnitude, or a little fainter. Examining this object with his giant telescope, Lord Rosse noticed three dark rifts radiating from the centre. These were afterwards seen by Buffham, with a nine-inch reflector, and also by Webb. They were also observed at the Ann Arbor Observatory (U.S.A.) in April 1887,

by Professor Harrington and Mr. Schaeberle, using telescopes of six and twelve inches aperture. Professor Harrington, comparing his drawing with that of Lord Rosse, thinks that the rifts 'have shifted their position slightly in the fifty or more years which have elapsed since the first drawing was made.' This seems, however, very improbable. The suspected change may be simply due to difference in the methods of delineation, and in the relative sharpness of the observer's eyesight. This cluster has been successfully photographed at the Paris Observatory, and by Mr. Roberts at Liverpool. In these photographs the dark rifts are traceable to some extent, but owing perhaps to over-exposure of the central portion of the cluster they are not so distinct as in the drawings referred to. Examined with the spectroscope, Dr. Huggins finds the spectrum continuous, but deficient at the red end, like the great nebula in Andromeda. Mrs. Huggins has, however, pointed out that this apparent suppression of red rays is simply due to the faintness of light in these objects.* Spectroscopic evidence is, however, hardly necessary to prove that the Hercules cluster consists of small stars, as these are distinctly seen as points of light with telescopes of moderate power, and with the great Lick telescope the component stars are visible even in the central portion of the cluster.

Another object of the globular class, but less resolvable, is that known as ninety-two Messier, which lies between the stars Eta and Iota, in Hercules, nearer the latter. Sir William Herschel's telescopes showed it as seven or eight minutes of arc in diameter. It is considerably brighter at the centre. The larger components are easily visible in moderate sized telescopes, but even Lord Rosse's giant instrument failed to resolve the central blaze. There is no doubt, however, that it consists wholly of small stars, as the unerring eye of the spectroscope shows a stellar spectrum, similar to that of the neighbouring thirteen Messier.

Another fine example of the globular class is five Messier, which lies closely north, preceding the fifth magnitude star, five Serpentis. It is considerably compressed at the centre. Sir W. Herschel counted 200 stars, but failed to resolve the central nebulosity. Messier, its discoverer, found it visible with a telescope only one foot long.

Another fine object is three Messier, in Bootes. Admiral Smyth describes it as 'a brilliant and beautiful globular aggregation of not less than 1000 small stars.' It is beyond the power of

* 'The Observatory,' December 1890.

small telescopes, but it was soon resolved by Buffham, even in the centre, with a nine-inch reflector.

Numerous fine examples of the globular class are found in the Southern hemisphere, which indeed seems to be richer in these marvellous objects than the northern sky. Of these the most interesting are those known as Omega Centauri, and forty-seven Toucani. Omega Centauri from its great apparent size—about two-thirds of the moon's diameter—and its visibility to the naked eye, may perhaps be considered as the most remarkable object of its kind in the heavens. It shines as a hazy star of the fourth magnitude, and I have often so seen it in the Punjab sky. Its large size and globular form are clearly visible in a binocular field glass, but of course its component stars are far beyond the reach of such an instrument. Sir John Herschel, observing it with his large telescope at the Cape of Good Hope, found it 'a truly astonishing object. All clearly resolved into stars of two magnitudes, viz., thirteen and fifteen, the larger lying in lines and ridges over the smaller . . . the larger form rings like lace-work on it.' I have shown elsewhere* that if we take the average magnitude of the components at thirteen and a half, the apparent brightness of the cluster would imply that it contains about 15,000 stars.

Another wonderful cluster is that known as forty-seven Toucani, which lies close to the smaller Magellanic cloud. It is smaller in apparent size than Omega Centauri, but Dr. Gould, observing it at Cordoba, speaks of it as 'one of the most impressive and perhaps the grandest of its kind in either hemisphere,' and he estimates its magnitude at four and a half, as seen with the naked eye. It is thus described by Sir John Herschel:—'A most magnificent globular cluster. It fills the field with its outskirts, but within its more compressed part I can insulate a tolerably defined, circular space, of ninety seconds diameter, wherein the compression is much more decided, and the stars seem to run together, and this part, I think, has a pale pinkish or rose colour . . . which contrasts, evidently, with the white light of the rest. The stars are equal, fourteen magnitude, immensely numerous and compressed. . . . Condensation in three distinct stages. . . . A stupendous object.' Sir John Herschel's drawing of this cluster reminds one of a swarm of bees, and perhaps suggested to Tennyson the lines,

'Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns and starry streams.'

* 'Planetary and Stellar Studies,' p. 191.

There are other interesting specimens of the globular class in the Southern hemisphere, but not of such large apparent dimensions as those already described. Of these may be mentioned twenty-two Messier, which lies about midway between the stars Mu and Sigma Sagittarii. It is described by Sir John Herschel as a fine globular cluster, with stars of two magnitudes, namely, eleven or twelve, and fifteen or sixteen, the larger being visibly reddish, and he suggested that it consists of 'two layers, or one shell over another.' Owing to the comparative brightness of the larger components, this cluster forms a good object for small telescopes. I saw the brighter stars well with a three-inch refractor, in the Punjab sky, but, of course, the greater portion of the cluster has a nebulous appearance in a telescope of this size.

Between Alpha and Beta Scorpii there is a condensed globular cluster. With small telescopes it very much resembles a telescopic comet, but with larger instruments its true character is revealed. Sir William Herschel considered it 'the richest and most condensed mass of stars in the firmament.' In May 1860, a 'temporary star' of the seventh magnitude suddenly appeared in the centre, almost blotting out the cluster by its superior light. The star faded away before the end of June of the same year and has not been seen with any certainty since. It has been suggested that this temporary star lay *between* the cluster and the earth; but it seems to me much more probable that the outburst took place *in* the cluster itself, and that it was possibly caused by a collision between two of the component stars, or by a swarm of meteors rushing with a high velocity through the cluster.

The beauty and sublimity of the spectacle presented by these globular clusters, when viewed with a powerful telescope, is such as cannot be adequately described, and it has been said that when seen for the first time, 'few can refrain from a shout of rapture.' The component stars, although distinctly visible as points of light, defy all attempts at counting them and seem literally innumerable. Placed like a mass of glittering diamond dust on the dark background of the heavens, they impress us forcibly with the idea that if each of these lucid points is a sun, the thousands which seem massed together in so small a space must be in reality either relatively close and individually small, or else the system of suns must be placed at a distance almost approaching the infinite. The former hypothesis is perhaps the most probable, although it

is not easy to imagine, on mechanical principles, how an immense assembly of bodies filling a globular space can exist in that condition without interfering with each other's motions. At rest they cannot be, as their mutual attractions would soon produce a velocity in each member of the system. They must therefore be in motion, each star, perhaps, describing its own ellipse round the centre of gravity of the whole mass, which is probably situated near the centre of the sphere.

The distance of these globular clusters from the earth is, however, certainly very great. Attempts to accurately determine their position in space have not been attended with success. As the component stars are at practically the same distance from the eye we have no comparison stars to measure from, and their exact distance therefore remains unknown. We may, however, estimate their probable distance with some show of plausibility. We may assume that the stars of the Hercules cluster would, if concentrated in a point, shine as a star of about the fourth magnitude. As the components are of the twelfth and thirteenth magnitudes, this would imply that the cluster consists of about 2500 stars. Now, assuming the average distance found by Dr. Elkin for stars of the first magnitude (about thirty-six years of light travel), I find that a star of the fourth magnitude would be at such a distance from the earth that its parallax, as it is called, would be about one-fiftieth of a second of arc, a distance which light, with its velocity of 186,000 miles a second, would take 148 years to traverse! Now, neglecting the outliers of the cluster, we may take the apparent diameter of the more condensed part at five minutes of arc (about one-sixth of the moon's diameter). This, with the assumed distance, would denote that the real diameter of the cluster is about 15,000 times the sun's distance from the earth which would give a distance between each component of about 890 times the sun's distance, or about twenty-nine times the distance of Neptune from the sun. Hence, although apparently crowded together, the constituent stars may possibly be separated by immense intervals. Placed at the vast distance assumed for the cluster, our sun would appear as a small star of between the ninth and tenth magnitudes. Each component of the cluster shines therefore with one-sixteenth of the solar light, and, if of the same density, would have one-sixty-fourth of the sun's mass. The total mass of the cluster would therefore be equal to about forty suns. With the data assumed, we may therefore conclude that the components of the Hercules cluster are suns of compara-

tively small size, separated by considerable distances, but apparently massed together by the effect of distance.

Among less condensed star clusters there are many interesting objects. The Pleiades have been already referred to. On a photograph of this remarkable group, taken at the Paris Observatory, over 2000 stars can be counted of all degrees of brilliancy, from those visible without optical aid, down to points of light so faint as to be invisible to the eye in the telescope with which they were photographed. Here we have a cluster of probably larger size than that in Hercules, possibly at a greater distance from the earth, and with its larger components of considerably greater mass than that of our sun.

Near the bright star Pollux, I see a small cluster of stars of about the seventh and eighth magnitudes, which, with a binocular field-glass, very much resembles the Pleiades as seen with the naked eye. A similar cluster (known as thirty-nine Messier) may be seen near the star π' Cygni.

The well known double cluster, χ Persei, may be also seen with an opera glass, but a telescope is necessary to show the component stars to advantage, and the larger the telescope the greater the number of faint stars visible in these wonderful objects. They have been well photographed at the Paris Observatory, and on the photograph the clusters are clearly resolved (at least on the paper print in my possession) with no trace of outstanding nebulosity, suggesting that the component stars are probably at nearly the same distance from the earth.

The cluster known as thirty-five Messier, a little north of the star η Geminorum, is visible in an opera glass, but a small telescope is required to see the component stars. A beautiful photograph of this cluster has also been obtained at the Paris Observatory. A well-marked clustering tendency is visible among the brighter stars of the group, two, three, four, and sometimes five stars being grouped together in subordinate collections. Admiral Smyth says, 'It presents a gorgeous field of stars from the ninth to the sixteenth magnitude, but with the centre of the mass less rich than the rest. From the small stars being inclined to form curves of three or four, and often with a large one at the root of the curve, it somewhat reminds one of the bursting of a sky-rocket.' This tendency to 'stream' formation in the components of star clusters is also well marked in a photograph of the cluster thirty-eight Messier (kindly sent to me by M. M. Henry of the Paris Observatory). It was described by Webb as 'a noble cluster,

arranged in an oblique cross ;' and Smyth says, ' The very unusual shape of this cluster recalls the sagacity of Sir William Herschel's speculations upon the subject, and very much favours the idea of an attractive power lodged in the brightest part. For although the form is not globular, it is plainly to be seen that there is a tendency towards sphericity, by the swell of the dimensions as they draw near the most luminous part, denoting as it were, a stream or tide of stars, setting towards a centre.'

Sir William Herschel, speaking of a compressed cluster in Perseus, says, ' The large stars are arranged in lines like interwoven letters ;' and Webb says, ' It is beautifully bordered by a brighter foreshortened pentagon.'

Observing with a three-inch telescope in India, I noticed a beautiful cluster of stars, about four degrees north of λ and ν Scorpii, resembling in shape a bird's foot, with remarkable streams of stars. This cluster is visible to the naked eye as a star of about fifth magnitude.

Although these loosely associated star clusters do not show such evidence in favour of family connection as the more closely compacted globular clusters, still we can hardly escape from the conviction that their apparent aggregation is really due to some physical bond of union, and not merely the result of a fortuitous scattering of stars at different distances in the line of sight.

NUMBER 8.

A FAMILY CHRONICLE.

BY G. BUTT.

CHAPTER I.

‘HAVE you seen the new baby?’ said Mildred.

There was a general chorus of ‘No!’ but Mildred silenced us with some pride.

‘Well, I have! It’s not much to look at. Its legs are thin—like Stephen’s.’

Stephen drew up the offending members hastily, as we all turned to gaze at them.

‘And its eyes are like nothing earthly, except gooseberries. Its hair is black—like Stephen’s. In fact, I think it’s going to be like Stephen altogether.’

We were rather critical in the matter of babies, and Mildred spoke with commendable impartiality, but Stephen did not seem to enjoy the sudden attention he had excited.

‘Well, it needn’t have been a beastly girl,’ he said. ‘If we had to have one extra it might have been a boy.’

‘My dear Stephen,’ said Annie calmly, pausing with her foot on the treadle of the sewing-machine, ‘that is not at all a nice thing to say about the new baby, and you may just go to bed, if you are going to use words like that. What are you idling here for? In fact’—turning quite away from the sewing-machine, and facing the assembled family—‘what are you all idling for? I told you father couldn’t come to prayers this morning, and I must go and speak to cook. Now, for goodness sake, behave properly, and go and feed the animals. Septimus, Hawkins tells me that your rabbits would have had nothing to eat for three days if he had not fed them. You are a very cruel little boy!’

‘I was trying if they could live thirty-nine days without food, like Dr. Tanner.’

‘Well, they can’t,’ said Annie, going on with the machine.

Our machine was not a noiseless one. It was a ‘Wheeler and Wilson’s,’ about eleven years old. If you wanted to talk when it was in the room, you had to scream above it. Accordingly we screamed. And, when we screamed, the canaries used to begin, unless we put on their American cloth covers, and as the machine worked, and we screamed most of the day, it was rather dull for the canaries.

Stephen reverted to the new baby.

‘I met father,’ he said, in his hoarse, rough voice—Stephen’s voice was changing—‘and asked him what its name was to be, and he said, “Oh, I don’t care! anything you like.” Now I don’t like babies at all—in fact, I hate them, but they must have names.’

‘Oh, Stephen!’ said Septimus, with a hot red colour in his face, ‘you oughtn’t to hate them.’

‘My dear Miss Prig,’ said Stephen loftily, ‘you know nothing about them. Every baby that comes into this house is a loss of about one hundred pounds a year to us others, when anything happens to father.’

Stephen spoke very impressively, but I don’t think he remembered that Annie was listening. At least he didn’t generally air his opinions so freely when she was, and he started when the whir-r-r-r of the machine stopped and she turned round.

‘When anything happens to father,’ she said after him. ‘That means when he dies! Much good may your hundred a year do you then.’

‘Well,’ said Stephen, in a grumbling voice, ‘I didn’t mean any harm. I wasn’t speaking to you. I don’t want anything to happen to father. I tell you what! After Septimus, the baby ought to be Octopus.’

We all laughed, even Septimus, and for a minute Stephen stared. Then he got very red.

‘Well, you know what I mean,’ he said; ‘Octagon or Octavius—number eight! You needn’t laugh, you know quite well what I mean.’

‘Yes; but you said Octopus, a thing with hundreds of arms, that squirts ink out of its head.’

Stephen looked decidedly huffy, but Septimus broke in in his serious way, ‘I think “Mary Anstruther” would be a pretty name. I know mother likes Mary, and I like Anstruther, because it was mother’s name before she married.’

'Well,' said Annie, 'you may call her anything you like. You may give her any name under the sun, but she will always be the "Octopus" now.'

And so she was.

All the elder ones were tired of babies—eight is really a good lot—but Septimus was quite young, and to him a baby had all the charm of novelty.

Nurse had a horrible habit of interrupting all our most fascinating plays, by begging us to keep 'an eye' on baby for 'just five minutes.' We knew what that meant, and we used to fly before her, but Septimus never said 'No,' and of course, when she found that out, she always went to him direct. The funny thing was that he really liked it, and as the Octopus grew up they were devoted to each other.

When she was four years old, Annie married, which was a great relief to father. Of course he didn't say so, but he was so jolly! He even used to come into schoolroom tea and chaff us. We had never thought of marrying, and we certainly never imagined that any one could take a fancy to Annie. She always heard the children practise, and worked the sewing-machine.

After she went away Mildred had to do it, but the children did not like it half as well. The greatest treat they had was to go and stay with Annie in London. She used to drive a Victoria.

Septimus had always said he meant to be a doctor, and though it was not much talked about, as he was only eight, yet every one believed it more or less, and so he was allowed to look after the animals, and to keep bones in his chimney-pot hat-box, and he had drawings of skeletons, very like the things Stephen used to make by writing his name with very black ink, and folding the paper in the middle. I don't mean that mother knew he had the bones in his hat-box, but that was the only safe place, as Mildred used to scrimmage round the rooms once a week, to tidy up, and throw away the children's rubbish. It was a day of wrath and desolation.

The worst experiment Septimus ever made (he was always making experiments) was on Mary herself, when he bandaged her arm one day with a roll of calico, and it nearly mortified. Of course no one could see it, because the sleeve of her dress was over it; but she got very white in the middle of lessons, and Miss Forsythe said she might go away. But she would not go! She said she felt sick, and only wanted not to speak. She would not

even lie down, but, at last, she really seemed so bad that Miss Forsythe took her to mother, and she sat on mother's knees, with her eyes shut, and said she felt a singing in her ears.

I saw mother looking at her very anxiously two or three times, though father laughed at the idea of sending for a doctor, and said she would be all right to-morrow. But in the middle of the night, I heard a great deal of whispering in the room next mine, where the Octopus slept. I knew it was mother's voice, and that Mary was trying not to cry, and I was awfully afraid. So I crept in too, and saw father holding a candle, and mother sitting on the bed unwinding long, long strips of calico from Mary's arm, which had a blacky-blue look.

I could not see Mary's face, for it was stuffed into the pillow ; but she kept giving groans, though she was not really crying, and when her arm was all unbound, mother rubbed it softly (mother has very soft hands), and she took her on her lap and cried too, and so did I ; for mother said that perhaps another hour would have been too late, and she would have had to have her arm cut off. If it had been any one but Mary, I am sure Septimus would have thought it an arm well lost in the interest of science ; but he really was very unhappy, only he aggravated father by saying, in that thoughtful, slow way he has—

'Then I suppose it ought only to be bandaged about four hours next time.'

'*Next time!*' roared father. 'I'll have no more of this nonsense! Next time will mean the end of doctoring for you!'

Septimus looked so surprised.

CHAPTER II.

ALL the boys were at school now, and Mildred had followed Annie's example and married, so that the house was quite different from what it had been when the Octopus was born. It was not nearly as full, and mother did not spend all her time darning stockings, and mending frocks.

Father could not bear to hear the children crying. I think he got very tired of even good children, but he was very fond of Mary Anstruther, because she was the youngest. She was pretty, I suppose—only one's family are never good judges. She had a nose like mother's, and very bright eyes, and the boys

were awfully fond of her. She wanted Stephen to be a clergyman, and he always said he would, to please her, and she used to make up stories about his going to cannibal islands and being eaten! She never allowed him to fight for his life in her stories; he always met his death quite meekly, with his eyes shut and his hands folded on his breast, which was not at all like Stephen. Afterwards, when he became a lawyer, and she was so unhappy about it, he used to say 'that it was her dreadful stories of cold missionary on the side table that turned him, and that he might have stuck to it, if she had even allowed him a tomahawk or a poisoned arrow!' She was very sensible about it, but it was a great disappointment to her, all the same.

She used to talk about it to Septimus sometimes. She said she supposed she dwelt too much upon the unpleasant parts—the cannibals, and being eaten, and all that—and Stephen didn't like the idea!

'But you know, Septimus,' she said, 'it is so funny, because that is the part I like best!'

That was just it. There was an heroic atom in Mary's soul with which Stephen had no touch.

'But, Mary Anstruther,' Stephen said, and he seemed rather ashamed to say it, 'even I wouldn't like to be killed with my eyes shut. I should like to have a shy at the beggar with something—if it was only a catapult.'

However, Stephen made a very good lawyer, and I am sure he would have made a very bad missionary.

Septimus was about fourteen then, and his profession began to be openly discussed. Of course he was to be a doctor! It had never entered any one's head that he could be anything else, and it really did seem a suitable profession for him. He had a very quiet manner. He never got rough or excited as some of the others did, and he had peculiar, long, thin fingers. He was always a good nurse, and really enjoyed it, although, unfortunately, Mary was never ill, and the others did not like being nursed by him when they were. He was very little trouble, on the whole.

I suppose we were a very happy family just then. Nothing seemed to go wrong with us, and mother looked years younger than she used to do when we were little. Annie sent her lovely things to wear, from London, and father said that fine feathers made fine birds, but it really was not that. Annie rowed us all dreadfully when she came to see us, and said we should kill mother amongst us, and that we ought to do all the work now

and leave her in peace. So we tried to, but Annie never used to say that as long as she was living at home and wanted things doing herself. However, she was right, I dare say.

And now I have come to the sad part.

One day the Octopus and Septimus wanted to go out and see a cricket match on the heath. Mother said they might, if they would not be wild, and if Mary would not go off, by herself. After that we saw no more of them, but Mary told us about it afterwards. She said they were standing a good way off, looking at the play, and Becher was bowling (Becher gives left-handed twisters). Septimus was awfully excited, so Mary tried to be interested, though she does not know anything about cricket. The sun was coming straight into her eyes, and she went back a little bit to sit on a railing, leaving Septimus standing out alone, watching the game.

And then—she never could remember afterwards what really happened. She says it was so quick that she could not see, but all in a minute Septimus had fallen on his face, and there was a crowd round him, and she could not get near.

She says that about half the men on the heath must have been doctors. The ball had hit him somewhere on the head, and Becher came up in a frantic state amongst the doctors, but of course it was not his fault.

Mary says she thought he was killed, and she felt nearly mad, but she thinks she kept calling out his name, for, quite suddenly, every one, except Becher and one doctor, fell back, and she saw Septimus sitting up on the ground with his eyes open, and both his hands up to his head.

Someone said, 'Oh, he's all right now,' and then they lifted him up (Becher helped) and put him into a cab. They were driving off without Mary, but she clung to the door, and the doctor, who was inside, put his head out and said—

'Oh, this is Colonel Treherne's little daughter. Now, my dear, you must control yourself.'

So she scrambled in, and sat on the back seat, and hardly even breathed, except when Septimus squeezed her hand. His eyes were wide open, and he kept looking at her in such a funny way.

Well, two doctors came and examined Septimus from head to heel, and they said it was a miracle, but there was evidently no damage done, only he must be kept quite quiet for a few days, and not get excited on any account.

Then they shook hands with father and went away, and father came into the room on tiptoe and stroked Septimus' hair, and said he was a fine fellow, and we must leave him quiet, and the children must not give a tea-party in his room, as they wanted to do. Every one seemed quite happy and contented except Septimus—and mother. I saw her looking at him very often in an odd way, and when she came down to dinner, leaving Mary with him, we could all see she had been crying.

Father said she was flying in the face of Providence, and she answered, very meekly, that perhaps she was, but she couldn't think Septimus was all right, his eyes seemed so funny. She said nothing more, and we had dinner.

But mother was quite right.

After we all came downstairs Mary sat quite still, holding his hand, till, all of a sudden, he pulled himself up in bed and said, in a strange, loud voice—

'Mary Anstruther, I shall never be a doctor, after all.'

Mary thought he was going to die, and she put her arms round him and held him very tight.

'Don't die, Septimus,' she said—'not yet.'

He shook his head as if he didn't understand her and stared a little, and then he said again, in that funny, slow way—

'Do you think I'm going mad, Polly, or that I'm going to die? No; it's worse than that. I'm stone deaf. I can't hear a sound. I thought at first it was the faintness, but I'm quite deaf—I'm quite stone deaf.'

Mary flew down to the dining-room to mother, and told her, but there was nothing to be done. The best doctors in England have tried to cure him, but it was never any use. He has never heard a sound from that day to this, and there has always been that sad, far-away look on his face that mother saw the day they brought him home.

Septimus always was very brave, otherwise this terrible accident would have ruined his life, for, of course, it was no use his going to school again, and, if it had not been for Mary, he might have given up all his work in despair. But she wouldn't hear of it. She learnt with him, and for him, and was ears for both. She invented ways of communication that were almost magical. He understood her looks, her actions, her very smiles. He plodded through every drudgery, trampling his affliction underfoot, and he was richly rewarded—for life held out fresh promises to him, and his other senses grew preternaturally sharp,

after he lost that one. But if ever a girl deserved a halo round her head—the little, curly, brown head, that had left mother's sheltering arms for good and all—it was Mary. Perhaps a palm branch too in the gentle hands—poor little martyr!

It was to please Septimus that she first took to those unwomanly pursuits that horrified father so much. I mean when she began to study medicine, and Septimus was roused to fresh interest in instructing her. She always said she meant to be a nurse and not a doctor.' She really had a wonderful brain, and used to puzzle old Dr. Fairleigh when he came to look after us.

'You were meant to be a lad, Miss Mary,' he said once. 'All this information is very unbecoming in a lassie.' But Mary only laughed.

How the long, swift, beautiful years have slipped away since that summer morning when Septimus and I sat swinging our legs against the schoolroom window-sill, and Stephen gave the Octopus her famous name!

We are still a happy family, though, of course, the shoe pinches sometimes, but where it pinches is a family secret. Sometimes joys and sorrows seem so inextricably mixed, that it is difficult to tell which is which. For instance, only an hour ago Mary stood here—in this very room—and offered up her life as a sacrifice. Mary has no sentiment. She would be quite bewildered if she heard me say so; but what is it but a sacrifice to hold youth and health and strength in her two hands, and lay them all down to go out alone into exile? No! not alone, for Septimus will go too—without Septimus, she says, she would never have thought of it.

'So you will take up the unfinished threads of those other lives,' said mother, stroking her hands softly; 'you will be a doctor and a missionary in one.'

'I will live the life Septimus meant to live,' said Mary, and then she added quickly, 'At least he will teach me how; you know I am not very clever.'

She turned, with her bright, quick smile, to the bent figure in the window. He always stoops slightly, and his eyes have an eager look, as if he were reading one's face with his soul.

Mary just looked at him, and then she threw herself on her knees by mother's side.

'Mother, I cannot rest,' she said; 'there is so much work in the world, and such a want of workers. I have always liked doctoring, you know, and one can help the poor women

out there a little bit. India is not very far away now—and, mother' (she went on laughing), 'there are no cannibals there, after all, and I am not sure now if I should go, if there were.' Mother did not answer, and we could not see her face, because Mary's hair had fallen across it, but I noticed that her hand was trembling. I think India seemed very far away to her, for a minute ; but, after all, what could one say ?

They will go out of our lives, those two, and be swallowed up in the dim glory of the shadowy East. They will fight pestilence, and sin, and sorrow, always together—always side by side—whilst Stephen settles down into his luxurious London house, and father and mother and I live on, as we have lived for so many years now—growing older and more peaceful.

Well ! we are not old women yet, by any means, and I suppose we must bear our losses patiently, though in our heart of hearts we are dimly conscious that no future, however fair, can ever fill the gap that Mary Anstruther will leave. How surprised the Octopus would be if I told her so !

GERALDINE BUTT.

PROFESSOR POSITIVE'S COMMENTARY.

WE have thought it likely that the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' might like to see a commentary by that eminent man, Professor Positive, upon one of our English lyrics, dear to the hearts of many of us, which he sends as a specimen of his forthcoming work, the 'Lies of the Imaginative Faculty in Man.' If well received, he contemplates other commentaries of the same nature, which he hopes will convince the world that Poetry and Lies are synonymous words, and will reduce the Art of Speech to the plainest Prose.

THE COMMENTARY.

'Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.'

This lyric begins with two lies. It expects me to believe that a *flag*—a fabric of bunting—has lasted for a thousand years *in wear*, and endows this lifeless web of tissue with *Life*. It assures us that the flag has *braved* the battle and the breeze. What can be the value of a production to any one in which the fundamental laws of Nature, and the most obvious facts of science, are thus set at nought?

'Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.'

The first two lines of this verse are sheer nonsense. Men do not launch standards, they fight under them, and children are compelled to pass them in elementary schools. The whole of this passage is not only grossly superstitious, but also simply silly. To *sweep* through the deep reminds one of a housemaid

and her broom. If, however, the members of the British Navy, where such balderdash is considered patriotic, assert that the word implies the swift motion of a man of war, I reply that it can never have been possible for this 'swift motion to take place while the 'battle rages loud and long.' The two ideas are contradictory in terms, unless the Mariners of England retreated from the enemy by a swift strategic movement to the rear.

'The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.'

Here is an unscientific statement, absolutely unverified, made with that disregard of common sense which characterises the race of Poets. In this matter we are quite content to appeal to universal human experience. If any mariner will give us the day and hour on which he saw the spirit of his father starting from a single wave, with the name and address of credible witnesses who testify to the occurrence, we will believe in the spirit-seeing powers of the British Navy.

'Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow.'

But where did this take place? It is true that a man might stand on the deck of the *Victory*, on the spot where the frail consumptive Nelson—here deceitfully glorified as mighty—fell; but how about Blake? If the exact longitude and latitude of the place where Blake received his death-wound is unknown, how can a man feel his heart glow when he stands there? The advocates of Poetry dishonourably endeavour to get out of this dilemma by suggesting that 'where' refers to the *sea in general*. This is a little too much. However desirable it may be to encourage a spirit of patriotism in the nation, it is hardly legitimate to do so at the expense of truth and logic.

'Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.'

The internal evidence of the first two lines of this verse suggests to my mind that the author was, or was influenced by, a French spy, whose treacherous desire was to induce the Government to pull down the fortifications of the island. The

last two lines are unmitigated nonsense. When the Army of England marches, it does not march on mountain waves, but on terra firma ; and the Navy does not march at all. Nor can the homes of English people, as far as I know, be said to be *on the deep*. The Chinese are said to live in junks on the rivers, but we, as a rule, live on shore. Perhaps, however, the Poet was referring to that branch of the service known as the Horse Marines.

‘With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow,’ etc.

The above lines are a melancholy monument of superstition. Those ‘reconcilers of literature and science,’ who have not the courage of either conviction, suggest that ‘thunders from her native oak’ is a roundabout way of expressing ‘cannonading from wood-built men of war ;’ but this is not only in itself puerile, but is contradicted by the next line ; for it is not the foe, but the *floods below*, which are to be quelled by this exhibition ; and further, the combat is to take place not on the high seas but on land, since the aforesaid floods are to ‘roar *on the shore*.’ There is no alternative. Either the whole poem is grossly superstitious, or else it is ridiculously childish, and belongs to the same stage of human thought as Cinderella or Jack the Giant-killer.

‘The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger’s troubled night be past,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.’

We now find that England’s flag is to be a meteor! We should like to ask what flagstaff the author intends to provide in order to run up this meteor flag. It is a comfort to find that it is to *burn*, for meteors soon burn out—at least the only meteors of which science takes account. What the meteors of Poetry may do is another question.

Seriously, is it not heartbreaking, at this time of day, to find this passage of superstition, lies, and childish nonsense, treated

as a classic lyric, and admitted into the books used not only in the obscurantist schools of the Church of England, but in Board Schools also? It is invidious, I know, to point to such spots in a production avowedly written in the interests of patriotism, and I shall be told that by speaking the truth on the subject I am doing away with reverence, with patriotism, with self-sacrifice. Be it so: I accept the responsibility. If my words have given pain to gentle and pious souls, who believe in Britannia and her mythical flag, I sincerely grieve; but it is time that we should look facts in the face, and no longer teach our children that a flag can last for a thousand years, or that the spirits of the paternal relatives of the British tar are to be seen 'starting from every wave.' 'Amicus Campbell, amica Britannia, sed magis amica Veritas.'

W. POSITIVE.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXVII.

1720-1726.

END OF THE REGENCY.

PEACE prevailed in Europe, but there is hardly a court that was even respectable in these early years of the eighteenth century. The hollow glory of Louis XIV. had led to terrible demoralisation, which was chiefly counteracted by undercurrents: in England by the remnant of Puritan strictness and non-juring devotion, in France by the Jansenists and the still persecuted Huguenots, in Germany by people called Pietists, or quiet folk, who took refuge in Protestant hermitages.

Moreover, the clergy showed the influences that had been brought to bear on them in many remote districts. The Bishop of Marseilles, Henri François Xavier de Belzunce, showed himself a truly Christian hero in the frightful visitation of plague at Marseilles. This fearful disease was brought from Seyde, in the Bay of Tunis, in the winter of 1720. The vessel brought a clean bill of health with her, but concealed that six men had died on the voyage. Soon the plague began to spread in the poorer and more wretched districts, and a panic set in, so that almost all who had means left the city, and the Provost was left with only four councillors, and eleven hundred livres in the treasury. The Bishop and his clergy, however, remained, and made the most self-devoted exertions. All the Oratorians, eighteen Jesuits, forty-three Capuchins, twenty-six Recollets, besides parish priests, died during their ministrations to the awful mass of misery and contagion. A gentleman called le Chevalier Rose likewise devoted himself to the care of the unhappy place, where famine was soon added to the other miseries, for there was no work, no markets, and a cordon of troops shut in the approaches to prevent the infection from spreading. However, the Duke of Orleans sent 22,000 marks in silver, a quantity of corn, and such

doctors as were willing to volunteer. Clement XI. sent indulgences, and likewise three ship-loads of corn ; but Dubois fancied this subsidy was an insult to his administration, and ordered the ambassador to stop the ships. However, shame and humanity prevailed, and though the vessels were stopped by a Moorish corsair, as soon as their destination was known, they were allowed to proceed.

The disease spread to Arles, Aix, and Toulon, and to sixty-three lesser places, so that before the second winter checked the destroyer, there had been 88,000 deaths. Alas ! the warning was not taken by the majority. Provence had never been so given up to amusement and licentiousness as during that ensuing winter of 1721, when it was remarked that the places, which had suffered most, indulged in the wildest dissipation. Bishop Belzunce so heartily loved his flock that he refused to be translated to a see of higher dignity, unlike Dubois, who, when Cardinal de la Tremouille, Fenélon's successor at Cambrai died, demanded the archbishopric !

'You ! Archbishop of Cambrai ?' demanded the regent, shocked for once. 'Who is the fellow who would consecrate you ?'

'Oh, if that is all, I know who will do so !'

His effrontery gained the point. He was not even a sub-deacon, and the Pope hesitated to grant his licence, but actually permitted this disgrace, and, stranger still, Massillon of Clermont, the great preacher of the day, was one of the three prelates who signed his testimonial. It must, however, be said that some historians doubt whether he were really so depraved as has been generally believed. The Cardinal de Noailles absolutely refused to have anything to do with this scandal ; but the consecration was performed by Cardinal de Rohan. It was only intended as a step to the cardinalate, and Dubois proceeded to try to purchase this by driving on the acceptance of the Bull *Unigenitus* against the Jansenists, and by obtaining the intercession of George I. (of all people in the world) by expelling all the Jacobites from France. Clement XI., however, died without committing this enormity, but Cardinal Conti was obliged to give a written promise to give Dubois the hat before the conclave ventured to elect him as Innocent XIII. in 1721.

Everything was in Dubois' hands. No one durst oppose him except the Cardinal de Noailles. The Duke of Orleans grew more indolent with years, and had been cut to the heart by the death of his favourite daughter, the Duchess of Berri, the companion of many of his excesses, which she alternated with

pious observances. She was only twenty-four, but her life had been such that no one could think of uttering a funeral oration over her.

The young king was made happy by the purchase of the deceased princess's park of La Muette. There he dug in the garden, tended a little cow, and made his own soup. These were his pleasures. He was so shy that he cried if he had to speak to the regent, and his tutor, the good-natured Bishop Fleury of Fréjus, could be heard coaxing him—'Come, sire, do it with a good grace.' Fleury was not a Bossuet or a Fénelon, though a fairly good man, who thus far had made the boy devout and scrupulous ; but it had not been possible to teach him much, or to give him intellectual tastes, far less principles of government or to enlarge his narrow self-concentrated nature ; so that the unhappy lad was growing up to complete the iniquity of his dynasty.

His amusements at Meudon seem to have been the cause of a chill which resulted in a fever affecting the throat, and he was in some danger. The courtiers hurried to inspect him, and the Duchess de la Ferté, sister to Madame de Ventadour, whispered loudly to St. Simon, 'He is poisoned !' and could hardly be withheld from telling the king himself of her belief ! A young physician, who bled him in the foot, had the credit of having saved his life.

The king's governor, the Marshal Duke of Villeroy, escorted him to return thanks for his recovery at Notre Dame, and with difficulty persuaded him to show himself to the populace in a balcony at the Tuilleries, and to look at the fireworks in honour of the occasion.

Dubois hated Villeroy, being sure that the marshal would induce the king to deprive him of his post, as soon as the regency was over ; and the Duke of Orleans was also offended by the precautions which showed that he was strongly suspected of a crime he had never wished to attempt. One day, when Orleans desired to hold a private interview with the king, Villeroy absolutely refused, saying that his duty forbade him to let his charge be out of his sight, or receive proposals which he did not hear. The regent calmly told him that he forgot to whom he was speaking, and withdrew.

It was expected that Villeroy would come to apologise the next morning, so preparations were made at the Palais Royal. There, in the anteroom, he was arrested, put into a sedan chair, carried across the garden to a carriage, and sent off to his country estates

under an escort. Fleury on this withdrew from court, but the young king lamented and complained so loudly that the Bishop was recalled, and this satisfied his pupil so that he consented to receive the Duke de Choiseul as his governor.

Orleans actually consented to make Dubois prime minister, and growing more indolent, left everything in the hands of this personage, who was so much afraid of intriguers turning the regent against him that he employed all his vigilance in watching his master instead of on public affairs, which fell more and more into confusion. His insolence and abusive language to those who sought an audience were unbearable. He actually pushed a lady out of the room by the shoulders for calling him 'Monseigneur,' instead of 'Votre Eminence.'

In February, 1723, the young king completed his thirteenth year, and thus was declared of age. He had become persuaded that he owed everything to the regent and the cardinal, and at the Bed of Justice, when he announced that he took on himself the government, he threw himself upon the duke's neck, calling him dear uncle, begging him still to direct the affairs of the kingdom, and announcing that Cardinal Dubois was still prime minister.

Thus there was no real change for the next few months, but on the 9th of August, Dubois died under an operation, raging in fury against the doctors. The Duke of Orleans, to save himself trouble, proposed to the king to make Fleury first minister, and Louis gladly consented, since he seems to have cared for his tutor more than for any one else.

The Duke of Orleans was only forty-nine, but his dissipated life had told on his health. His face had grown red and blotched, and he had fits of lethargy which made his friends uneasy ; but he persisted in all his habits of self-indulgence in spite of warnings. On the 29th of November, his physician, Chirac, begged him to be bled and submit to treatment.

'Not yet,' said the duke—'wait till Monday, and I will put myself into your hands.'

On Monday Chirac came, but the duke bade him wait till the morrow.

'I wish to enjoy my dinner to-day, and to wait on the king afterwards,' he said ; and when Chirac remonstrated, he was only provoked into saying that he had more faith in his cook than in his physician.

He did enjoy his dinner, but after it complained of headache,

and in a few minutes sank down unconscious, and was dead even before any doctor could arrive—a call even more fearfully sudden than that of his cousin, Charles II., whom he so much resembled. So flagrant had been his conduct that one of the flippant Parisian witticisms was to say that the old Duchess was like Idleness, for she was the mother of all the vices. He did not escape, even in his death, the imputation of the sin from which he was free, that of murder, for it was reported, and for some time believed in Paris, that instead of apoplexy, he died of drinking poisoned coffee intended for the king.

In Louis' first grief for the guardian who had always been kind to him, the Bishop of Fréjus suggested to him that he had better nominate the Duke of Bourbon as chief minister, and this was done at once, Fleury well knowing that the ignorant, dull, and rude duke was likely to leave all to himself, provided no jealousy was excited, and indeed Fleury, though not a great man, was by far the most respectable person about the poor young king.

The only son of Philip of Orleans was slightly deformed, and far from clever, so that his father used to say it was hard to be suspected of wishing to make way for setting such a being on the throne. He was only twenty-one, and almost as shy and silent as the king. He was religiously disposed, though he had been led by fashion into some dissipation ; but the shock of his father's death sobered him once for all, and from that time forth he lived a grave, retired life, full of deeds of charity, so that he is known as the good Duke of Orleans.

His next sister set her heart on going into a convent, and became abbess of Chelles. She did much as she pleased, and practised no strict monastic discipline, but she was never otherwise than decorous. The third daughter, the Duchess of Modena, manifested the corrupt disposition of her family ; and the fourth, who was married to the heir of Spain, seemed likely to prove no better, though still very young. King Philip V., always longing to return to Paris, and flattered by reports of his nephew's bad health, resigned his crown to his son Luis, in order to be free to become King of France. Young Luis was dull and silent, and much disliked his French wife. On the first indiscretion on her part, he shut her up in a castle with one lady, and though he soon sent her to the palace of Buen Retiro, he was thinking of procuring a divorce, when he was attacked by malignant small-pox.

The young queen nursed him most faithfully till she fell ill

herself, and she was in great danger, when he died, on the 31st of August, 1724, and his father returned to the throne.

She never wholly recovered, and lived a retired life, where she was said to show herself sullen and selfish. As soon as she could travel, she was again exchanged on the Bidassoa for the Spanish Infanta! For the French did not wish to wait for this little girl to be grown old enough for marriage, to see the birth of a dauphin secure them from a war between the Orleans family and Spain. When the announcement was made to the King and Queen of Spain, by the Abbé de Livre on his knees, they kept silence, but by-and-by the queen broke out. She snatched off her bracelet with the miniature of Louis XV. and crushed it.

‘The Bourbons are a race of devils——’ she began, then checked herself, and added: ‘except your Majesty.’

The European princesses were studied by the French Ministry. There were ninety-nine unmarried ones, but only twenty-five were Roman Catholic, and the Duke of Bourbon was determined to choose no one who had powerful connections or likely to be clever enough to influence the king.

The great Tzar Peter had died in 1721, and left the throne to his widow, Catherine I. His daughter Elisabeth was proposed for Louis XV., but rejected, though she would have abjured the Greek Church, chiefly on the ground of her mother’s low birth, and the semi-barbarism of her country.

Next was proposed Maria Lecksinska, the daughter of that King of Poland who had been set up by Charles XII., and dethroned in favour of Augustus of Saxony. She was twenty-two, and was living with her parents in an old Commandery of the Templars at Weissenberg, upon a pension granted by France. There had been an idea of marrying her to the son of the Count d’Estrées, but this had failed on the Regent Orleans refusing to make him a duke and peer of France. She was known to be neither beautiful nor clever, but very good and gentle. When the Duke of Bourbon’s propositions were made, King Stanislas went into the room where his wife and daughter sat at work, exclaiming—

‘Let us fall on our knees and thank God!’

‘Father, are you recalled to the throne of Poland?’ cried the princess.

‘God has granted a more amazing favour,’ returned Stanislas. ‘You are Queen of France!’

She was married to the Duke of Orleans, as proxy for the king, on the 2nd of September, 1725, and set off for Versailles in frightful weather. The summer was wet, the harvest miserable, threatening famine, and the unfortunate peasants, who wanted to avail themselves of every gleam of sunshine to save the remnant of their crops, were called off to make the road for the queen. In spite of their work the floods were such that she had several times to be dragged out through the window of her carriage, and wade through the water with her suite.

The king was pleased with her, and for a time they were very happy together. The Duke of Bourbon hoped to get rid of Fleury, and persuaded the queen to send a message to the king when he was busy with the Bishop, to come to her room. There he found the duke with papers for him to sign. The Bishop waited in vain, and at last went away. He wrote to tell the king that he retired, and gave up all his offices. Louis wept, and urgently begged him to return. He did so, apparently as meek as ever, but the young queen received a letter saying, 'I beg, madame, and in case of need, I command, that you should in all things obey the Bishop of Fréjus like myself.—LOUIS.'

The queen shed a few tears, but made no more endeavours at interference, and six months later, when starting for Rambouillet, the king said to Bourbon, 'Cousin, do not wait supper for us.' And soon after came orders to retire to Chatillon, where the duke lived in obscurity, while Fleury became a cardinal and governed France, not very ably but far less scandalously than his predecessors; and while he lived, Louis showed himself pious and affectionate, devoted to his queen and his little children—one daughter first, then twins, and at last a dauphin.

TWILIGHT.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MANOR GARDEN.

'And all her delight was, whenever she had a spare moment, to play with babies, in which she showed herself a woman of sense ; for babies are the best company, and the pleasantest playfellows, in the world.'

The Water Babies.

THE large old-fashioned garden at Hatherston Manor was in all the dainty freshness of June, not splendid with roses, as it would be a month later, but bright with lupins and columbines and sweet-nancies, with crimson tulips blazing royally in the hot afternoon sunshine.

Mrs. Lyndhurst was entertaining her friends, and the garden was gay with human flowers—young girls in pale bright dresses, and little children in white frocks and quaint snowy sun-bonnets.

It was *Mrs.* Lyndhurst's entertainment, though her husband was walking round the garden, bland and polite, talking to any one who happened to come in his way. No one ever suspected Mr. Lyndhurst of taking the initiative in that or in anything else, unless in certain abstruse studies which few people understood sufficiently to sympathise with. In the eyes of the world in general he amply fulfilled his mission by being rich and good-tempered, and a passive agent in the hands of a wife who liked to do her duty by the neighbourhood, and to subjugate society as other animals are subjugated—by means of its appetites.

Two men very different from Mr. Lyndhurst were standing at one end of the long smooth-shaven lawn that lay in front of the house.

One was the vicar of the parish, the Rev. David Henderson, a short, stout, upright man, with a brisk indomitable air of energy about him, and bright eyes, and a well-formed forehead

that redeemed his red homely-featured face from commonplaceness.

The man beside him, his cousin, was even less commonplace-looking, and, without being handsome, had all the advantages that handsomeness may be supposed to confer.

Mrs. Lyndhurst, who understood these things, had pronounced judgment already upon Alick Rutherford, though he had been presented to her for the first time that afternoon.

'A thorough Scotchman,' she said, 'but gentlemanly ; and quite as good-looking as any man need be.'

Indeed, ladies harder to please than Mrs. Lyndhurst might have looked with favour upon height and figure such as his ; and modern taste takes no exception at a decided shade of red in dark-brown hair, or a slightly worn and weather-beaten look on a well-cut face. Alick Rutherford looked as if he had lived strenuously every day of his nine-and-twenty years, and they had left their mark upon him accordingly ; but not a mark among them that a Christian gentleman should not have worn.

Now, as he stood by his cousin's side, he was listening to the vicar's brief biographies of the various guests, and fragments of county chronicles, with as much interest as if he had not been used to a far wider world, and all the while drinking in the sweet air, and all the sounds and scents of the June day, with the intense enjoyment of one who had been country-born and bred, and had been shut up all spring in town.

It was his own fault that he had been so long 'in cities pent'—if that may be called a man's fault which he does for other people's good, and not for his own pleasure or necessity.

Alick Rutherford had a small patrimony of his own, enough for a comfortable living, and being thereby absolved from the usual round, the daily task, of a profession, had contrived to crowd the occupations of two or three men into his busy life.

He was greedy of work as some men are of pleasure, but would work very hard on occasion at what others would call trifles, and being already far busier than most professional men, would take up one of those 'pursuits' for which the doctor and the lawyer regretfully say they have 'no time,' and weave it in along with the other strands of his existence as if one more made little difference. Action to him was *life*, and he seemed disposed to crowd the span of one of the patriarchs into his threescore years and ten.

After all, he was young still, and there was a boyish undis-

criminating vigour in the way in which he made work of play and play of work ; but there were two interests in his life that went deeper than the rest—one special branch of philanthropic labour and one particular field of scientific research. And his cousin, to whom he was as a younger brother, had hopes of distinction for him in both during the years to come, when he should have settled down a little more into harness and ceased to grow impatient of the furrow.

Such was the man who now struck into the midst of one of his cousin's stories with—

‘I beg your pardon ! Who is that with the children ?’

Mr. Henderson looked across to where his own three little ones and the four who belonged to the Manor were clustering round a tall slender figure in pale grey.

‘That is our host's sister, Katrine Lyndhurst,’ he said, in that hushed, reserved tone that seems to imply, ‘There is more to tell, but not to be told now.’

Mrs. Lyndhurst was standing not far from them, being one of those people who are everywhere, and Alick readily understood the significance of the tone. He turned to his hostess and exchanged a few remarks with her, then imperceptibly freed himself from her and from his cousin, and strolled off across the grass.

The vicarage children had learned during the last few days to call their father's cousin ‘Uncle Alick,’ and since he played with them as thoroughly and energetically as he did everything else, they regarded him as an ideal comrade. They hailed him now with little beckoning hands and cries of welcome, and, drawn in by them, he found himself, nothing loth, a part of the little group, and walking beside the graceful figure that had drawn his attention from the other side of the garden.

Katrine Lyndhurst lifted her eyes and looked on him with a friendly smile, as if he had been another of the children. Blue-gray eyes they were, with a particularly serene tranquil look in them, and set in a face as fair and delicate as any one of those little flower-faces under the white sun-bonnets. Yet she was evidently a woman, not a girl. The ‘little touch, and youth was gone,’ though it would have been hard to say *what* was gone—certainly not beauty, or even freshness, or the faculty for being a child again with children.

They were gathering various coloured columbines, upon which they seemed to have some ulterior design, and since Miss Lynd-

hurst would not allow any one to step on the beds, they were glad to avail themselves now and then of Mr. Rutherford's long arm to reach some coveted specimen. So when presently they settled down, like a little flock of pigeons, on and near one of the garden-seats, Alick ventured to sit down on the grass beside them. Miss Lyndhurst took no notice of him beyond that first glance. Her attention was all given to the children, who were crowding round her, looking on with intense interest, while her white finger-tips parted and severed the columbine petals.

'These are the fairies' shoes,' she said, arranging them in pairs on a fold of her grey dress, where their turned-up points reminded Alick of some quaint mediæval fashion. 'They come here for new slippers every day, to match their roseleaf jerkins.'

'Do they buy them?' asked Dorothy Henderson.

'I suppose so! Or caps, if an elf should want one. Hold up your finger!'—and the tiny pink finger-tip was fitted with a peaked night-cap in pale blue.

'What do they pay for them?'

'Moon-pennies, of course. Or gold-dust out of the butter-cups.'

'Do they steal that? Why don't they steal the shoes, then?' asked an urchin with solemn speculative eyes, who was evidently Mr. Lyndhurst's own son.

Miss Lyndhurst looked up and met Alick's amused glance, and laughed softly.

'To think that they should take the trouble to teach people logic, when children are born logicians!' she said, half to herself. 'Don't you think the butter-cup fairies may be more kind than these, and give their gold-dust for nothing? These only grow in gardens, but I have seen the buttercups and moon-pennies on every wayside.'

'But the doves! Show them the doves, Aunt Katrine,' clamoured a little girl, drumming impatiently upon her aunt's knee, and upsetting the dainty rows of fairy *brodequins*.

Sure enough the careful fingers had left upon each blossom's head a tiny pink or blue or white dove, pruning its petal-wings, and forgetful of the companions that had just been reft from it.

They were arranged in a row on the brim of a starched sun-bonnet, while the children looked on attentively, and Alick Rutherford watched them all and thought that the world was a pleasant place after all—which he had seen some reason to doubt of late—and many a pretty sight to be seen in it, but few prettier than the one which was before his eyes now.

'But where *is* fairyland?' one of the tiniest of the children was saying gravely, when his attention came back again to their talk.

'Nay! who should know, if *you* don't,' said Miss Lyndhurst, with the faintest suggestion of a sigh in her voice; and again the young man's eyes met hers, above the little basket which she was fashioning of green leaves pinned together with spines which Dorothy picked up from the fir beneath which their seat was placed. 'Perhaps it is over the hills now, and far away; but once it was here, I remember, in this garden.'

'You ought to know still, judging by all this innocent lore,' said Alick, glancing at the elfin contrivances spread round her.

'Oh, we all knew these things once, only people forget!' she answered.

'But *you* don't forget. I should say that you had a free pass into fairyland, and might go there whenever you pleased, as long as you took a child with you.'

Miss Lyndhurst looked up again, a little more quickly than usual. The young man wondered whether she did not understand him, or was faintly surprised at his understanding something in *her*. But she made no answer beyond that half-wistful look. The children claimed her again, and the stranger at her feet was plainly no more to her than one of the children.

He remembered his social duties presently, and went away to talk to some one else, but with half his attention still drawn to that group and its central figure.

What was she? *Not* a grown person laboriously condescending to childhood! The Fairy Queen, with Moth and Peaseblossom and the rest?—or Madam Do-as-you-would-be-done-by with the water-babies?

Could there really be something strange about her?—for, their host's sister though she was, not a soul there, except the children, seemed to be aware of her existence. No one went near her, no one spoke to her, and she spoke to no one, except for the briefest word of greeting or good-bye. If Alick had not had his cousin's word for it that she was Miss Lyndhurst, he might have believed her to be some penniless dependent whom nobody knew.

No one took any notice, even when presently her little companions dragged her off to a distant corner of the garden, where a swing was hanging from a pole between two great elms. Only Alick broke off what he was saying and hurried down that way,

to interfere in case the unconscionable elves expected her to swing them. They *did* expect it, but were graciously pleased to approve of his superior strength instead; and for the rest, his coming produced no more sensation than the intrusion of any other insignificant mortal into fairyland. Miss Lyndhurst sat down on a bench beneath the trees, with the tiniest creature in her arms, and another leaning against her knee. They seemed entranced, and as far as he could make out, she was telling them a story, improvising after the fashion which children love.

It was *not* a sun-myth or a scrap of early folk-lore, and the one grown-up listener would gladly have heard more of it; but would, for his own part, have thought it as much above the children's heads as the improvisatrice's intent, wistful gaze.

As they all seemed perfectly happy however, it was not for him to judge, but to obey the commands of his small cousins, who seemed anxious to share the fate of the old woman who was 'tossed up in a basket, nineteen times as high as the moon.'

Nevertheless, he was sorry when presently his cousin's wife came to reclaim her little flock, and his cousin to hunt up himself: and it was time for them all to take their departure.

Little notice as Miss Lyndhurst had taken of him, Mr. Rutherford was determined to take more formal leave of her than any of the others were doing.

She laid her hand in his and said good-bye, simply as a child, and to a courteous little speech of his about the enjoyment of that sunny afternoon, she made no other answer than the same quick, half-puzzled look that he had noticed before.

It was quite true that Alick Rutherford had enjoyed his afternoon at the Manor. The peaceful atmosphere of the flowery garden was delightful to him, and the good *bornés* provincials interesting, and more comprehensible than he was to them. In one sense he retained such impressions longer than most men; but in another he would have forgotten the whole affair in half an hour, but for his interest in Katrine Lyndhurst. He wanted to ask his cousin about her, but was not altogether forgetful of the false importance that people are apt to attach to such inquiries. He waited, therefore, till they were alone together and led adroitly up to the subject when the study was dim with twilight and the smoke of their nocturnal pipes, and desultory conversation seemed proper and necessary.

Mr. Henderson responded, but with some little hesitation,

as if feeling for words in which to express some doubtful matter.

‘Yes! she is very beautiful,’ he said. ‘I have known her for years, and it strikes even me. I knew the Lyndhursts had happened to be away each time you have been here—and you have been but seldom, Alick. But it didn’t strike me that you hadn’t seen her before.’

‘I had not, though, till this afternoon. Had none of the rest ever seen her, either? for none of them seemed to have anything to say to her.’

‘Oh, I thought you had seen that! The fact is, I don’t know whether a stranger would notice it, but Katrine Lyndhurst is—not quite——’

He stopped significantly.

‘You don’t mean——?’ began Alick Rutherford almost angrily, and then he too stopped.

What he had been going to say seemed horrible—almost brutal—when put into words. Could *that* be the solution of the graceful mystery with which he had been pleased to perplex himself through a perfect summer afternoon?

‘Well! no—and yes!’ said Mr. Henderson. ‘She is not out of her mind, there is no congenital deficiency, but she is not like other people, and I think never will be. Ten years ago she had a great shock, and after that an illness; and ever since then she has been silent and reserved and unapproachable—not wilfully so, but like a shy child, that *cannot* say what it feels or respond to any advances.’

‘Do the doctors think that her mind is really affected?’ asked the younger man, after a moment.

‘They did at first, but gave hopes that she would outgrow it. That was years ago, and I do not see any change in her since then. She is devoted to children, and they to her. But she has nothing to say to grown people, though I believe she reads a good deal, and I have no doubt she thinks as much as many women. She moves about among us like a ghost, and takes as little interest in ordinary affairs. She is a ghost!’ went on the vicar, waxing poetical, ‘and I think we all shrink from her a little on that account; but the children don’t know it, or don’t mind it. I know she is as innocent as they are, and she must be sweet and good, or they wouldn’t love her as they do; but I have never been able to get her to say half a dozen words to me.’

Alick was silent, recalling that fair face, and trying to find, in

his mental picture of it, any trace of what his cousin had spoken of. Did he only fancy it, now that he knew, or had he really noticed something strange about those eyes? Not anything wrong, or even anything wanting, but something, as it were, asleep? He thought so, and had a momentary keen desire to see what they would look like if that visionary something should awake. Then he came back to a more practical form of curiosity, and to a natural question.

‘Do you know what the “shock” was?’

‘By hearsay,’ answered Mr. Henderson. ‘It was just before I came to this neighbourhood. Of course when I came it was still a good deal talked about, though it has been dropped into silence now for the most part. She lived with her brother then as now, but he was only just married, and their parents had both been dead for some years. You may guess, from what I have told you, what kind of guardian he was likely to make to an orphan girl many years younger than himself—kind, of course, but utterly lax and neglectful. He had let her engage herself to be married, at sixteen; and soon after she was seventeen the marriage was fixed to take place. And just before the wedding-day the man—he was not much more than a boy—*disappeared*.’

‘Killed? or married somebody else?’

‘Simply disappeared; and no one hereabouts knows what became of him to this day.’

‘Was there anything wrong about him before?’ asked Alick, after a pause of shocked consideration. ‘Anything that could suggest a possible motive or necessity for taking himself off?’

‘Nothing whatever! He was a harum-scarum sort of lad, but of unblemished character and good family. He was one of the Lorimers—in fact, the second son of the Lorimers of Wychwood.’

‘Could none of his family——?’

‘Not as far as I could ever learn. They were all as much surprised as distressed. There was of course a great stir made and search—private inquiry-offices and all that sort of thing; but it seemed as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. No clue was ever found.’

‘Where was he supposed to be at the time?’

‘I never heard, or I have forgotten. I believe he was on his way to pay a farewell visit to a friend before his marriage, and

never turned up there. Of course he *may* have met with some unexplained, never-heard-of accident. But I should be afraid that he had come to grief in some worse fashion, and *would* not as well as *could* not come back.'

'What does *she* think?'

'My dear Alick, no one has ever heard her mention him since! I doubt whether any one knows what she thought at the time. But ghastly as the thing was for her I dare say she might have got over it if her brother had been less injudicious. He was most grieved and concerned about her, and he showed it by letting her have her own way just when for *her* sake he should have been firm. The crowning act of folly was—well! there was a body brought ashore at Newbridge, down the river, and she took it into her head that it must be *his*. And Mr. Lyndhurst fancied it might ease her mind if she was allowed to have her way, and see for herself whether it was, or was not.'

'Well?' asked Alick briefly, as he paused.

This story jarred terribly on the memories of that afternoon, the graceful fancies that he had meant to keep as the souvenir of a pleasant hour. But he meant to hear it to the end.

'He was mad enough to let her go, with him. The body was that of some poor nameless wretch, not Louis Lorimer. But it was a sight that no girl ought to have seen, far less a girl on the verge of brain-fever, as she must have been. For a long time after that she was very ill, and when she began to get better they dared not speak to her of her trouble, and were only too glad that she did not allude to it. After a time, when it seemed desirable to rouse her, it *was* alluded to; but I believe no one has ever been able to find out how far she had forgotten, or whether she simply refused to respond. Wilfully or not, she has never really responded to anything since.'

'Does any one ever try—nowadays—to make her?'

'I don't know! Perhaps not. I think when the shadow of that terrible affair was fresh upon her no one liked to speak to her of everyday trifles. And now every one has got out of the habit of speaking to her. I, for my part, should not know how to begin.'

'Did you mean it, literally, when you said that she had never spoken half a dozen words to you consecutively?'

Mr. Henderson was not surprised at his cousin's manner. Alick always cross-examined when he was interested, and he was interested in a great many things.

‘Almost,’ he said. ‘When I first came I used to try to talk to her; sometimes in the way of society, and sometimes as a clergyman must and should. She would answer ‘Yes’ and ‘No’ intelligently enough, but never anything more; and I think the effort distressed her. She used to avoid me in those days, and never grew really friendly till the babies were old enough to talk, and I left her to them.’

Alick Rutherford was silent. He was capable sometimes of a little hardness towards *men*, having himself few weaknesses to make him lenient towards those follies by which men most often make shipwreck of their lives and hopes. But his heart was very tender over the pain of a woman or a child, with an ache of pity that could only find relief in action. It would have hurt him to hear this story, even if he had never seen Katrine Lyndhurst, and would have set him wondering whether he might not by chance be able to do something for her—having done things quite as unlikely in his time. But now he was thinking—‘She said more than six words to me! Did she forget that I was not one of the children? or did it break the spell for a moment when some one spoke to her who did not *know*? I half wish I didn’t know now!—but, knowing, what can I do for her?’

What indeed could any one do for her? Bring back the lost bridegroom of ten years ago? Hardly, even if he were in the flesh, and to be found; as well might one hope to give her back those ten lost years, and the vanished gladness of her youth.

What then? Why!—what was past was done with, or should have been. Was she not young still, with all life before her, if only the spell could be broken that seemed to hold her fast?

But *could* the spell be broken by mortal man? or must it lie on those sweet dreamy eyes and silent lips till death sealed them for ever?

Alick found his thoughts hovering round Katrine Lyndhurst and her fate with a persistency that surprised him. Usually, after the manner of men of action, he put away from himself all thought of evils that were quite beyond his power to cure. If he could *do* nothing, he could not afford to waste nerve and brain-tissue in barren sympathy and useless pain.

But here, where those who knew and loved her best seemed resigned to the inevitable, he, a stranger, could not resign himself and could not forget.

That same night, as he leaned musing out of his open window, it struck him that this story was more to him than it should have been—more than any other tragical story had ever been, though he had heard many. The corncrake was creaking monotonously somewhere down in the low-lying meadows, and he mechanically counted its note as he recalled that face, and read it again by the light of that story, and felt somehow as though he had known it for a long time.

The fine weather lasted unusually long that June, and for many a night after that Alick Rutherford watched the stars through the fine-leaved jasmine branches and listened to the corncrake. At first the harsh jarring note said only, 'You think too much about Katrine Lyndhurst! There is nothing that you can do for her, and you don't know that she even knows your name, or is aware of your existence.'

But after a while, it wove itself in with other thoughts, less defined, but more pleasant.

'She is a woman after all, though she has wandered somehow into the ghost-world and cannot get out again! Some one must have been born to break the spell—why not I? I will be candid with myself, since the darkness is a safe confidant! I think I should have fallen in love with her if she had been—what she was meant to be. I should have let myself do it, and have tried to make her care for me. And by that token I am bound to help her if I can, though she should never know it, or think twice of me!'

It was easier to resolve, in the soft summer darkness, to be Katrine Lyndhurst's true knight and work her deliverance, than to decide, in sober daylight, how that deliverance was to be effected.

But Alick Rutherford was not easily daunted, and his varied experience of life had taught him the knack of slipping the fetters of conventionality, and doing somewhat out-of-the-way things so quietly and calmly that no one was astonished or horrified. It was a little awkward for a stranger in the neighbourhood to go raking in the ashes of a painful matter that had been growing cold these ten years; but having made up his mind that his best chance of finding out what to do in the future was by hearing all particulars of the past, he soon contrived to elicit from others more than his cousin had been able to tell him.

It was not difficult to be often at the Manor, and as Mrs.

Lyndhurst took a fancy to the new-comer, it was equally easy to make her talk fully and freely.

So much of the mischief had been done before her married life had begun that she felt herself at liberty to deplore the whole affair as something for which she was in no way responsible ; as, indeed, was the case, she having given her husband much better advice than he had had strength of mind to take. She was a lively, chattering, shallow woman, fairly kind-hearted, and of average common sense and worldly wisdom ; and when she said that Louis Lorimer had been a foolish boy, who ought not to have been allowed to think of marriage, and that she believed that he had got into some scrape and been obliged to disappear, Alick attached a certain weight to her opinion.

As regarded her sister-in-law's present state of mind, he preferred to judge for himself, and made for himself more opportunities of doing so than any one else guessed at.

The children adopted him into their circle, and Miss Lyndhurst let them do so, and for her part neither shunned nor sought him. He spoke to her in exactly the same tone he would have used to any other lady, but was very careful not to speak much or often, until by-and-by she seemed to grow used to him, and would even volunteer a remark or an opinion.

And after a while he began to doubt whether it had not been she herself, in the first place, who had made her own prison and shut herself in. If so, was she growing tired by this time of her bondage ? and how far could help from without meet effort from within, and set her free ?

Meantime a more æsthetic, sensation-loving man than Alick Rutherford might almost have thought that things did very well as they were. The sky was so blue that arched over the Manor garden, and the flowers so bright that bordered its green lawns, the tiny childish figures that haunted its shady alleys were so innocent and sweet, and the central figure round which they were nearly always grouped suited so well with all the rest !

‘ Let her alone,’ at least one man would have said whom Alick knew. ‘ Let her live on, a child among the children. They have a world of their own, let them stay in it ! What is this life of ours, from which she has somehow escaped, that you should move heaven and earth to bring her back ? ’

Alick was fanciful enough to think all this, and practical enough to be but little affected by it, as he sat once more in the Manor garden one afternoon and watched the children at their

play. And just then came one of those small subtle indications by which he perceived, or fancied he perceived, that she knew and felt that hers was but a shadow of real practical life.

Miss Lyndhurst was away for the moment, and the children, growing tired of running about, looked round for their usual slave, and, missing her, fell upon the only other grown person in the neighbourhood with demands for 'a story.' Sometimes the Rectory children were indulged by 'Uncle Alick' with stories that no one had ever heard before, but to-day, full of thoughts of his own, he dropped into one of the ordinary *Märchen*, a reminiscence of his own infancy, such as most of us could tell in our sleep. And as the story drew near its close he was aware that Katrine Lyndhurst had come back again, with soft footfall over the mossy grass, and was standing at the back of the garden chair.

She shook her head, smiling, as he made a movement to give up his seat to her, and he hurriedly brought the story, somewhat abridged, to the stereotyped conclusion—

'And so she lived happily ever after.'

'Didn't she ever die?' asked, after a pause, the small son and heir of the house of Lyndhurst, called by his mother, 'the philosopher.'

'I suppose so!' answered Alick gravely. 'When the right time came. But people in fairy-tales never die till then.'

'Do they when it isn't a fairy-tale?' pursued the young inquirer.

'Too soon—sometimes'—and Alick Rutherford sighed, forgetting his child-hearers, and thinking of a friend of his own, dead in his youth, with all life's glorious promise unfulfilled.

'And sometimes—sometimes not soon enough,' said Katrine's soft voice from behind him, with a faint undefinable change in its tone that made him turn to glance at her. She went on, answering the question in his eyes, as she might not have answered a spoken one, with that whimsical simplicity that always left him doubting how far she meant or even understood what she said. 'But perhaps some people are only pretending to be alive!'

'Or perhaps asleep, and dreaming both of life and death!' he answered her quickly.

'Asleep? Can they wake? Who can wake them?'

'Why not—I?'

The flash of his eyes seemed to startle her, like a gleam of

vivid light through the soft twilight atmosphere in which she lived. She shrank back a little, and he said no more, being himself a little startled at a discovery that he had made. Could it be so? Could life, that had been so full of interest, so desperately earnest, be so changed by the glance of a pair of eyes that barely knew him?

He wandered off towards the gate, deep in thought, and a little chilled with something like fear.

Under any, even the happiest, circumstances, there must be something startling in the strong grip of a strong man's first love, laid suddenly upon the innermost life of his life. But what if the man loves something strange and alien—a ghost, a pale sea-maiden, a thing without earthly mind or passions? What good could ever come of it? he asked himself, half angrily; and at that moment, through the turmoil of his thoughts, he heard a little childish cry of distress, and then a soft womanly voice, full of comfort and sympathy.

He need not turn his head to know just how she would be looking then—the tiny creature gathered up into her tender arms, her face bent down over it, its little grief, whatever it was, soothed and comforted. Nay! there was all a woman's heart there, if only a man could reach and touch it, if only it would open to anything but a child!

'It shall open to *me*!' he said to himself; and, lifting his eyes with a vague impression that there was some one near him, saw that he was close by a little side gate that opened into the lane, and that a man was leaning upon it—a tall, thin man, with a young figure but not a young face, dressed in clothes that were not those of a working man nor yet of a gentleman, and which in the full blaze of the June sunlight looked worn and whitened and travel-stained.

A glimpse of the Manor could be seen from where he was standing, but he was not looking at it. He was merely leaning on the gate, looking down the dusty quiet lane, as if resting or waiting for some one.

Alick strolled past the gate, then paused, glanced back at him, and slackened his pace. Only his back could be seen now; but backs are sometimes quite as expressive as faces. Despite the shining shoulders and rubbed seams of the coat that covered it, the back was that of a gentleman. And though he was not looking at anything in particular, the figure had an intent attitude, as though he were listening.

To what was he listening? The wood-pigeon's monotonous musical note came softly from the trees beyond the garden, and the fresh summer wind rustled the beech leaves in the narrow strip of plantation, and sang with sharper note among the fine needle-points of the pines. And through the whisper and the rustle came a sound of children's babble, and one woman's voice, soft as the dove's coo—'speech half-asleep or song half-awake.'

It was a charm that was being recited, it seemed; one of those mystic strings of nonsense-words which little Muriel Lyndhurst believed in devoutly, as sovereign against aches and pains of all kinds. Was the stranger listening to *that*? and were the words by chance familiar enough to be recognisable, even at that distance, and to recall perhaps childish griefs that they had soothed away, or later troubles that no charm would ever soothe?

'Katrine! Katrine!' called another voice across the garden; and Alick Rutherford, still watching the stranger, saw him give a slight but unmistakable start. Miss Lyndhurst never raised her voice in answer to any one, but presently her lower tones and the chatter of her attendant train died away across the lawn.

And Alick, making two or three steps back towards the gate, courteously asked the stranger if he needed anything or was waiting for any one.

The man looked up, lifted his hat, and answered in a foreign tongue, and briefly enough.

Like many English gentlemen, Alick could upon occasion produce a little French, of which he was not proud. But he was almost sure that what the stranger had spoken was not French, and that he had understood the question addressed to him, which after all was quite compatible with his not being able to *speak* English.

Doubtfully therefore Alick repeated his question in indifferent French and better German, and got no answer that he could comprehend in either.

A little embarrassed, he gave up the attempt to establish a communication, and passed on.

Looking back, he saw the other after a moment gather himself up from his leaning, weary attitude, and walk slowly on down the road. And watching him disappear from sight, he was aware of that feeling which we all have at times, and which sometimes means something and oftener does not—the feeling

that this solitary figure in some way concerned him, and that he ought to have said or done something more before the decisive moment had passed away.

It *had* passed away, now. He could not pursue and accost a solitary stranger, presumably a foreigner, because he happened to have leaned for a moment or two on a gate beside a public road! It was only that the mystery, which was an old affair to every one else, was new to Alick Rutherford, and every trifling matter seemed to have something to do with it.

Crossing the garden, he came upon little Muriel, all alone, and on the verge of tears. Her face brightened at the sight of him, and she seemed not indisposed to tell her woes, though they might seem somewhat unintelligible.

'I am *Ogre*,' she said. 'And I had just 'caught them all. And I was just asking them whether they'd be *woasted*, or boiled, or dipped in buttermilk. And the tea-bell *wang*, and they all *wunned* away!'

'Natural—but disconcerting!' said Alick gravely. 'And what should you have done if they had stayed?'

'Eaten them!'

'Oh! But they preferred to do the eating themselves? I cannot see how a poor but honest ogre is to get a living when his victims behave in this way! Come, my sweetest ogre, we'll go after them, and tell them what we think of such conduct.'

He lifted her—more fairy than ogre, surely!—in his arms, where she began to chatter, quite consoled, relating the terrifying manner in which she had growled among the bushes when the others came near the ogre's den.

Even with those illustrative growls in his ears—most like the cooing of a very angry pigeon—and with those little coaxing hands imperatively turning his face the other way, he both saw and heard some one coming across the grass as if to join them, and in a moment Katrine Lyndhurst was at his elbow.

She looked as he had not seen her look before—not startled, but a little 'raised,' as the Scotch say, and just a little afraid or in doubt.

'Some one called me!' she said, appealing to Alick as simply as one of the children might have done.

'I know—I heard! It was Mrs. Lyndhurst, wasn't it?'

'I think not. No; some one else called me—away by the gate. Or was it further away than that, and longer ago? I don't know! But some one *did* call "Katrine!"'

There was a touch of imitation in her voice, but it was *not* Mrs. Lyndhurst's rather peculiar tones that it mimicked. She stood looking wistfully towards the trees that hid the gate, yet drawing back, as if fear and hope held equal sway.

'Shall we go and look if there is any one there?' asked Alick, in a purposely blunt and matter-of-course tone; and she turned in mute assent, walking by his side, and drawing a little closer, as if afraid, as they stepped under the shadow of the trees.

Muriel was crooning to herself a happy little song as she sat on her tall slave's shoulder, encircling his head with one arm. Now she stooped, and laid the other dimpled hand against Miss Lyndhurst's softer cheek.

'Never mind!' she said protectingly. 'Perhaps it wasn't nobody. And you shall stay wif us.'

They reached the little gate, and stood beside it in the hot afternoon sunlight, looking up and down the lonely, deserted lane. The hand that Katrine rested upon the gate trembled perceptibly, and as if by instinct Alick put out his own and took it into a close comforting clasp.

There was a faint cry far away, so far that the ear could not distinguish what it was; and he felt the start and involuntary movement, as if those slender fingers would escape. Unawares his own closed over them, masterfully; if there had really been a voice that called to her she could not have obeyed it unless he had thought fit to relax his grasp.

But, as Muriel put it, 'it wasn't nobody!'

Nothing moved along the quiet road, nothing was heard but the common sounds of the still summer afternoon.

Katrine drew a long quivering breath, and relaxed her intent listening attitude; and Alick came a little to himself, and released her hand, with a half-uttered apology.

'Was you afraid of the ogre, Aunt Katrine?' laughed Muriel. 'It was only me, and I wasn't going to hurt you, really. And I want to go and have tea, now!'

* * * * *

'Mrs. Lyndhurst,' said Alick with some abruptness the next time he found himself alone with her, 'I am very much interested, as you know, in some of your county chronicles, and particularly in the one that specially concerns this house. But some of these stories are more comprehensible when illustrated. Have you any likeness of that young man of whom you were speaking—Louis Lorimer?'

Sadness? Yes, those eyes appealed to all the tenderest pity of his nature, though her lot might seem happy enough compared with many lives of which he knew something.

Coming back out of some of the courts and alleys where his work led him, and thinking of the lovely, homely old manor house in the midst of its rose gardens, it seemed strange to pity one whose lines were cast in such a paradise of stillness and beauty.

But none the less he did pity her. The prison was not less a prison because its bars were wreathed with roses—not less a prison even, though a more cheery one, because there were children there to play with, instead of the captive's mouse or spider.

The children would grow up and leave her, learn even to despise or shrink from her. The roses would fade, figuratively as well as literally, and she would grow old. What would become of her, if something or somebody did not open her prison door before very long?

In the fairy-tales the true knight always wins for *himself* the lady whom he releases from her Dolorous Tower. But some of those old-world champions were quite capable of risking everything for the power of turning the key, even had they known that it would only be to give her to the arms of another more favoured lover.

And Alick Rutherford would have been more than willing to bring back young Lorimer, if by so doing he could have given back to Katrine something at least of all that she had lost with him. Sometimes he fancied that the shock of her lost lover's return, changed or unchanged, for good or for evil, might be the only thing that could restore her to real life again, to her full self and a right understanding of all that was going on about her. And then came the doubt as to whether such a return was possible, or whether a man who had every possible reason for communicating with his friends could be in the land of the living for ten years and make no sign. Eagerly Alick scanned the papers for news of Mr. Lorimer's death. When that happened, which it seemed must happen soon, the truth must surely come out.

Ten years ago the Lorimers had possibly been afraid to search too far and too thoroughly, lest they should bring something to light that had better not have been known.

But the needy and greedy family who would be the next claimants of Wychwood Court would not fail to strain every

nerve to track the course and prove the death of the missing heir.

The old photographer kept his promise, with what Lewis Carroll calls

‘That calm deliberation,
That intense deliberation,
That photographers aspire to.’

But his missive arrived before anything had appeared in *The Times* bearing upon the matter that Alick had most at heart.

Mr. Rutherford dropped his own ‘counterfeit presentment’ on the table without a glance, in spite of the careful directions he had given concerning it. All his thoughts were given to the picture that accompanied it, but that too he laid down, after a moment, with a gesture of impatience.

Apparently Mr. Louis Lorimer, up to the time of his disappearance, must have been a very ordinary-looking young man, with a smooth, boyish face that might have developed into anything.

The attitude was that which a country photographer usually suggests as picturesque and *dégagée*, leaning with folded arms on the back of a chair, with head slightly turned over the left shoulder. The expression was the only thing in which the likeness differed from half the portraits one sees, or rather, it differed from these in the mere fact of having some expression—a slightly defiant, inscrutable look, that seemed to Alick to be mocking his endeavour to learn something from it.

He placed it in a prominent position on his mantel-shelf and left it there. To any one who had not known Louis Lorimer it would tell nothing, but if by any chance it should be caught sight of by any one who *had* known him, it might lead to something.

No one noticed it, no one even seemed to see it. But once, as Alick was turning away from the hearth and chanced to include it in a sweeping backward glance, it did remind him of something which for the moment had not been in his thoughts.

Was it the attitude or the expression, or something more permanent than either? It was hard to tell, for the resemblance seemed to vanish as he looked again. But *something* had reminded him of the stranger who leaned on the wicket-gate in the lane beside the Manor garden.

(To be continued.)

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

Books recommended as helps to the enjoyment of Spenser's 'Faery Queene': Professor Dowden's Essays on Spenser in his *Transcripts and Studies* (Kegan Paul & Co.). *Essays on Poetry*. By Aubrey de Vere. Vol. 1. (Macmillan & Co.). *Spenser*. By Dean Church. English Men of Letters Series, edited by John Morley.

(Reference will also be frequently made to Mr. R. G. Moulton's 'Syllabus and Book of Illustrations for his Cambridge Extension Lecture on Three Masterpieces of English Poetry.')

The travellers through Faeryland, whose adventures have been recorded by Edmund Spenser, were, it is well known, very apt to lose their way among the woods and wilds of that delightful but perplexing country. Readers who attempt to follow their track not only lose their way but too often never even begin to find it. They stumble up haphazard against giants, ladies, knights, dwarfs, dragons, abstractions, princes and sages; they plunge into thickets or rest in fair gardens, lodge in sumptuous castles, or pine in damp gloomy caverns, and who every one is, and how they got there, and why they have come, and where they mean to go, is altogether a mystery.

Now, when the present writer first found herself in this great wonderland, she very nearly fled out of it again in impatient despair, but being held fast therein by perseverance greater than her own, she speedily discovered that in no paradise ever dreamed of by human fancy did fairer flowers grow or sweeter birds sing; that softer airs never blew by the sunniest of southern seas, that no more delightful place could be found in all the universe. And, moreover, that in the 'mental space' of any great human soul no nobler ideas ever had birth, no more lovable and heroic personages were ever conceived.

But awe, admiration, and delight are marred by the perpetual necessity of asking Where? How? Who? Why? at every turn of the path, and she therefore conceived the notion of endeavouring humbly to produce a kind of 'Murray's Guide' to the enchanted realm, and to make the magic story as far as possible clear, so that both the beauty

of the scenery and the beauty of the personages may be enjoyed without the drawback of perpetual puzzle and perplexity. These papers are not intended as literary criticisms or as studies in Elizabethan poetry; they will not neglect historical allusions or allegorical interpretations; but to elucidate these will not be their primary object. It is not their intention to mince up small the information on these points, already so well given by the writers referred to at the head of the paper, but to show the way to the enjoyment of the poem which has supplied these great writers with so congenial a theme.

Spenser himself states that the general end of all his book was 'to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline.' Now, to fashion a *gentlewoman* or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline is not perhaps a bad description of the general end towards which this magazine has endeavoured to direct its efforts; and as young gentlewomen, *experto crede*, are apt to be repelled by long and old-fashioned books, 'the general end' and particular design of these papers is to tempt young maidens to read the 'Faery Queene,' and not to instruct such of their elders as are far better informed than the writer herself in English literature. Spenser goes on to state that in order to fashion a noble gentleman, he chose the example of King Arthur as the most excellent that he knew, and in him endeavoured to portray a perfect hero, in whose person all the twelve moral virtues of Aristotle should be found united, thereby forming a magnificent—what we should call a magnanimous person, or, in plain words, a great soul, while he illustrated each particular virtue by a champion who should set it forth in his own person, and encounter and overcome all the obstacles likely to be opposed to it. Arthur is therefore intended to be a connecting link for the whole poem; and had it ever been completed, had the history of all twelve knights been recorded to the end, to say nothing of that other unwritten portion which was to show forth twelve political virtues after Arthur became king, no doubt the connection would have been made more apparent. As it is, however, Arthur's concern with the story is too infrequent to enable the reader to take a clear view through his eyes of the whole, and it has therefore been thought better to take the adventures of each champion as a starting-point, and pursue them in turn to the end, regardless, if needful, of divisions into books or cantos.

Another connecting link is, of course, that all the adventures are undertaken for the honour of Gloriana, Queen of Faeryland, 'in whom is intended first glory and secondly Queen Elizabeth.' All the knights start from the court at her command, and would, one supposes, at last have returned to it to celebrate her nuptials with Arthur, which should have typified the truth that it needs a great soul to win true glory, and also have possibly celebrated the choice by the virgin queen of the noble and brilliant young Lord Leicester, who was the historical prototype

of Arthur. The marriage did not take place, but the historical incompleteness of the allegory will hardly injure it in modern eyes. For us, its object is to show great souls the way to glory.

Gloriana was the Queen of Faeryland, and her knights are called faeries or elves. Arthur was, of course, Prince of Britain, and through the latter country the elfin knights wander in search of adventures. The subjects of Gloriana are not, however, fairies in our sense, but human beings, knights of romance, such as might have been found in any old chronicle or poem. Their glory was the glory of England and Elizabeth; they lived in 'great Eliza's golden reign,' and therefore in one sense Faeryland was Elizabeth's England.

To the country of her suitor, Spenser transferred much Irish scenery and imagery. But it is in its main features the real England of the sixteenth century, in which thrushes sang, and hawthorns flowered, full of hills and dales, woods and wilds, and with its shores washed by the silver sea.

But lions lurk in the hawthorn thickets, as in another fairy land, the Forest of Arden, and nymphs, whose birthplace is by the Ægean or the Mediterranean, play and dance on the coasts of Britain. All the classic beauty with which the Renaissance had fired the imagination of the age, all the Italian grace which had given currency to the old new learning was pressed into the service of the high and severe morality which it is the intention of the poem to recommend.

The underlying moral and allegorical purpose is, as Mr. Moulton remarks, only one interest among the many to be found in the 'Faery Queene'; it rises and falls, sometimes being as obvious as in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' sometimes giving way entirely before the human interest of the story. But whether expressed or suggested, it is this moral purpose which really gives unity to the incoherent details of the poem. All these are great battles, or single combats, in the war of Spirit with Matter, Soul with Sense, Good with Evil. And here it must be noted that Spenser had a vivid imagination, and lived in a plain-spoken age. He blinked nothing. The loathsomeness of sin, the allurements of temptation, the horrors of disease are shown as plainly as the unspeakable beauty and nobleness of purity, love, and valour. The poem therefore contains some very unsavoury passages. They are comparatively few in number, are apparent at a glance, and it is quite needless for either reader or commentator to dwell on them.

Moreover, virtue in his eyes was no cold or negative thing; the world and the flesh are allowed to say their say, and even the devil has his due. We are made to see how glorious and how strong are the conquerors of evil.

We read in the first book of how the Christian, the seeker after the unseen, endeavours to unite himself to the Truth, the one and indivisible, and of the obstacles which stood in his way. There is a *temporary*

and *historical* interpretation to the allegory, and there is also a spiritual and permanent one, and with this hint we proceed as simply as possible to trace the adventures of

ST. GEORGE, THE KNIGHT OF HOLINESS.

The beginning of the story, we are told in the preface, would have been contained in the unwritten twelfth book.

Queen Gloriana held a twelve days' feast in her city of Cleopolis, and on the first day a clownish youth of humble origin begged as a boon to have the doing of the first adventure that happened at that time. A fair maiden riding on a white ass, leading a lamb, came in begging for a champion to deliver her parents from a brazen tower, where they were confined by a dreadful dragon. St. George, the youth, sprang up from the floor, where he had humbly waited, and offered himself for the quest. After some demur he was allowed to try on the heavenly armour, which was piled up on a charger led by the lady's faithful dwarf. It fitted him, and he was so fair to see, that the lady Una liked him well, the Queen gave him knighthood, and he sets forth in the service of Truth.

As the poem stands, we meet him first 'pricking on the plain,' by Una's side, he with the red cross on his silver shield, and she with her white innocence veiled in black, and drooping with sadness, the lamb beside her, the dwarf behind.

Canto I.

As they rode on, a storm of rain caused them to take shelter in a wood of good old English trees, in which they lost their way, and found themselves near a hollow cave.

This, Una said, was the Wandering Wood, the Den of Error, and it would be well to fly. St. George, however, was too eager for adventure for this, and went into the cave where Error lurked, a horrible monster with a brood of poisonous young ones. She wound her deadly coils around him and nearly choked him, but after a desperate struggle he cut off her head, and saw the infant monsters save him further trouble by drinking up their mother's blood until they burst. Triumphant he rode out of the wood with Una, and there met an aged sire of so sage and holy a mien that he deceived even the wise Una herself, and took them both to pass the night in a little hermitage.

I. 10.

Here, after hearing of Ave-Marys and Puritan pamphlets, we come without any sense of incongruity upon the world of classic imagery.

Archimago, the seeming hermit, called up two little imps and sent one down to Morpheus for a deluding dream, while of the other he made a false image of fair Una, and having caused St. George to dream of 'loves and lustful play,' he sent the false image of his lady to tempt him. The Knight of Holiness, however, turned in grief and horror from such profanation, and, as his simplicity would not thus be corrupted, the false image of Una was shown to him embracing another

I. 39.

knight, and then, followed by the dwarf, he fled in horror from the place where he had been so deceived.

Canto II.
12.

Miserable and half broken hearted, he met a Saracen, *Sans Foy*, riding with a fair and splendid lady whom St. George, after at once attacking and killing the Saracen, endeavoured to comfort and protect. This lady was *Duessa* (Mary of Scotland, the Church of Rome, False and Formal Religion ;) but she gave her name as *Fidessa* to St. George, with a long tale of injury which quite deceived him. They rode on together, encountering the Dantesque incident of the bleeding trees,

II. 13.

Canto IV. 2.

and *Duessa* guided him to the *House of Pride*. (We shall find in nearly every book, a *place* which is the centre of the special evil to be conquered.)

Here reigned *Lucifera*, a splendid parody of the maiden Queen *Gloriana*, but the child of Hell ; drawn in her car by deadly Sins, followed by Wrath and Bloodshed, Spleen and Grief, with Satan, as the officer of the troop, and *Sans Joy*, the brother of the slain *Sans Foy*, in high favour. Although St. George was still deluded by *Duessa*, and dazzled by the glory of *Lucifera's* state (be it observed we are made to feel that it *was* glorious), he was quite ready to fight *Sans Joy*, and speedily subdued him.

Canto V.

(We must pass over *Duessa's* journey to Tartarus on behalf of *Sans Joy*, and all the details of her deceit.)

V. 53.

Before her return St. George had fled from the Palace of Pride, being warned by *Una's* faithful dwarf that its dungeons were full of the bones of men, the earlier victims of *Lucifera's* cruelty.

Canto VI.

When *Duessa* found that he had escaped, she went in search of him, and found him resting, all unarmed, by a river-side. He still believed her to be all that she seemed, and while, forgetting *Una*, he gave himself up to idle dalliance, *Orgoglio*, a terrible giant, the son of Earth and *Æolus*, came upon them, and would have crushed him at once, but at *Duessa's* entreaty, threw him into the dungeon of his castle instead.

Canto III. 4.

In the meantime, the unhappy *Una* wandered through woods and wastes in search of the knight, who, believing her false, had fled from her. Wearied out, she lay down on the grass and cast her veil aside, so that—

‘ Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;’

III. 17.

Then a savage lion, rushing up to devour her, licked instead her feet and her lily hands, and walked by her side to protect her from harm. After long wandering through desert places, they followed a country girl to a little hut, where an old woman lived, muttering Aves and Pater-nosters and cruel penances. Here *Una* lay down to sleep, and would have been destroyed by *Kirk-rapine*, who came in secret by night, but that the lion tore him in pieces, and *Una* was again forced to fly. What

while the Redcrosse knight, still weak and weary with his sorrows, prepared to set forth with Una to slay the dragon and deliver her parents. On his way he met Sir Trevisan flying for his life, and was by him guided to the *Cave of Despair*, whose awful inhabitant tempted St. George, remorseful for his falsity to Una, to end his life with arguments the subtle force of which almost overcame him (this is one of the finest passages in all the poem); but Una snatched the dagger from his hand and drew him away in safety.

Canto IX.
33.

Canto X. 1. But he was too much worn out by suffering to be fit for warfare, and so she brought him to an ancient house belonging to Dame Celia (the even lovelier prototype of the House Beautiful in the 'Pilgrim's Progress') where three fair maidens, Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa, tended him. Introduced by Humility, waited on by Zeal and Reverence, the Redcrosse knight repented him bitterly of all his sins and failings, and through cruel penance was led by Mercy and Charity up a long steep hill to an aged man named Heavenly Contemplation. There he was shown the Heavenly City, of which the House of Pride had been so base a parody, and there his lineage as a British knight and his name of St. George was revealed to him, and, his Christian character now finally perfected, he was restored to Una, who had grieved sorely for his trials, and now set forth with him for the Dragon's tower.

Canto XI. For two whole days (and a whole canto) he struggled with the monster, slew him at last and was betrothed to his Una, her mourning robes laid aside, so that she was now 'So fair and fresh as freshest flower in May,' though Archimago, disguised as a messenger, brought letters from Duessa to claim him as her own.

Archimago was cast into a dungeon, and after due rejoicing and a short period of wedded bliss, St. George left fair Una's side, and went forth again to fight with evil and serve the Faery Queene.

Canto XII.

We shall catch a few glimpses of him as he went on his way.

Note then the other personages of whom we shall hear again.

Archimago, who escaped from the dungeon of Una's father.

Duessa, left hiding in rocks and caves, despoiled of her fair seeming.

Sans Joy, left wounded in Lucifera's castle.

Sans Loy, from whom Una was saved by the Satyrs.

Satyrane.

Arthur, who freed St. George from the giant Orgoglio.

Timias, Arthur's squire.

In this first Book the allegory is consistently maintained, and the story is complete. The Christian in his search for truth has to contend with Error, Formal and Hypocritical Religion, Doubt of the One Truth,

Worldly Pride and Luxury, Despair of his own failures, Ignorance, and brute force. He is purified by repentance and finally wins the victory, and Truth as his reward.

But St. George is also an actual brave, loving, faulty youth, easily deceived, often failing, but true at heart all the time, and Una is a real human girl, admiring her lover, but feeling that he needs a good deal of looking after, faithful and pure, tender and true, a lovely specimen of Christian Maidenhood.

Questions.

1. Choose the six passages that strike you as containing the most beautiful poetry, and comment on them.
2. Describe in your own words either the House of Holiness or the Cave of Despair.
3. Show the use made of classical Imagery.
4. What were the chief characteristics of the country described in the 1st book?

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

May List.

Class I.

Weissnichts } 98	Undine 95	M. L. C. 87
L. F. B. }	B. G. C. 94	Scawfell 86
Sam }	Inge 93	M. E. W. 85
Bede } 97	Spes 92	Kitto 84
Dame Durden }	Eidechse } 91	E. M. B. 83
Capercaillie 96	Richmond }	L. E. S. 80

Class II.

Karlsruhe 77	Zell-am-See 70	White Cat. 55
Klump 71	Speranza 67	

Class III.

None.

No papers received from *Nigra*, *M. A. G.*, *Gretchen*, *Grossmutter*, *Brownie*, *Fleurange*, *Grisel*, *Creagh-an-Fitheach*, and *Camensis*.

Domino will see that the course is over, so it is too late for her to join. There was no address sent with the papers, or I would have written to her.

Church History Society.

ENGLAND IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Questions for July.

25. Give a short account of the Interdict and a full one of the making of *Magna Charta*.
26. A life of Grossetête.
27. Trace the Re-action against Rome in this century, especially any statutes bearing on this subject.
28. Who were Stephen Langton, St. Edmund Rich, St. Richard Wyche, and John de Peccham? And give a short life of one of them.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by August 1st.
Members are reminded of Perry's *Grossetête*, 2s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.). For *Magna Charta*, Green's *Short History of the English People*, or any other good English History.

April Class List.

Class I.

Water Wagtail	40	Etheldreda	36	Charissa	}	31
Hermione {	39	Decima	35	Fidelia		
Ierne {		Verena {	32	White Cat		
Papaver {	38	Erica {		Maidenhair	}	30
Andromache {		Meniza {		Honeysuckle		

Class II.

Veritas	29	Cratægus	}	26	Shamrock	23
Vorwärts	28	*Robin Redbreast			Edythe {	21
		De Maura			Trudel {	

Class III.

Agatha.	19	North Wind	15	†Onward	10
Laura {	18	Miss Molly	13	Nancy	9
*Mary Beatrice {					

* Three answers only. † Two answers only.

REMARKS.

13. The Chronological Table is perfectly done by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, *Ierne*, *Verena*, *Erica*, *Decima*, *White Cat*, *Robin Redbreast*, *Veritas*, *Meniza*, and *Maidenhair*.
14. Becket's character is most thoughtfully given by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Andromache*, and *Charissa*. If, as *Papaver*, *Honeysuckle*, and others think, he merely wished to uphold his own authority, surely he would have kept the Chancellorship, when he would have been impregnable. Nine Members consider Becket a martyr; thirteen think not; seven cannot

decide; and one discreetly says nothing. Now the accepted definition of a martyr is that 'he should voluntarily accept or endure death for any real Article of the Faith, or for some other act of virtue referring to God.' The latter would cover even a death in battle to protect the Church. Had he then only died (as Perry suggests) as a brave soldier resisting the unauthorised insults of his and the Church's foes, we might accord him the title. But he actually died for what (wisely or unwisely) were the Church's legal rights as he found her. The high spirit and courage natural to him had led many a sainted martyr of old to mock his persecutors—e.g. St. Lawrence. And then when he saw he was not to be dragged from his Church, but that his heart's desire was to be granted, he commended his soul to God and meekly knelt before his persecutors. The whole Church of his own day saluted him at once—friends and foes alike—with the title. All Churches dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr are in his honour. Readers of the *Monthly Packet* will recollect a paper on the finding of his supposed bones at Canterbury. The learned seem to have come to no actual decision about them.

15. About twice as many give the Constitutions of Clarendon as the Orders. It should be remembered the Constitutions are not quite a re-statement of the 'Ancient Customs'—e.g. No. 16 was in innovation on individual rights. Becket might well be taken aback at this statement of the 'ancient customs' he had consented to observe.

With regard to the Gilbertine Order, they did not actually live in 'double houses like St. Hilda.' Still less was it an 'Order of monks with *some* nunneries of the Rule.' It was entirely a female Order, and the nuns are often reckoned as Augustinians, though St. Bernard gave their Rule to St. Gilbert. But around and outside the Nuns' Enclosure were Granges, in which lived the bailiffs and working-men, who farmed and did the external business for the ladies, and these were formed into an order of Lay Brethren. This question answered best by *Hermione, Water Wagtail, Papaver, Andromache, Ierne, Charissa, Erica, Cratægus, Meniza, and Mary Beatrice.*

16. The definitions of Legates, etc., given most clearly by *Water Wagtail, Papaver, Ierne, and Decima.* Bishop Stubbs says that, while the appointment of our Archbishops *Legatus natus* was intended to make them mere Roman officials, it practically made Canterbury more powerful and independent. *Etheldreda*: It was from 1143, in Archbishop Theobald's time, not 1195, that we date the Archbishop's prescriptive right to Legatine power. *Charissa*: The *Legatus a latere* was not always a Cardinal. Pandulph was only a sub-deacon, and is called 'Master Pandulph' in *Magna Charta.*

It will be recollected that to claim 'benefit of clergy' one need not even be in minor orders. Any one who could read was taken as a 'clerk,' and the Borderers were believed to learn by heart the first verse of the *Miserere* for this purpose. It is the absence of even this mark of learning which makes William of Deloraine say—

'Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'

Nancy: Gratian's *Decretum* was a collection of Canon Law, not a legate.

White Cat: Bog-Oak is afraid it was the Popes who granted the mitre and episcopal privileges to certain Abbots. They did not 'seize' them for themselves. Mitred Abbots sat in Parliament as Prelates. There were sixty-seven of them in 1295, and twenty-six at the Reformation.

Bog-Oak begs the Members not to send pins, which are dangerous and illegal, except by Parcels Post.

Subscriptions received from *Sycorax* and *Malacoda.*

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

‘LISEZ! Lisez! Lisez!’ The Editors wish that any herald, town-crier, telephone or phonograph would impress the ensuing facts on the minds of their correspondents ONCE FOR ALL. ‘I find it quite useless to give people anything to read,’ a lady experienced in circulars and leaflets once remarked. The conclusion is depressing to the conductors of a magazine; but, as far as facts and figures go, we find some reason to assent to it.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The First Story Competition proved most successful. We mean to vary it in this half-year by a ‘Prize Essay on the Waverley Novels.’ Value £2 10s.

Conditions to be observed:

1. Competitors must be under thirty years of age.
 2. All essays must have the writer’s name and address on the MS.
 3. Stamps must accompany each MS., which will be returned with a short criticism (if desired) by the Editors.
 4. All MSS. must be marked *Waverley Essay on the outside*; must be written on one side of the paper only, and sent in to the Editors before September 30th.
 5. No essay must exceed 3000 words.
- Should the Prize Essay reach the standard of publication, it will appear in the December number of the Magazine.

PAPERS ON SPENSER’S FAERY QUEENE.

Miss Christabel Coleridge cannot undertake to return or separately criticise the essays; but she will publish a class list, and a short, general comment on the work sent in. (The first to appear in September.)

Intending competitors must send with their first set of papers 2s. 6d. as a fee for the series. Two small prizes (in books) will be given, in proportion to the number of entries.

Papers to be sent to Miss C. R. Coleridge, Cheyne, Torquay, before the 1st of the ensuing month.

CHURCH HISTORY COMPETITION.

See *Bog-Oak’s* January Announcement.

CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS.

The Editors will be glad to receive suggestions as to *new competitions* for the ensuing year. Debatable Ground has attracted visitors for several years. It will, however (unless a very strong desire to the contrary is generally expressed), be closed to the public at the end of 1891.

EGG-SHELL CHINA.

It appears to Chelsea China that the interest of this competition will be better sustained if a small prize, value 5s., is given every month for the best

letter. A competitor may only take the prize once, but will be mentioned as the best if she continues to surpass the others.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

The marks for the search questions will, after July, be given on a different principle. Six will be given for each answer, so that composite answers can receive one mark for each correct solution. Some questions have more than one answer. Three marks will be given for good answers which, nevertheless, are not those intended by Chelsea China.

N.B. The new set of search questions and complications begin with this month; and competitors are requested to keep the same *nom de plume* all through them. But the final answers to the first set cannot appear till August, so that the class lists and announcements of prizes will probably not be printed till October.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is paid or voluntary work for others likely to be most valuable?

This is not unlike the old question of putting Pegasus in harness, and there are some steeds which will not endure being yoked even to a balloon. Chelsea China is a little inclined to agree with the charming American poetess who says:—

‘A Little Pegasus
Will make a greater fuss
Than one of thrice his size.’

She has a great respect for unmanageable horses. There is one aspect of the question which is certainly worth the attention of women, namely, that the receipt of payment really does put the work undertaken into a different relation to other duties. It is in itself a claim, and is so regarded by friends and families, so that it is sometimes a safeguard of the right to work regularly. There is, of course, a great deal of official *unpaid* work which once undertaken can hardly be described as voluntary; the office of Poor Law Guardian, for instance, or perhaps the headships of various great societies. Voluntary work has also its rewards in increased interest in life and increased consideration by others. Volunteers may be actuated by these motives, as a paid worker might only care for pay. As several correspondents have remarked, the highest parts of all work are out of relation to payment. These must be given freely, whether by the curate who receives a salary, or by his Sunday-school superintendent who has none, and probably the truth is that we want both, for volunteers ought to freshen the paid worker, and paid workers steady the volunteers. The answers are few but interesting and practical. *Marcia* sends from America an excellent paper in favour of pay. *Erica*, a new contributor, is the most decided on the voluntary side, and *Veritas* is the most impartially and the best written. *Felicitas* shows charmingly how paid workers, nurses especially, can give what can never be paid for. The *Muffin Man* gives practical instances of great value, showing that the discipline of sisterhoods gives to their volunteer work the steadiness of pay, and shows how the relations between the Heads of Homes, etc., and committees are better on a business footing. *Irene*, *Taffy*, and *Anita* also send papers on the whole on the voluntary side.

I believe that paid work is most satisfactory to others, on the whole—provided, of course, that the worker be thorough and conscientious. If not that, voluntary work would stand little chance of any good result. It is true

that what is undertaken for love's sake starts off with a rush at full head of steam, but after a time the cold waters of drudgery and obstacles begin to quench the fire within : then we stir it up and throw on fresh wood, and there is as much steam as before ; but it goes down again, fuel is growing scarce and we must go ahead under half steam. Now, in paid work, the fuel may be of poorer quality, but there are regular coaling-stations monthly or yearly, and we can always add a little of the other's wood when special time must be made, or even keep a mixture, as stokers have water always poured on the tender that the fire may be brighter. One can be paid for work and love it, and there is not the strong temptation, on days of chafing and discouragement, to say : 'What is the use of pinning myself down here where I can do so little good, when I might drop it so easily and have all that time for self-cultivation'—or cultivation elsewhere, maybe. After thoughts like these, the regular work becomes a chain that drags more and more, and the work is more perfunctory than if done for hire. God forbid that I should give the wages as the only reason for doing paid work, but there is something in the cold, unemotional ways of business that quiets our restless human souls as the inevitable must always do.

There is often more of enthusiasm, zeal, and consecration in work freely given, but that paid for is likely to be less variable in quality, more steadfast and more skilled. Only a skilful workman can command a good return, and with cunning comes a love of the craft, that strengthens and urges wonderfully. There is less danger, too, of mistakes, for the employer can have no hesitation in pointing them out and suggesting a remedy, while there are many cases where no one feels quite like criticising a volunteer.

I do not forget that there are some souls working directly under the eye of God, who have their wages in the 'Well done' that rings loud and distinct in their hearts—but this can be equally the case on either hand, and we lower souls, who can but hear the voice faintly and at times, can often serve Him better by help of the additional motive to which our earnings are devoted.

In short, while either may have all the advantages of the other, paid work is more likely to have those of voluntary than *vice versa*. Therefore, however better for one's self it be to labour for pure love of God and one's craft, the 'other' for whom it is done, is likely to prefer the steady, year after year work, broken by no absence, hindered by no distractions, of the much-reviled 'hired mercenary.'

MARCIA.

In most cases voluntary work is more valuable. Paid work for others is usually done to gain a livelihood, and often hurried through to obtain the desired end, whereas voluntary work is prompted by love. If love then is our motive, our work is done with the best of our power, our energy and our strength, for love is satisfied with no half-hearted work. Still, if a conscientious person is working for pay, he will do his very best, for he is receiving money as the reward of his best work (unless he is really under-paid). But, again, a paid workman is not always conscientious, and voluntary work must always be the result of love.

Voluntary signifies pure choice ; we, as it were, offer up our work as the expression of our feeling. Love is the greatest of all virtues, or all virtues combined, therefore any work which is the outcome of love must be the most valuable.

ERICA.

Unpaid, voluntary work will always get the very best men and women ; just as the forlorn hope gets the heroes. Canon Taylor, in his extremely frank criticisms on Missions, gives a strong instance of this in 'The Universities Mission to Central Africa.' A bare pittance is offered, a deadly climate, certain illness, almost certain death, and the consequence is the best men give themselves to it. There are people so extremely sensitive and highly strung, the temperament to which genius belongs, who do

not seem able to work at their best, except untrammelled. Any restraints of time and obligation act as clogs to their work; they are only at their best when freely giving in their own way, not receiving. No doubt a work that is either very dangerous or very great will call out the heroic in man, and he will sacrifice himself gladly for it. Or, again, those who work from the highest motive of love to God and man, will give themselves up with entire self-consecration, without thought of payment, or reward; and provided their motive is as enduring as it is enthusiastic, their work will be the best of which they are capable. But, as a recent writer* has pointed out, the enthusiasts are exceptional, and we must take also into consideration the rank and file who are *not*, and they, as a rule, will work better if they are paid for it. First because receiving payment often means that the money is needed, and we know how necessity draws out latent powers, so that people are themselves surprised at what they can do. Then they do their best, partly from a somewhat low motive; they know their place depends on the quality of their work. But also from a good one, a conscientious wish to do their work as well as they possibly can, *because* they are paid; honest payment demanding honest work. Then there is no obligation in the sense of dependence, both sides give and take fairly. We are sometimes told, unpaid workers take liberties either of omission or commission, complaints by those in authority cannot well be made, and so the work suffers. Men are like horses; whilst some kick and rear under the spur and the whip, others never do their full amount of work without a touch of both or either. So there are people who need the spur of necessity or some little stimulus to put out all their powers; paid work supplies it, for it implies competition. Others again need the routine, the guidance of the traces and harness; they do their work well under the obligation of payment, but would settle to nothing, do nothing definite, if they thought they could do it just when and how they pleased. The conclusion one comes to is, that while we could ill afford to lose the work of the very best people, to whom payment or non-payment is a mere accident; neither, could we do without paid work. First, because people with the highest motives and superior powers *are* exceptional. Secondly, because it is a just and honest principle that good work should have a just reward, while we admit that the work will not be really good if it is done for the reward. VERITAS.

THE TWO IDEALS.

Dragon begs to remark that she did not at all wish to deny height and purity either to the old ideal or the new. The highest ideal is high and pure in either case, and she hopes, in spite of *Marigold*, that the *whole* aim and object of 1870-90 is not comprised in the word 'Work.'

She would, however, demur to some of Chelsea China's 'Contrasts' as unjust to the later ideal. The contrast with 'Love, keeping the Commandments,' she would express as, 'Love, transcending the Commandments,' in the sense that 'he that loveth another hath fulfilled the Law.' The contrast with resignation, not 'making the best of the matter' (which does not necessarily imply any religious point of view), but what has been expressed as 'trying to *like* what God sends,' not merely to submit to it. The contrast in the case of Loyalty, *Dragon* would classify as 'Loyalty to a person, Loyalty to a principle.' If 1870-90 put Liberty in the place of Loyalty it would be replacing a quality by a circumstance. The spiritual principle in Liberty has already been given in 'a right judgment according to the individual conscience.'

Dragon would also like to remark that *Ethel May* could hardly have formed the ideal from 1840-60, seeing that the Daisy Chain as a whole was only published in 1856.

SUBJECT FOR JULY.

Is it desirable to give the franchise to women?

In the 'English Illustrated' on Hospital Nurses.

As this is the first time politics has entered into Debatable Ground, Chelsea China expresses a hope that *both sides* of the question will be vigorously defended.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, marked outside 'Debatable Ground,' *before* August 1st.

N.B.—Debatable Ground is strictly voluntary. There are no subscriptions and no prizes. We expect in consequence the highest work!

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA.

FIFTH COMPLICATION.

Young lady of fortune writes to a friend, the wife of a poor clergyman offering her cast-off clothing for herself and family.

The letters this time are very good. Some intensify the difficulty by too many apologies; some point the contrast of their own numerous dresses too forcibly, meaning of course to show that the present is of no value to themselves. That, Chelsea China thinks, is scarcely the right thing to do. One or two invent such peculiar reasons for sparing their dresses that such assistance in the difficulty can hardly be expected to recur. That one's sister should be jilted by a pretended Irish nobleman in Rome after having bought her *trousseau* is a circumstance on which it would be impossible to count. Again, where the friendship is very intimate, so that 'dearest old darling' is a natural expression, the difficulty would hardly exist. Indeed, in the hard necessities of real life, it is not so insuperable as it perhaps appears. Three letters are so equally good that Chelsea China can hardly decide between them. *Eva Vickers*, *Jean Bruce*, and *Omnia Sperans*, are really equally suitable to the purpose. *Eva Vickers* has, however, by indicating that the friendship was less intimate, attempted a more difficult problem, and her letter again takes the first place, though she only 'wins by a head.' *Geraldine Glasgon*, *Mary Carmichael*, *Honora Guest*, also very good. Twenty-four letters received.

Holcombe, May 20th, 1891.

MY DEAR MRS. CADOGAN,—

I was so very sorry to miss you when I called on Friday. I wanted particularly to ask your advice about the branch of the W. H. S. which we are hoping soon to start in our parish. We have had explanations from booklets and pamphlets, to say nothing of visits from branch secretaries, etc., but half an hour's cozy chat with you would have given me the real help I want. Will you be very nice and kind and let me send over the carriage for you on Monday? I need not say that if you could stay till Tuesday it would be a real pleasure to us all. And now, dear Mrs. Cadogan, I want to tax your friendship just a little further; I want you not to call me 'cheeky' and 'impertinent' for a suggestion I am going to make. You know our circumstances, and will understand how constant entertaining and going into Society oblige us to have a great many dresses, and often to put them on one side almost before they show any sign of wear. I wonder if from time to time we might send some of these on to you? We were looking over things the other day and found dresses, jackets, etc., which were far too good to throw away or give to our maid, and we thought the pleasantest thing to do would be to find some friend to whom they would be of real use; please tell

me if we may do this. You may trust us to look out things which would, I think, really be useful to you for yourself and for the children. Enid would be quite delighted if you would bring Gwendolen with you on Monday. Do manage this if you can, and believe me, dear Mrs. Cadogan,

Yours most sincerely,
EVA VICKERS.

NEW SERIES.

FIRST COMPLICATION.*

A mother wintering abroad having received a letter of complaint from her young governess, saying that the old nurse interferes with her management of the children, writes to the nurse (see March Number).

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

1. In the time of 'The Deserted Village.'

'While broken tea-cups wisely kept for show
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.'

GOLDSMITH.

2. Davie Gellatly in 'Waverley.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

3. Miss Pratt in the 'Inheritance,' arrived at Lord Rossville's in a snow-storm.

MISS FERRIER.

4. In 'Cælebs in Search of a Wife,' Lucilla Stanley is stated to possess no accomplishment perfectly, but gardening; good singing, etc., would be unladylike.

HANNAH MORE.

5. Paul and Virginia.

BERNARDINE DE ST. PIERRE.

6. Gyas 'fortis Gyas, fortisque Cloanthes,' companions of Æneas.

VIRGIL'S *Æneid*.

Mr. Burchell, Sir William Thornton in disguise.

GOLDSMITH'S *Vicar of Wakefield*.

Jenny Rintherout, servant to the Antiquary.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Altisidora, one of the Duchess's servants who pretended to be in love with Don Quixote.

CERVANTES.

Imlac, mentor to Rasselas.

DR. JOHNSON.

Miss Bunion. (C. C. apologises for writing Bunyan.) The poetess in 'Mrs. Perkins' Ball' who ate a mutton chop for breakfast every morning of her blighted existence (see also *Pendennis*).

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Innisfail, 5; *Magnet*, 5; *Nemo*, 3; *K. Anstey*, 4; *Margaretta*, 3; *White Cat*, 3; *H. P. A. D.* 1; *Ediene*, 2; *Serland*, 3; *Three Rocks*, 2; *Cedar*, 4; *Helga*, 2; *Proud Maisie*, 1; *Magdalen Millard*, 5; *Child of the Mist*, 2; *The Triad*, 1; *Myra*, 1; *Halliday*, 4; *Unsigned*, 4; *Rule of Three*, 3; *Hiley*, 1; *The Muffin Man*, 5.

Chelsea China cannot *this* series credit the other hearses, though it appears that a green parrot and a doctor used this mode of conveyance. For that matter, Chelsea China has herself frequently used one, turned into the village fly. She thought 'Hugo' was only carried in a coffin, as was Queen Matilda.

One extra mark to *Margaretta* and *Rule of Three*.

* By request.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. Who had a shy soft eye and fairy feet?
2. Who wore a red rag round one leg?
3. What three birds were mentioned in a declaration of war?
4. What ecclesiastical personage spoke French with an English accent?
5. Who had no more words than a parrot?
6. What lovers were divided by a bar of gold.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, marked outside, 'Egg-shell China' or 'Who, When, and Where,' *before* August 1st.

THIRD SHELF.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

In the January number of the 'Monthly Packet,' you invite people to bring questions to be answered, and to send you difficulties to be solved.

I am the daughter of a country clergyman, living in a village the population of which is about 400; and, having left school, I take a great interest in the working people and like to visit them.

There is, however, a great deal of dissent in the place, there being a Free Methodist Chapel. My difficulty is this:—The people are all most kind and pleased to see me; but, as soon as I mention 'coming to Church,' and ask if they could not come sometimes, they reply that they are much obliged and perhaps may come now and again, but they have always been used to Chapel and do not like to give it up; sometimes they add that they are members there. Now, can I keep up the subject and go on asking them to attend Church, or would it be right to leave it?

I do not understand the difference in religious views held by Churchmen and Free Methodists, and I hardly know what the views of Free Methodists are. I shall be very glad if you will give me some help as I do not know how to act for the best.

LETTICE.

Chelsea China invites replies to *Lettice*. For herself, she always visited Dissenters as a friend and neighbour; but, at any rate with her elders, left the subject of Church attendance alone. But the friendliness will assuredly bear fruit in the absence of ill-feeling towards the Church, which is represented to villagers by the clergyman and his family.

Will anyone tell me why *level* has come to be so strangely applied as at present? The adjective used simply to mean flat, smooth, horizontal, or in the same plane; the verb, to make flat or even. Now we continually hear of 'level best;' and I found it lately in a magazine article used in apparently the sense of 'in accordance with.' Is not this a strange abuse of language which should be protested against?

BIRD OF AGES.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I don't think the 'confusion' was mine; if it exists, it seems to me that it is in *Spero's* paper. Anyhow, that paper was open to the interpretation I put on it, rightly or wrongly.

However, to meet *Scotch Fir* on her own ground. She thinks the young man of her anecdote would be better at his club, because there would be no 'self-deception.' Is there any self-deception in the matter? Frankly, he did not go to worship, but does not the mere fact of his going at all increase the chance of his learning to go for a higher purpose?

Lastly, may I remark, that if people raise stereotyped objections, it does not make the answers any the less complete that they are 'stereotyped' too?

There is one point in which I see agreement with *Scotch Fir*. A highly æsthetic service in a wealthy parish may degenerate into a sort of show. In a poor parish, however, the danger does not apply; it is not a case of pandering to self-indulgence. For the parishioners probably have no chance of meeting their quite legitimate æsthetic wants, except in Church.

PETER PIPER.

H. H. P. will be much obliged to Chelsea China if she can inform her of the derivation of the word 'Mosaic' as applied to works of art.

Authorities differ, but the most approved derivation is the Latin *opus musaicum*, tessellated mask, from the Greek, *μουσεϊον* museum, derived from the Muses.—E.D.

Niel Campbell writes in answer to *Blanche E. Livesay* that in Brewer's 'Phrase and Fable' it mentions *green* as being especially unlucky to the Grahame clan, the reason of its being so, that one day an old man of that name was out fox-hunting and was thrown from his horse. He accounted for the accident from his having a *green* lash to his riding whip.

Also in answer to the *Muffin Man* that she has looked in several histories, and the most satisfactory answer she can find whether the head of James IV. of Scotland was buried in St. Michael's Church, Wood Street, London, is in Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' at the end of Chapter xxv. Scott says, 'Stow, the historian *saw it* (i.e. the body of James IV.) flung into a waste room among old pieces of wood, leather, and other rubbish.' Some idle workmen 'for their foolish pleasure' the same writer (*Stow*) hewed off the head; and one, Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, finding a sweet smell come from thence, owing doubtless to the spices used for embalming the body, carried the head home and kept it for some time; but in the end, caused the sexton of St. Michael's, Wood Street, to bury it in the charnel.'

Niel Campbell has given the quotation in case the *Muffin Man* may not have a copy of 'Tales of a Grandfather.' It is very similar to the one the *Muffin Man* herself gave last month. Being Scotch, *Niel Campbell* was interested in the question, and took some trouble, and is only sorry the result of her research is no more than the above.

Bog-Oak sends the following in answer to the *Muffin Man's* question about James IV.'s body. 'It was taken to Berwick by the English and embalmed there; it was eventually brought to London and deposited at the monastery at Shene. Though the Pope's permission was obtained for the interment, the body remained unburied, and after the dissolution of the monastery it lay, lapped in lead in a waste-room.' In the days of Elizabeth, some workmen, 'for their foolish pleasure,' cut off his head, and the Queen's master glazier, feeling a sweet smell to come from thence, took the head and body home; eventually, he caused the sexton of St. Michael's, Wood Street, to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel.'

This is taken from 'The Royalist.'

In answer to *Gertrude E. Burroughs*, 'Monthly Packet,' p. 559. There is a Literary Criticism Correspondence Class in connection with 'Work and Leisure' magazine (3d. monthly, published by Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.). Papers on any subject may be sent to 'Critic,' care of Editor of 'Work and Leisure,' 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W. Advice and criticism is given. The reading fee is 1s. for 1000 words. Perhaps 'Methods of Publishing,' 2s. 6d., A. P. Watts, 2, Paternoster Square, E.C., may help Miss Burroughs.—C. F. Y.

APPEALS.

Home of Rest for Women in Business, Schoolmistresses, Nurses, and other Workers. Terms 15s. weekly, or with separate bedroom, 20s.—Miss G. Randolph, Canterbury House, Alexandra Gardens, Folkestone.

NOTICES.

Clio, well known to former readers of the 'Monthly Packet,' offers a prize of £5 for a story not exceeding 20,000 words, for use in a *local* parish magazine. Chelsea China thinks 'Ralph Hardcastle's Christmas Stocking,' if not otherwise disposed of, might suit. MSS. to be sent to *Editor*, care of Woods and Co., Royal Library, Great Malvern, before Sept. 15th.

Willow Pattern's Essay on Browning has gone astray. *Gray Squirrel's* magazine not received.

REVIEW.

The death of Dean Church, and the subsequent notices of his life and work in the daily press, have led many, who had not before read his books, to enquire for them at the libraries, and those to whom they are old and valued friends have refreshed their memories by another glance at the familiar volumes. There can be no doubt that both sets of readers will be repaid for their trouble. Justice, breadth of view, Christian charity, characterise the four volumes of sermons (a) *Gifts of Civilization* (including *Influences of Christianity on National Character* and *Sacred Poetry of Early Religions*); (b) *Human Life and its Conditions*; (c) *Discipline of the Christian Character*; and (d) *Advent Sermons*. It has been said that the Dean was no 'popular preacher' in the good or the bad sense of the phrase. Certainly his sermons are wanting in the flights of rhetoric which make or mar so much of our modern pulpit oratory. Direct, forcible, temperate, and devoid of all that exaggeration and overstatement which in several places they condemn, their tone is intensely earnest, and they deal with current questions—in their practical rather than their metaphysical aspect—in the cultured language of the scholar and the historian, as well as of the theologian. For instance, 'Christ's Words and Christian Society' (a II.) treats of the apparent incongruity of the present state of society with the stern precepts of the Sermon on the Mount; 'Christ's Example' (a III.) and the 'Supremacy of Goodness' (b I.) point out how that pattern 'Character' answers the cry for a vocation, by consecrating all work; 'Our Belief' (b II.) and 'Sin and Judgment' (b III.) are strong protests against dishonesty, and dogmatism upon what is still for us behind the veil.

Certain characteristic lines of thought may be traced in all. Our past and present civilization is justly recognised as not antagonistic to our Christianity, but, like it, a good gift sent down from the Father of Lights to be *used* not *left*. Yet, admitting to the full every advantage civilization confers—in art, literature, science, social economy—the preacher maintains that it is of the earth earthy, and cannot point to anything beyond earth, and he insists upon the supremacy of *goodness*, the necessity of measuring all things by the standard of the Cross.

In his literary and historical works, written in language refined and scholarly and a style free from all artificiality, Dean Church seems to be writing out of the fulness of his knowledge with plenty of reserve force—never as a man, who, having 'got up' his subject, expends in one *brochure* all he knows. His '*S. Anselm*' combines a graphic picture of the good and bad sides of conventual life in the 11th century, with an interesting sketch of contemporary history both Continental and English. '*Bacon*' and '*Spenser*' are most sympathetically dealt with (English Men of Letters Series), the poetry of the one, and the practical philosophy of the other affording congenial topics. Of the papers contained in the two charming volumes of '*Essays*,' 'Dante' is probably known to most students of the *Commedia*, and 'Sordello' to those who strive to thread the mazes of that poem at which, says the essayist, 'readers, and even students, of Mr. Browning, shy.' The other essays deal with various literary and historical subjects in a suggestive and interesting way, and give more information in a small compass than many a bulky tome.

H. MANLEY.

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

AUGUST, 1891.

C H E S S .

WHAT makes me think of that just now ?
'Tis foolish, I confess ;
And yet, I cannot quite forget
That quiet game of Chess.

A streak of sunlight on the wall
Brought back the golden hair
That framed her face so daintily—
A picture fresh and fair.

Her grey eyes, raised to meet my own,
Once more I seem to see.
Ah ! I was young, and she (just then)
Was all the world to me.

Beneath the table's friendly shade,
Her hand a captive lay ;
And Cupid taught me all too well
A double game to play.

What did she learn that winter's night ?
I dare not even guess !
What did I teach ? Ah ! was it Love ?
Or, was it only Chess ?

A. L. K.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

THE denunciation of the Young Pretender was not an easy matter even in Ida's eyes. It was one thing to have a pet grievance and see herself as a heroine, righting her dear injured brother's wrongs, and another to reproach two of the quietest most matter-of-fact people in the world with the atrocious frauds of which only a wicked baronet was capable.

She was not sorry that the return to England was deferred by the tenants of the house at Westhaven wanting to stay on ; and when at length a Christmas visit was paid at Northmoor, Mite was an animated little personage of three and a quarter, and, except that he could not accomplish a *k*, perfect in speaking plainly, and indeed with that pretty precision of utterance that children sometimes acquire when baby language has not been foolishly fostered. Indeed, his pet name of Mite was only for strictly private use. Except to his nearest relatives, he was always Michael.

Mrs. Morton was delighted with him, and would have liked to make up for her knowledge of Ida's suspicions by extra petting, and by discovering resemblances to all the family portraits as well as to his parents, none of which any one else could see. She lived upon thorns lest Ida should burst out with some accusation, but Ida had not the requisite impudence, and indeed, in sight of the boy with his parents, her 'evidence' faded into such stuff as dreams are made of.

There was some vexation, indeed, that Louisa the nursery-maid, whom Mrs. Morton had recommended, had had to be dismissed.

'I am sorry,' said Mrs. Morton, 'for, as I told you, her father

was the mate aboard the *Emma Jane*, my poor father's ship, you know, and went down with poor pa and my poor dear Charlie. And her mother used to char for us, which was but her due.'

'Yes, I know,' said Mary; 'Frank and I were both very sorry, and we would have found her another place, but she would go home. You see, we could not keep her in the nursery, for we must have a thoroughly trustworthy person to go out with Michael.'

'What! Can't your fine nurse?'

'Eden? It is her one imperfection. There is some weakness of the spine, and neither she nor I can be about with Michael as long as it is good for him. I thought he must be safe in the garden, but it turned out that Louisa had been taking him down to the village, and there meeting a sailor, who I believe came up in a collier to Colbeam.'

'Oh! an old friend from Westhaven?'

'Sam Rattler,' suggested Ida. 'Don't you remember, mamma? Mrs. Hall said they were sweethearting, and she wanted to get her out of the way of him.'

'Perhaps,' said Lady Northmoor, 'but I should have forgiven it if she had told me the truth and not tempted Mite. She used to make excuses to Eden for going down to the village, and at last she took Mite there, and they gave him sweets at the shop not to tell!'

'Did he?' said Ida, rather hoping the model boy would have failed.

'Oh, yes! The dear little fellow did not understand keeping things back, and when his papa was giving him his nightly sugar-plum, he said: "Blue man gave me a great striped sweet, and it stuck in my little teeth;" and then, when we asked when and where, he said, "Down by Betty's, when I was out with Cea and Louie;" and so it came out that she had taken him into the village, met this man, brought him into the grounds by the little gate, and tried to bribe Mite to say nothing about it. Cea told us all about it,—the little girl who lives with Miss Morton. Of course we could never let him go out with Louisa again, and you would hardly believe what an amount of falsehoods she managed to tell Eden and me about it.'

'Ah! if you had lived at Westhaven you would have found out that to be so particular is the way to make those girls fib,' said Mrs. Morton.

‘I hope not. I think we have a very good girl now, trained up in an orphanage.’

‘Oh! those orphanage girls are the worst of all. I’ve had enough of them. They break everything to pieces, and they run after the lads worst of all, because they have never seen one before!’

To ~~which~~ Mary answered by a quiet ‘I hope it may not turn out so.’

There were more agitating questions to be brought forward. Herbert had behaved very fairly well ever since the escapade of the pied rook; he had kept his promise, as to betting, faithfully in his uncle’s absence; and though it had not been renewed, he had learnt enough good sense to keep out of mischief.

Unfortunately, however, he had not the faculty of passing examinations. He was not exactly stupid or idle, but any kind of study was a bore to him, and the knowledge he was forced to ‘get up’ was not an acquisition that gave him the slightest satisfaction for its own sake, or which he desired to increase beyond what would carry him through. Naturally, he had more cleverness than his uncle, and learning was less difficult to him, but he only used his ability to sooner complete a distasteful task, which never occupied his mind for a moment after it was thrown aside. Thus time after time he had failed in passing for the army, and now only one chance remained before being reduced to attempting to enter the militia. And suppose that there he failed?

He remained in an amiable, passive, good-humoured state, rather amused than otherwise at his mother’s impression that his failures were somehow all his uncle’s fault; and ready to be disposed of exactly as they pleased, provided that he had not the trouble of thinking about it or of working extra hard.

Mrs. Morton was sure that something could be done. Could not his uncle send him to Oxford? Then he could be a clergyman, or a lawyer, or anything. Oh dear! were there those horrid examinations there too? And then those gentlemen that belonged to the ambassadors and envoys—she was sure Mr. Rollstone had told her any one who had connection could get that sort of appointment on what they called the Civil Service. What, examinations again? connection no good? Well, it was a shame! What would things come to? As Mr. Rollstone said, it was mere ruin!

Merchant’s office? Bah! such a gentleman as her Herbert

was, so connected! What was his uncle thinking of, taking him up to put him down in that way? It was hard.

And Lord Northmoor was thankful to the tears that as usual choked her, while he begged her at present to trust to this last chance. It would be time to think what was to come next if that failed.

Wherewith the victim passed the window, whistling merrily, apparently perfectly regardless of his doom, be it what it might, and with Mite clinging to his hand in ecstatic admiration.

Constance too was in question. Here she was at eighteen, a lady-like, pleasant, good girl, very nice-looking, sweet-faced, and thoughtful, having finished her course at the High School with great credit; but alas! it was not in the family to win scholarships. She did things well, but not so brilliantly as cleverer girls, having something of her uncle's tardiness of power.

Her determination to be a governess was as decided as ever, and it was first brought before her mother by an offer on Lady Adela's part to begin with her at once for Amice, who was now eleven years old.

'Really, now!' said Mrs. Morton, stopping short to express her offence.

'That is——' added Ida, equally at a loss.

'But what do you mean, mamma?' said Constance. 'I always intended to be a teacher; I think it noble, useful work.'

'Oh, my poor child! what have they brought you to? Pretending such affection, too!'

'Indeed, mamma, I have meant this always. I could not be dependent all my life, you know. Do listen, mamma. Don't, Ida——'

'That my Lady Adela should insult us that way, when you are as good as she!'

'Nonsense, Ida! That has nothing to do with it. It is the greatest possible compliment, and I am very much pleased.'

'Just to live there, at her beck and call, drudging at that child's lessons!' sneered Ida.

'Yes, and when I made sure, at least after all the fuss they have made with you, that your aunt would present you at Court, and make you the young lady of the house, and marry you well; but there's no trust to be placed in them—none!'

'Oh, mamma, don't cry. I should not feel it right, unless Aunt Mary needed me, and, though she is so kind and dear, she does not really. My only doubt is——'

‘You have a doubt, then?’

‘Yes. I should be so much fitter if I could go to one of the ladies’ colleges, and then come back to dear little Amice; but now I have failed, I don’t like to let Uncle Frank spend all that money on me, when I might be earning eighty pounds for myself.’

‘Well, you are a strange girl, with no proper pride for your family,’ said her mother.

And Ida chimed in: ‘Yes. Do you think any one will be likely to marry you? or if you don’t care about yourself, you might at least think of me!’

Mrs. Morton shed her ready tears when talking it over with Lady Northmoor.

‘You see,’ said Mary, gently, ‘I should like nothing better than to have dear little Conny to live with me like a daughter, but, for one thing, it would not be fair towards Ida, and besides, it would not be good for her, in case she did not marry, to have wasted these years.’

Mrs. Morton by no means appreciated the argument. However, Lord Northmoor put off the matter by deciding to send Constance to St. Hugh’s Hall, thinking she really deserved such a reward to her diligence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO BUNDLES OF HAY.

IDA was, as all agreed, much improved in looks, style, and manners by her travels. Her illness had begun the work of fining her down from the bouncing heartiness of her girlhood, and she really was a handsome creature, with dark glowing colouring; her figure had improved, whether because or in spite of her efforts in that way might be doubtful; and she had learnt how to dress herself in fairly good taste.

Though neither Mademoiselle Gattoni nor the boarding-house society she had frequented was even second-rate in style, still there was an advance over her former Westhaven circle, with a good deal more restraint, so that she had almost insensibly acquired a much more ladylike air and deportment.

Moreover, the two years’ absence had made some changes. The young men who had been in the habit of exchanging noisy jests with Ida had mostly drifted away in different directions or

sobered down ; girl companions had married off ; and a new terrace had been completed with inhabitants and sojourners of a somewhat higher grade, who accepted Mrs. and Miss Morton as well connected.

Mr. Rollstone's lodgings were let to Mr. Deyncourt, a young clergyman who had come full of zeal to work up the growing district. He had been for a short time in the Northmoor neighbourhood, and had taken the duty there for a few weeks, so that he heard the name of Morton as prominent in good works, and had often seen Lady Adela and Constance with the Sunday-school. As Mr. Rollstone was not slow to mention the connection, he called on Mrs. and Miss Morton, in hopes of their co-operation ; and as Mr. Rollstone had informed them that he was of 'high family' and of good private means, Mrs. Morton had a much better welcome for him than for his poor little predecessor, who lived over a shoemaker's shop, and, as she averred, never came except to ask subscriptions for some nonsense or other.

Mr. Deyncourt was a tall fine-looking man, and did not begin by asking subscriptions, but talked about Northmoor, Constance, and Lady Adela, so that Ida found herself affecting much closer knowledge of both than she really had.

'I found,' he said, 'that your sister is most valuable in the Sunday-school. I wonder if you would kindly assist us.'

Mrs. Morton began, 'My daughter is not strong, Mr. Deyncourt.'

And Ida simpered and said, hesitating, 'I—I don't know.'

If poor Mr. Brown had ever been demented enough ever to make the same request, he would have met with a very different answer.

'I do not think it will be very fatiguing,' said Mr. Deyncourt. 'Do you know Mrs. Brandon ? No ! I will ask her to call and explain our plans. She is kind enough to let me meet the other teachers in her dining-room once a week to arrange the lessons for the Sunday. There are Miss Selwood and Mrs. and Miss Hume.'

These were all in the social position in which Ida was trying to establish her footing, and though she only agreed to 'think about it,' her mind was pretty well made up that it would be a very different thing from the old parish school where Rose Rollstone used to work among a set of small tradesmen's daughters.

When she found herself quite the youngest and best-looking of the party, she was entirely won over. There was no necessity for speaking so as to betray one's ignorance during Mr. Deyncourt's instructions, and she was a person of sufficient force and spirit to impose good order on her class ; and thus she actually obtained the gratitude of the young clergyman as an efficient assistant.

Their domiciles being so near together, there were many encounters in going in and out, nor were these avoided on either side. Ida had a wonderful amount of questions to ask, and used to lie in wait to get them solved. It was very interesting to lay them before a handsome young clergyman with a gentle voice, sweet smile, and ready attention, and religion seemed to have laid aside that element of dulness and moping which had previously repelled her.

She was embroidering a stole for Easter, and wanted a great deal of counsel for it ; and she undertook to get a basket of flowers for Easter decorations from Northmoor, where her request caused some surprise and much satisfaction in the simple pair, who never thought of connecting the handsome young mission priest with this sudden interest in the Church.

And Mr. Deyncourt had no objection to drop in for afternoon tea when he was met on the sands and had to be consulted about the stole, or to be asked who was worthy of broth, or, as time went on, to choose songs and practise a duet for the mission concert that was to keep people out of mischief on the Bank-holiday.

Ida had a voice, and music was the one talent she had cared to cultivate ; she had had good lessons during her second winter abroad, and was an acquisition to the amateur company. Besides, what she cared for more, it was a real pleasure and rest to the curate to come in and listen to her or sing with her. She had learnt what kind of things offended good taste, and she set herself to avoid them and to school her mother into doing the same.

What Mr. Deyncourt thought or felt was not known, though thus much was certain, that he showed himself attentive enough to this promising young convert, and made Mrs. Brandon and other prudent, high-bred matrons somewhat uneasy.

And in the midst the *Morna* put in at Westhaven ; and while Ida was walking home from Mrs. Brandon's, she encountered Mr. Brady, looking extremely well turned-out in yachting costume and smoking a short pipe.

There was something very flattering in the sound of the exclamation with which he greeted her ; and then, as they shook hands, ' I should not have known you, Miss Morton ; you are—' and he hesitated for a compliment—' such a stunner ! What have you been doing to yourself ? '

At the gate of the narrow garden, Mr. Deyncourt overtook them, carrying Ida's bag of books for her. She introduced the gentlemen, and was convinced that they glared at each other.

And there ensued a time of some perplexity, but much enjoyment, on Ida's part. Mr. Brady reviled the parson and all connected therewith in not very choice language, and the parson, on his side, though saying nothing, seemed to her to be on the watch, and gratified, if not relieved, when she remained steady to her parochial work.

And what was her mind ? Personally, she had come to like and approve Mr. Deyncourt the most, and to have a sense that there was satisfaction in that to which he could lead her, while the better taste that had grown in her was sometimes offended, almost insulted, by Tom Brady's tendency to coarseness, and to treating her not as a lady, but as the Westhaven belle he had honoured with his attentions two years before ; yet she had an old kindness for him as her first love ; and, moreover, he could give her eventually a title and very considerable wealth, a house in London, and all imaginable gaiety. While as to Mr. Deyncourt, he was not poor and had expectations, but the utmost she could look to for him with confidence was Northmoor Vicarage after Mr. Woodman's time ; and anywhere the dull, sober, hard-working life of a clergyman's wife !

Which should she choose—that is, if she had her choice, or if either were in earnest ? She was not sure of the curate, and therefore perhaps longed most that he should come to the point, feeling that this would anyway increase her self-esteem ; and if she hesitated to bind herself to a life too high, and perhaps too dull, there was the dread, on the other hand, that his family, who, she understood, were very grand people, would object to a girl with nothing of her own and a governess sister.

But then the Bradys were so rich that they had little need to care for fortune ; only, the richer people were, the greater their expectations, and she was more at ease with Tom than with Mr. Deyncourt. They would probably condone the want of fortune if she could write ' Honourable ' before her name, or had any prospect of so doing, and the governess-ship might be a

far greater drawback in their eyes than in those of the Deyncourts. 'However, thank goodness,' said she to herself, 'that won't begin for two or three years, and one or other will be nailed long before that—if—— Oh, it is very hard to be kept out of everything by an old stick like Uncle Frank and a little wretch like Mite, who, after all, is a miserable Tyrolese, and not a Morton at all! It really is too bad!'

CHAPTER XXIX.

JONES OR RATTLER.

WHEN Lord Northmoor had occasion to be in London, he usually went alone, for to take the whole party was too expensive and not good for little Michael. Besides, Bertha Morton had so urgently begged him to regard her house as always ready for him, that the habit had been established of taking up his quarters there.

Some important measures were coming on after Easter, and he had some other business, so that, in the form of words of which she longed to cure him, he told her that he was about to trespass on her hospitality for a week or fortnight.

'As long as ever you please,' she said. 'I am glad to have some one to sit opposite to me and tell me home news.' And they met at the station, she having been on an expedition on her own account, so that they drove home together.

No sooner were they within the house door than the parlour-maid began, 'That man has been here again, ma'am.'

'What, Jones?' said Bertha, in evident annoyance.

'Yes, ma'am, and I am sorry to say he saw little Cea. The child had run down after me when I answered the door, and he asked her if she did not know her own father, and if she would come with him. "No," she says, "I'm Miss Morton's," and he broke out with his ugly laugh, and says he, "You be, be you, you unnatural little vagabond?"—those were his very words, ma'am—"but a father is a father, and if he gives up his rights he must know the reason why." He wanted me, the good-for-nothing, to give him half a sovereign at once, or he would take off the child on the spot, but, by good luck, she had been frightened and run away, the dear, and I had got the door between me and him, so I told him to be off till you came home, or I would call for the police. So he was off for that time.'

‘Quite right, Alice,’ said Miss Morton, and then, leading the way upstairs and throwing herself down on a chair, she exclaimed, ‘There, it ought to be a triumph to you, Northmoor! You told me that I should have trouble about poor little Cea’s father, the brute!’

‘Is he levying blackmail on you?’

‘Yes. It is horribly weak of me, I know, and I can scarcely believe it of myself, but one can’t abandon a child to a wretch like that, and he has the law on his side.’

‘Are you quite sure of that? He deserted her, I think you said. If you could establish that, or prove a conviction against him——’

‘Oh, I know she might be sent to an industrial school if I took it before a magistrate; but if the other alternative would be destruction, that would be misery to her. See,’ and there was a little tap at the door. ‘Come in, Cea. There, make your curtsy to his Lordship.’

A pretty little fair-haired, pale-cheeked girl, daintily but simply dressed, came in, and made her curtsy very prettily, and replied nicely to Lord Northmoor’s good-natured greeting and information that Michael had sent her a basket of primroses and a cowslip ball, which she would find in the hall.

‘What do you say, Cea?’ said Bertha, anxious to demonstrate her manners.

‘Thank you, my Lord and Master Michael,’ she uttered, but she was evidently preoccupied with what she had to tell Miss Morton. ‘Oh’m, there was such a nasty man here! And he wanted me, and said he was my father, but he wasn’t. He was the same man that gave Master Mite and me the bull’s-eyes when we were naughty and Louisa went away.’

‘Are you sure, Cea?’ both exclaimed; but to the child of six the very eagerness of the question brought a certain confusion, and though, more gently, Lord Northmoor asked her to describe him, she could not do so, and indeed she had been a year younger when the encounter had taken place. The urgency of the inquiry somehow seemed to dispose her to cry, as if she thought she had been naughty, and she had to be dismissed to the cowslip ball.

‘If the child is right, that man cannot be her father at all,’ said Lord Northmoor. ‘That man’s name is Rattler, and he is well known at Westhaven.’

‘Should you know him?’

‘I never saw him, but I could soon find those who have done so.’

‘If we could only prove it! Oh, what a relief it would be! I dare not even send the child to school—as I meant to do, Northmoor, for indeed we don’t spoil her—for fear she should be kidnapped, and I don’t know if the school board officer won’t be after her, and I can’t give as a reason “for fear she should be stolen by her father.”’

‘Not exactly. It ought to be settled once for all. Perhaps the child will tell more when you have her alone.’

‘Is not Rattler only too like a nickname, or is he a native of Westhaven?’

This Lord Northmoor thought he could find out, but the dinner was hardly over before a message came that the man Jones had called again.

‘Perhaps I had better see him alone,’ said the guest, and Bertha was only too glad to accept the offer, so he proceeded to the little room opening into the hall, where interviews with tradesfolk or petitioners were held.

The man had a blue jersey, a cap, and an evidently sailor air, or rather that of the coasting, lower stamp of seaman; but he was tall, rather handsome, and younger-looking than would have been expected of Cea’s father. He looked somewhat taken aback by the appearance of a gentleman, but he stood his ground.

‘So I understand that you have been making demands upon Miss Morton,’ Lord Northmoor began.

‘Well, sir, my lord, a father has his feelings. There is a situation offered me in Canada, and I intend to take the little girl with me.’

‘Oh, indeed!’ And there was a pause.

‘Or if the lady has taken a fancy to her, I’d not baulk her for a sum down of twenty or five-and-twenty, once for all.’

‘Oh, indeed!’ again; then, ‘What do you say is the child’s name?’

‘Jones, my lord.’

‘Her Christian name, I mean.’

He scratched his head. ‘Cissy! my lord, Celia, Cecilia. Blest if I’m sure!’ as he watched the expression of the questioner. ‘You see, the women has such fine names, and she was always called Baby when her poor mother was alive.’

‘Where was she baptized?’

‘Well, you see, my lord, the women-folk does all that, and I was at sea ; and by-and-by I comes home to find my poor wife dead, and the little one gone.’

‘I suppose you are aware that you can have no legal claim to the child without full proof of her belonging to you—the certificate of your marriage and a copy of the register of her birth?’

The man was scarcely withheld from imprecations upon the work that was made about it, when Miss Morton had been quite satisfied on a poor fellow’s word.

‘Yes, ladies may be satisfied for a time, but legally, more than your word is required, and you will remember that unless you can bring full proof that this is your child, there is such a thing as prosecution for obtaining money on false pretences.’

‘And how is a poor fellow to get the fees for them register clerks and that?’ said the man, in a tone waxing insolent.

‘I will be answerable for the fees, if you will tell me where the certificates are to be applied for.’

‘Well, how is a cove to know what the women did when he was at sea? She died at Rotherhithe, anyway, so the child will be registered there.’

‘And the marriage? You were not at sea then, I suppose?’

But the man averred that there were so many churches that there was no telling one from another, and, with a knowing look, declared that the ‘gals’ were so keen after a man that they put up the banns and hauled him where they would.

He was at last got rid of, undertaking to bring the proofs of his paternity, without which Lord Northmoor made it clear to him that he was to expect neither child nor money.

‘I greatly doubt whether you will see any more of him,’ said Lord Northmoor when describing the interview.

‘Oh! Frank,’ cried Bertha, calling him thus for the first time, ‘I do not know how to thank you enough. You have done me an infinite kindness.’

‘Do not thank me yet,’ he answered, ‘for though I do not in the least believe that this fellow is the child’s father, he may find his way to the certificates or get them forged ; and it would be well to trace what has become of the real Jones, as well as to make out about this Rattler. Is it true that the wife died at Rotherhithe?’

‘Quite true, poor thing. I believe they had lived there since the marriage.’

‘I will run down there if you can give me the address, and try if I can make out anything about her husband, and see whether any one can speak to his identity with this man.’

‘You are a man of gold! To think of your taking all this trouble!’

‘I only hope I may succeed! It is a return to old habits of hunting up evidence.’

Bertha was able to give the address of the lodging-house where poor Mrs. Jones had died, and the next morning produced another document, which had been shut up in the Bible that had been rescued for the child, namely the marriage lines of David Jones and Lucy Smith at the parish church of the last Lord Northmoor’s residence in town.

To expect a clergyman or clerk to remember the appearance of a bridegroom eight years ago was too much, even if they were the same who had officiated; but Bertha undertook to try, and likewise to consult a former fellow-servant of poor Lucy, who was supposed to have abetted her unfortunate courtship. Frank, after despatching a letter of inquiry to his sister-in-law about ‘Sam Rattler,’ set forth by train and river steamer for Rotherhithe.

When they met again in the evening, Bertha had only made out from the fellow-servant that the stoker was rather small, and had a reddish beard and hair, wherewith Cea’s complexion corresponded.

The Rotherhithe discoveries had gone further. Lord Northmoor had penetrated to the doleful den where the poor woman had died, and no wonder! for it seemed, as Bertha had warned him, a nest of fever and horrible smells. The landlady remembered the death, which had been made memorable by Miss Morton’s visits; but knew not whence her lodger had come, though, stimulated by half a crown, she mentioned a small grocery shop where more might be learnt. There the woman did recollect Mrs. Jones as a very decent lady, and likewise her being in better lodgings until deserted by her husband, the scamp, who had gone off in an Australian steamer.

At these lodgings the inquiry resulted in the discovery of the name of the steamer; and there was still time to look up the agent and the date approximately enough to obtain the list of the crew, with David Jones among them. It further appeared that this same David Jones had fallen overboard and been drowned, but, as he had not entered himself as a married man,

his wife had remained in ignorance of his fate. It was, however, perfectly clear that the little girl was an orphan, and that Bertha might be quite undisturbed in the possession of her.

And thus Lord Northmoor came home a good deal fagged, and shocked by the interior he had seen at Rotherhithe, but quite triumphant.

Bertha was delighted, and declared herself eternally grateful to him ; and she could not but entertain the hope that the *soi-disant* parent would make another application, in which case she was quite prepared to give him into custody ; and she proceeded to reckon up the number of times that he had applied to her and the amount that he had extracted, wondering at herself for not having asked for proofs, but owning that she had been afraid of being thus compelled to give up the child to perdition.

The applications had all been within the last year, so that the man had probably learnt from Louisa Hall, the nursery-maid, that Cea was the child of a deserted wife.

A letter from Mrs. Morton gave some of the antecedents of Sam Rattler, as learnt from Mrs. Hall, the charwoman, whose great dread he was. His real surname was Jones, and he was probably a Samuel Jones whose name Lord Northmoor had noted as a seaman on board David's ship. He belonged to a decent family in a country village, but had run away to sea, and was known at Westhaven by this nickname. He had a brother settled in Canada, who had lately written to propose to him a berth on one of the Ontario steamers, and it was poor Mrs. Hall's dread that her daughter should accompany him, though happily want of money prevented it. As to his appearance, as to which there had been special inquiries, he was a tall fine-looking man, with a black beard, and half the girls at Westhaven were fools enough to be after him.

All this tallied with what had been gathered from the child, and this last had probably been a bold attempt to procure the passage money for his sweetheart.

He never did call again, having probably been convinced of the failure of his scheme, and scenting danger, so that every day for a fortnight Bertha met her cousin with a disappointed 'No Rattler !'

(To be continued.)

GREEK FORERUNNERS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. PETER LILLY.

IV.—PHILO.*

THAT the philosophy of Greece played an important part in preparing the world for Christ, we have already seen. Like the Jewish law, though in a lesser sense, it may be regarded as a schoolmaster to bring unto Him. But it was in the city of Alexandria that the fusion of Greek philosophy and Jewish religion took place. Egypt had been the house of bondage to the fathers ; it became, as a Jewish historian has expressed it, a school of wisdom to the children.

It was by the founding of this city that Alexander the Great left his deepest mark upon human history. Its spacious harbour, its noble Pharos, its regular streets and magnificent buildings, its healthy climate, its abundant supply of pure water, its unrivalled position, made its markets a rendezvous for the nations of the world. Eight thousand Jews were settled here by Alexander, and much favour was shown them by successive rulers. It was more of a real home for the exiled race than they had found elsewhere. Before the Christian era, they had increased in Egypt generally to a million souls. They occupied two of the five districts of Alexandria, and almost as a matter of course they had absorbed the chief share in the traffic of the city. The corn ships which carried the harvests of Egypt to the granaries of Rome were almost exclusively under their control. Their chief magistrate became a person of great distinction, and of the magnificence of their principal synagogue, the most exaggerated accounts are given. One Jewish writer says—

* The authorities chiefly consulted and used in the above are Professor James Drummond's 'Philo-Judæus,' 2 vols. (Williams & Norgate) ; Keim's 'Jesus of Nazara,' vol. i. ; Wenley's, 'Socrates and Christ' (Blackwood) ; and an able, but too depreciatory, essay on Philo in Dr. Jowett's 'Epistles of St. Paul.'

‘Whoever has not seen the Great Synagogue of Alexandria has not seen the glory of Israel.’

The Museum, founded for the encouragement of learning by the first or second Ptolemy, stood in the finest quarter of the city, running along the great harbour, and fronting the Pharos light-house. Its lecture-halls stood hospitably open, without distinction of sect or nationality, to all whose qualifications were considered high enough. Every day they were crowded by various classes of society, but according to the account which Philo gives of them, the audiences in his day were far from earnest or attentive hearers. ‘Some thought of their shops,’ he says, ‘others of their rents and their husbandry, others of vengeance on their enemies, and some of their pleasures; so that they were present only in body, and differed nothing from images and statues. With difficulty could one be found with fixed attention and retentive memory, honouring deeds rather than words.’ One recognises how well this description accords with that of the fashionable audience of Hypatia, in Kingsley’s vivid picture of Alexandrian life, the donkey-riding fops of whom the rough Goths made such sport. But Philo describes to us a very different teacher from Hypatia, ‘a man with pompous and haughty bearing, pulling up his eyebrows, and demanding an extravagant fee from those who wished to be his pupils, while turning aside from those whom he perceived to be poor, though they thirsted for instruction.’

Philo, ‘the foster-father of the old Christian exegesis,’ belonged to one of the principal Jewish families at Alexandria. His brother was the ‘Alabarch’ or official governor of the Jews who dwelt there, and was King Agrippa’s banker. The probable date of Philo’s birth is 20 B.C. When about sixty years of age he was given the leading position in an embassy to Rome, sent in consequence of a shameful persecution against the Jews of Alexandria. The Emperor to whom they appealed was Caligula, and, as might be expected, they could obtain no redress.

There are two quite distinct aspects in which we may regard Philo; one as the chief representative of the allegorical or mystical school of the interpretation of scripture, the other as the author of a system of philosophy combining Eastern and Western thought. It is in the first of these aspects only that he has hitherto been commonly regarded, and hence the real importance of his life-work has been overlooked.

The allegorical method of interpretation, as used by Philo and his predecessors, pays no attention to the literal sense of the words

of Scripture, nor in general to the historical character of its narratives. It sought continually to find the most far-fetched meanings hidden beneath the words or implied in the history ; and its effect is to take away all reality from these venerable records.

But the Alexandrian Jews did not invent this method of interpretation, they found it ready to their hands. There is no more curious page in the history of scriptural interpretation than the undoubted fact that the Apocryphal writers, and Philo's other Alexandrian predecessors, as well as himself, only adapted to Scripture a method which had been developed by their heathen neighbours, a method which had long been applied, and was under their own eyes, being applied by contemporary thinkers to the poems of Homer. By a singular concurrence of circumstances, the Homeric studies of Pagan philosophers suggested first to Jews, and then, through them, to Christians, a method of scriptural interpretation, before unheard of, which remained unshaken for more than fifteen hundred years, and which still finds many adherents.

The poems of Homer appealed so powerfully to the Greek imagination, they were so rich in beautiful lessons of human experience, that they practically became to the Greeks a sacred book. At the same time it was more and more impossible for cultivated men to accept literally the stories of the gods and goddesses with which Greek mythology abounded. They began to be ashamed of them, ashamed of being supposed to believe them ; and, yet were unwilling to cast them aside. Hence a theory was propounded by some of the old philosophers, even before the time of Socrates, that underneath these foolish or impossible legends of their gods and goddesses there lay hidden some deep moral or spiritual teaching.

Democritus of Abdera (B.C. 450) is one of the first to apply this method. It gained increasing favour in the period of the Sophists, and was occasionally used by Aristotle. But it was reserved for the Stoics to bring it to its full development, and to extend it over the whole range of the current superstition.

The cultivated Alexandrian Jews, accustomed to mingle largely with subtle thinkers of all schools, felt the necessity of reconciling their own inherited faith with Greek philosophy. They had no wish to depart from the faith of their fathers. They believed firmly in the superiority of Moses and the prophets over Plato and the philosophers ; but on the one hand they could not be

insensible to the charm of classical antiquity, and on the other hand they desired to defend the cause of Judaism against scoffing Greeks, wavering Jews, and narrow-minded Pharisees, by harmonising the doctrines of divine revelation with the discoveries of speculative thought. Hence, they, too, eagerly adopted the allegorical system of interpretation, the results of which, as already said, were most disastrous. For example, instead of the glorious story of the father of the faithful, we get a typical Stoic, who departs from Chaldæa, or the sensual understanding, to Haran, signifying 'holes,' that is, the five senses, which teach him that they are nothing without the soul. Finally, he becomes 'Abraham,' or attains to a knowledge of God, and marries Sarah, who is abstract wisdom.

When Jacob says, 'With my staff I passed over this Jordan,' it would be abject, Philo says, and quite unworthy of the lofty understanding of a true expositor to take the statement literally. Jordan means 'baseness;' the staff means 'discipline;' and Jacob intends to say that by discipline he had risen above baseness.

Under this strange system of interpretation, every living figure who passes across the stage of Scripture history ceases for all practical purposes to be himself, and becomes a dim personification. Moses is intelligence; Aaron is speech; Enoch is repentance; Noah, righteousness; Abraham is virtue acquired by learning; Isaac is innate virtue; Jacob, that gained by struggle. In fact the whole Bible becomes a kind of philosophic romance, of which the interpretation floats in the air, only to be understood by the uncertain aid of a dictionary of metaphors.

By means of an impossible derivation of the name of Rachel, she is made to represent the virtues of the contemplative life, and Leah those of the practical life, a fancy of Philo or of his predecessors, which has been immortalised by Dante in the *Purgatorio* :—

'When, in a dream, a lady fair and young
Methought I saw, advancing o'er a mead,
And flowers collecting, as these words she sung—
"Be it known to any who my name demands,
That I am Leah, thus, as I proceed,
Weaving a garland with these beauteous hands,
I deck me for my pleasure at the glass.
But Rachel from her mirror never stirs,—
Before it wont the livelong day to pass,
She takes delight in viewing her fair eyes;
And contemplation's placid joys are hers;
While mine from active occupation rise."

But we should do Philo an injustice if we only thought of him in connection with this singular method of interpreting scripture, with which his name is too exclusively identified. Philo was no mere learned trifler. His philosophy, if not characterised by any high degree of originality, has been welded together by a mind of firmer grasp and more coherent thought than is generally supposed. His method of exegesis belonged to the time in which he lived, but its manifold absurdities should not hide from us the beauty of his religious conceptions and the just balance of his ethical ideas. His sincere devotion to the Supreme Will, and his pure love of goodness, were all his own.

Philo represents a most important, and in later times a most influential, place in the evolution of religious thought. His philosophy, more than any other, indicated the high-water mark of pre-Christian thought concerning the graver questions of religion. Using the resources of Greek philosophy with rare skill and amazing range of knowledge, he defends the Mosaic revelation, now in this, now in that aspect, and it is his unremitting effort to show that in some way or other man's highest conceptions must be interpreted in the light of an intelligible revelation of God.

It cannot be denied that a true system of religious speculation concerning the Father of all, concerning the world which is God's handiwork, concerning man and his indelible worth and destiny in spite of all moral weakness, and concerning humanity as one family, has found through Philo a new setting. At one time his utterances sound like an oracle of the prophets, at another like a saying of Christ and of His Apostles, or again like a sentence from Zeno or Seneca ; he uses the speech of all tongues, the speech of the modern world as well as of centuries of old. He bears witness to the universal circulation of the great ideas of humanity, and of their abiding force. If he has not discovered the word which brings union, strength, and salvation, either as a philosopher or as a religious reformer, yet he has made a way for the new ideas, and for the interchange of those which were cherished by Jews and Greeks. He was a forerunner of Christ, even though he may never have known Him ; he scattered seeds in Judaism, of which the noblest fruit sprang up in Christianity, and he enforced on Heathenism fresh sympathy with the East.

The question may occur to thoughtful minds : Whence came the forms of speech and modes of thought which for nearly eighteen centuries have been the symbols and landmarks of

Christian theology? Some of them were derived from the Old Testament, but many were peculiar to the New; and those which are common to both receive a new turn of significance in the Christian use of them, which needs explanation. For example, the words λόγος (the Word), πνεῦμα (the Spirit), the idea of the Son of God, or the Son of Man, would be unmeaning to those who were told of them for the first time, and who had nothing analogous in their own thought or speech. To have given a Greek in the time of Socrates a notion of what was meant by the Holy Spirit would have been like giving the blind a conception of colours, or the deaf of musical sounds. Other ideas of the Gospel, as grace, faith, mercy, life, death, which occur in the Old Testament, are nevertheless used there in a sense often so partial and so different from that of the New, that an intermediate step has to be supplied before we can understand how they could have taken hold on the minds of men as the expression of the truths which were revealed by the Gospel.

What then were the predisposing circumstances which made it possible that the ideas of one nation should be adopted by another? that the words of our Saviour and the Twelve experienced no let or hindrance as they reached the confines of Judæa, but passed insensibly to the Gentiles? that St. Paul, too, could have spoken of grace, faith, the Spirit, if not as powers of which his first hearers had an experimental knowledge, at any rate as sounds the meaning of which they understood?

The answer to these questions may be gathered, to a great extent, from the Jewish Alexandrian philosophy. There the missing link is found supplied; we see that the Greek and Hebrew mind had already bridged the chasm that separated them, and that before the times of our Lord and His Apostles the Greek language had been forced into the service of Jewish thought. We sometimes hear it said that modern civilisation includes in itself two elements, a Greek and a Semitic one; but the fusion between them is not of modern or even of Christian origin: it dates further back, to the period of Alexander's conquests. And Alexandria was the centre of the fusion; there the Jew and the Greek may be said to have mingled minds; the books of Moses and the prophets, and the dialectic of Plato and Aristotle, met together, giving birth to the strangest eclectic philosophy that the world has ever seen. This philosophy was Judaism and Platonism at once; the belief in a personal God

assimilated to the doctrine of ideas. The Jew of Alexandria had lost nothing of the intense devotion to the Law which was to be found among his Palestine brethren ; only, coming, as he did, under an opposite influence, from which he could not detach himself, he sought to add to the book of the Law the wisdom of the Greek, or rather, however paradoxical it may seem, fancied he saw in both a deep-seated identity. During two centuries this composite system had been attaining a kind of consistency ; it had acquired a technical language of its own, and had modes of interpreting the Old Testament which, in the age of Philo, had already become tradition.

Alexandrianism gave the form and thought, Judaism the life and power. The God who brought up His people out of the land of Egypt was still stronger than the ideal image of the same God revealing Himself in Greek philosophy ; while from Greek philosophy the Jew of Alexandria borrowed those distinctions which enabled him to conceive more perfectly the abstractions of the Divine nature.

The doctrine of the Logos is at once the most obscure and the most characteristic portion of Philo's system. Partaking, as it does, of conceptions drawn indifferently from Platonism, Stoicism, and Jewish learning, any accurate representation of it, in tolerable unity of form, is almost impossible. In fact, Philo's doctrine of the Logos is ambiguous in itself, and, although he uses terms which sometimes quite startle us by their close similarity to those of the New Testament, there is an essential difference between the Logos of Philo and the Logos of whom we read in St. John's Gospel. Whether called, as he is by Philo, 'the second God,' 'the first-born of God,' 'the Messiah,' or 'the high priest,' he remains an abstraction, a principle of unity in plurality, of permanence in change. The Logos of Philo can never become a Being who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, tempted in all points like as we are.

There is a remarkable passage showing the vanity of mortal affairs, and yet maintaining that a rational law is supreme over the seeming chance and drift of events :—'Once Greece flourished, but the Macedonians took away its strength. Macedonia again had its period of bloom, but was separated and weakened till it was finally extinguished. Before the Macedonians the Persians prospered, but one day destroyed their mighty kingdom. And now the Parthians are more powerful than the Persians who lately ruled them, and the former subjects are the masters. The

welfare of the once brilliant Egypt passed away as a cloud. And so the whole habitable world is tossed up and down like a ship at sea, which now has favourable and again contrary winds. For the divine Logos, which most men call fortune, moves in a circle. In constant stream it acts upon cities and nations, assigning the possessions of one to another, and those of all to all; exchanging the good things of each by periods, in order that, just as one city, the whole habitable world may have the best of governments, democracy securing the equal rights of all.'

Philo recognised God's infinite purity, and man's imperfection by reason of sin. He was clearly conscious of the need for a mediator. The thought of mediation and its mystical explanation are the main subjects of his philosophy. But there was no call for further allegorical formulæ when a personal mediator appeared among men, realising in His own life the long-sought unity with God.

The moral philosophy of Philo, admirable as it is in its insistence upon purity and sincerity, no less than in its anti-pharisaic pursuit of virtue for its own sake, fell short of the teaching of true holiness. Its gospel was for the children of culture; and even to them its message was but the preaching of a half-truth. He tells us that the harmony with God after which he so earnestly sought 'is an incomprehensible mystery to the multitude, and is to be imparted to the instructed only.' God remains inaccessible to man in the Jewish Alexandrian theory, because the current Jewish tradition had separated Him from creation, and the accepted Greek philosophy had brought Him back to earth only as an ineffectual mode—all-present yet of no reality. Judaism and Hellenism had been slowly preparing for Christianity, and all the dry bones into which the breath of life was to be breathed by the Prophet of Galilee had been collected, skeleton-like, by the great Alexandrian.

The philosophy of Philo disappeared before the face of Christianity, not so much from its own inherent weakness, but rather as the star becomes invisible at sunrise. Both were akin in nature, and the historical circumstances attending them were similar. Philo was no headlong Jewish reformer, like some others of his time, who were ready to part with their Jewish inheritance, and to barter it lightly for the acquisition of modern enlightenment. He takes his stand on the national revelation and history of Abraham; the father of his race is the forerunner of all who believe in God and are filled with His Spirit. And Moses,

the prophet, lawgiver, priest and king in one, is esteemed by him the greatest of all men, who was thought worthy of the abiding presence of the Spirit of God. The other holy men of bygone times were, in comparison with him, only disciples and friends, and the greatest men among the Greeks, Philo says, as Heraclitus, Hesiod, Plato, Zeno, have learned from him, since of themselves they only dimly perceive the being of God, the universe, and the true law. The ordinary science of the Greeks bore the same relation to the Divine wisdom as did Hagar the bondwoman to Sarah the princess.

Philo might have seen and spoken with our Lord, in that visit to the temple which he mentions in his works. He would have been just what Apollos of Alexandria was before his conversion, 'an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures.' Nor is there any reason to doubt that the speculations of Alexandria and a knowledge of the Greek language had been transplanted to Judæa. The traditions of Judaism expressly speak of Greek learning being cultivated by some of the Rabbinical schools. The coincidences of expression between Philo and St. Paul and St. John, are another evidence that such must have been the case. For how did these coincidences arise? It could neither have been by Philo borrowing from the Apostles, which is refuted by dates, nor by their borrowing from Philo, a most improbable supposition; but it arose from the circumstance of their living in a common atmosphere and using a common language.

Our Lord said to the woman of Samaria, 'Salvation is of the Jews;' and as if to teach that 'things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are,' the religion of a small Roman province, born of a people weak in war but mighty in prayer, was to reveal the righteous God, whom by searching man could not find out. Greek philosophy taught that the human spirit was worthy of salvation; Jewish faith pointed to the one God in whom and through whom alone deliverance from sin was possible. Each supplied an element which the other lacked. Hellenism, with its joy in man and all his works, softened the harshness of the exclusive Jewish religion, and claimed the blessings of providential care for the whole human race. Judaism, with its overmastering intuition of Deity, set holiness before the Greek in place of happiness, and spiritualised practical as well as speculative life. A Jew by birth and a Greek by education, Philo was in

possession of all the elements requisite to the new revelation. But no metaphysical alchemy could amalgamate them. The power which could create and diffuse higher spiritual force must needs spring from the midst of religious influences and not from logical abstractions. That the travail of the ages might bring forth a lasting blessing, One was required who should do more than take thought concerning God and His relation to man, who should Himself be man yet live the divine life. 'The Word became flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory—glory as of the only begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth.'

**'THAT IT MAY PLEASE THEE . . . TO RAISE
UP THEM THAT FALL.'**

(The Book of Common Prayer.)

As the fond mother runneth from her home
Along the common ways to find her child,
That ever and anon from her will roam,
By folly—though it loves her well—beguiled,
Snatcheth it up, and cries, 'And did you fall
And hurt yourself? The robe I put on you,
At morn so fresh, is torn and sullied all!
But you shall have one, white and clean and new';
O heavenly Father, in Thy pity, thus
Seek Thou Thine offspring in their faults or crimes!
We from Thy feet have strayed—the best of us—
And hurt ourselves, not once, but many times.
Lift Thou us up, and clothe us in the dress,
Glistening and white, of Jesu's holiness.

SARA HAMMOND PALFREY.

AT THE FAIR.

A STORY.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGE OF SAINT BIEUZY.

ON the right, a dark wooded height rises abruptly from the water's edge ; but on the left of the little winding river, the green bank slopes gently upward to a broad opening between two groups of granite cottages with thatched roofs. These, in some cases, have only one window, besides the arched half of the entrance door, open on this bright August afternoon to let in the sunshine. The grey cottages, with vines climbing up to their eaves, stand in groups—sometimes two, sometimes three, together—on either side of the broad pathway : they might be called a street if they straggled upwards to the rise beyond them in a less disorderly fashion. Now and then a few old Spanish chestnut trees fling broad masses of shadow on the spaces of grass between the grey dwellings—that is, when the boughs are leafy enough to block out sunshine ; sometimes, in spite of leafage, it falls in golden blots and spangles on the ground.

On the right, the cottages end abruptly, and leave a space between them and the church. This is a low building, with a bell gable and a small enclosure surrounded by a wall of loosely piled stones. Outside this enclosure a tall cross rises from a four-sided flight of steps.

A fine group of old chestnut trees stands nearly opposite the church. Corn has lately been threshed here, and the sunshine, streaming between the leaves, glints down on golden grain scattered among the grass-blades. A group of hens, with a masterful cock and a couple of long-legged white pigs, are making a splendid feast here, crowing and clucking and grunting by way of saying grace ; perhaps in joyful anticipation, for just beyond

the trees two men and two women, standing at opposite corners, are hard at work, whacking their flails so vigorously on the heap of corn that lies in the centre of the space, that it is wonderful how they escape each other's faces ; also how they find breath for the monotonous, guttural chanting that accompanies each stroke of the flail.

The heap of corn the men and women were threshing belonged to Lao Kerisper, owner of the big farmhouse at the end of the village. Externally the farmhouse looked much like the cottages ; it stood back from the road, and a huge chestnut tree sheltered both its upper and lower windows from the sun's fierce heat ; a vine covered its southern side, and showed many purple bunches among the yellow-green leaves. There was a green bench beside the door, on which sat a grey kitten demurely licking her paws. At the further corner was a good-sized manure heap. Some huge brass milk-pans leaned against the house wall, and looked like mock suns in the brilliant light. But once inside the long, low room that served at once for cooking, living, and sleeping, there were signs of wealth which were not to be seen in the cottages. It is true the floor was uneven, and that chickens and pullets now and then found their way in and scratched at the clay surface, till Margaret Pleyben, the farmer's housekeeper, sent them out with a swish of her striped apron. But the richly-carved wardrobe, big enough to hold a dozen men, and the two carved chests, or *bahuts*, on either side, which made a sort of step by which to reach the beds sunk in the thickness of the wall, had been in the Kerisper family for generations ; and the sliding panels that shut in the snowy pillows and scarlet quilts of two of these beds, were of far more delicate carving than the wardrobe was. One pair of these panels was said to be of the date of Saint Bieuzy ; though, as the saint was known to have lived in a rough hermitage on the opposite side of the river, they were not likely to have belonged to him. The room was darkened by the shade of the chestnut boughs, and also by the well-filled provision rack below the heavy oak beam that reached from one end of the long room to the other.

The master, Lao Kerisper, sat facing the window, and his handsome face and striking figure made a powerful contrast to the bent shoulders and hollow cheeks of his guest, who also appeared to be some years older than Lao.

'Come, neighbour'—Kerisper filled up his little glass with dark-coloured brandy, and then passed the bottle across the table—

‘consider my words, and later on tell me what you think. See, friend, my little Marie will not need to go begging for a husband : she will have the portion I spoke of, and if she has grown up as she promised, she will have good looks to match.’

Melec Houat stared hard out of his long dark eyes at his handsome companion.

‘How long is it since you saw the girl, Kerisper?’

Lao threw back his head and laughed, thereby showing a dazzling set of strong-looking teeth. The flush of warm colour that flew into his face, however, showed his real feeling better than his laugh did.

‘How long, old friend? Well, I must make a calculation to answer that question correctly. Let me see. Yes, by St. Herbot, I remember. It is just three years since her godmother, Marie Coüetzo, died. She was my—my—poor Barbe’s aunt, and she left this sum of money to Marie, on condition that I sent the child for three whole years to the Sisters at Auray : I had to promise before witnesses I would not remove the child till the end of the three years.’

‘That sounds hard on a father who had lost his wife. But I fancy you have gone over now and again to see your girl—eh, Lao?’

Kerisper looked up sharply, and met an inquisitive gleam in his companion’s long dark eyes, closed till they looked almost like black lines beneath the shaggy eyebrows.

‘No, I did not,’ Lao answered roughly. ‘Why should I go? I went once, and that was quite enough for a soft-hearted fellow like me. The child clung to me, and cried and sobbed, till I felt as if I must then and there bring her back to Saint Bieuzy. The old cat did it out of spite ; she said she knew I should marry before the year was out, and she was resolved her Marie should never be subject to a stepmother ; so I have had to struggle through as best I could with old Marguerite.’ He stopped abruptly, and looked over his shoulder to make sure that a round-headed door leading into the cow-stable was shut.

‘Will Marguerite stay here with the new mistress?’ Melec asked.

Lao threw back his handsome head and laughed.

‘That will depend on the new mistress, I fancy. Margot has been in the family too long to give up for a whim ; she was my nurse when I was a baby. But come, neighbour, you do not drink. No more? Then shall we go by train to Auray? and I will present you to Madame Kérac—she expects us.’

He rose as he spoke, and, opening the outer door, which led into the room without any interval of passage, he and his friend walked in a lounging, leisurely way through the little village.

The sunshine was not streaming down as fiercely as it had been an hour ago, and the cottage doors were no longer deserted. First one woman and then another came out, each with her distaff filled with flax ; they stood leaning against the doorpost while they plied their work, sending a watchful look now and then into the room within to see that the little white-capped children left there did not come to harm. The head-gear of these women was very quaint, but it gave a gloomy aspect to the place, hardly counteracted by the brilliant sunshine ; instead of the white muslin caps of Vannes and Auray, they wore close-fitting dark hoods, from which depended a small cape which covered the shoulders ; the hoods were chiefly of blue cloth, or of rusty black velvet, and the capes, pointed behind, were lined with red, yellow, or green.

Lao Kerisper nodded to one old woman who sat nursing a cat at the door of her cottage.

‘Eh, good-day, master’—she had a strong guttural voice—‘when will you bring home the new mistress?’

He laughed, nodded, and passed on. ‘They are a spiteful lot,’ he said ; ‘they are all jealous of her before she comes. I never did one of them an ill turn, and yet they none of them love me.’

Melec did not answer.

They reached the station just as the train came up, and they very soon reached Auray.

They passed by the quaint slate-fronted houses on either side of the street, each story projected beyond the other, till the topmost one ended in a square-sided gable. The women sitting out in the street in front of these houses, looked up from their knitting and needlework—which, it must be owned, they performed very lazily—and stared at handsome Lao and his companion ; while a little full-skirted child, with a close-fitting linen cap, went on playing with a cat under one of the chairs.

The two men went down the steep road, with the river on the right and wooded ground on the left, till they came in sight of a pretty farmhouse placed picturesquely beside the river, on the left of the path they were descending.

‘By St. Yves,’ Melec said, ‘the widow must care plenty for you, friend Lao, to give up a place like this for your dull house at Saint Bieuzy.’

‘Perhaps she does’—Kerisper had flushed at his friend’s words. ‘Madame Kérac knows a thing or two, and she knows that the land at Saint Bieuzy is worth double this arid, stony soil. They dig up granite in this region.’

Melec began to feel awed as he looked at the house ; he saw that there were blinds to the windows, and when a maid opened the door and showed them into a well-furnished room with a carpet in the middle of the floor, he felt too shy to raise his eyes as his friend introduced him to Madame Kérac.

Melec Houat was shy, but he had a good deal of feeling ; and though he had almost consented to marry Marie Kerisper, he was not sure that he approved of Lao’s intention of taking another wife. Marie’s mother had seemed to him a woman so above all other women he had known, that he could not reconcile himself to the fact of her being forgotten by the husband she had so faithfully loved and served.

But as he sat listening, the voice of his friend’s betrothed sounded very soft and pleasant. He at last looked up at her.

He was greatly impressed by her face, framed by a flat clear muslin cap with a broad-hemmed edge, continued in two long tails which fell over Madame Kérac’s shoulders. She wore a black gown with a square open front, bordered by broad black velvet, and filled up by a crossed muslin fichu reaching to her throat ; over this body was another of the same stuff, bordered with still broader black velvet, and open in front ; on each side of this, silver buttons were set so closely that the edges lapped one over the other. The widow had a fair skin, but hardly any colour. A few tendrils of golden hair showed below the edge of her cap. She had handsome clear blue eyes, which now smiled very amiably at Melec.

‘Why is Lao in such a hurry to marry his little daughter ?’ Melec thought. ‘The woman looks like an angel ; she would certainly be good to the girl.’

‘I am pleased to learn,’ Madame Kérac said graciously, ‘that we are to be near connexions, Monsieur Houat. Let me see, I believe I am to be your mother-in-law ?’

Lao Kerisper laughed heartily at this joke, and looked admiringly at his betrothed ; but Melec plunged his hand into his long hair, as if he were puzzled.

‘It—it is not yet quite settled, Madame. Marie Kerisper may find me too old, and I’—he stopped, conscious that he was giving offence to Kerisper, who was frowning angrily—‘well, I may perhaps find that she is too young.’

Madame Kérac’s smile broadened; she looked at her betrothed, and then at his friend.

‘Ah,’ she said sweetly, ‘there is no use in discussing the point. Wait till you see Marie Kerisper. I hear she is—well,’—she looked lovingly at Lao—‘I hear she is her father’s image.’

Kerisper jumped up as if to kiss her, but the widow waved him back to his chair with her well-shaped, plump hand.

It seemed to Melec Houat that two people on the eve of marriage must wish to talk without witnesses. But when he offered to take his leave, Madame Kérac asked him to stay, in so gracious a manner that he could not refuse her.

At last Lao Kerisper rose to depart. He allowed Melec to pass out, and then turned to take an affectionate farewell of his betrothed. To his surprise, Madame Kérac swiftly crossed the room, shut the door on Melec, and looked scornfully at her lover.

He put his hand on her shoulder, and bent down to kiss her. Madame Kérac drew up her fine figure, and looked handsomer than Lao had thought her to be; he had cared far more for her worldly possessions than he had for herself, though his vanity had been greatly flattered by her manifest preference for his attentions, the rich widow having many admirers; to-day he felt a sudden affection for her, which made him resolve to bring his courtship speedily to an end.

‘What is it then, my pretty pigeon?’ he said tenderly. ‘Why are our feathers ruffled, eh?’

The widow drew herself out of his reach, and looked at him with increased scorn.

‘When I consented to our betrothal, monsieur,’ she said coldly, ‘I thought Lao Kerisper was a man who would keep his word; I also understood that I was engaging myself to a free man—that I should have my house to myself. I had even thought that the two weddings might be celebrated on the same day—unless, indeed, Marie’s took precedence; and now I learn that the proposed husband is half-hearted in the matter, and has not even seen the girl.’

This was so unusually long a speech for Madame Kérac, that Lao stared in surprise. Her usual smiling reticence had im-

pressed him with an opinion of her wisdom. It seemed to him she would not speak in this way unless she were seriously annoyed.

‘Do not be disquieted, my beloved,’ he said soothingly. ‘No one can say that Lao Kerisper ever failed in his promises. I know Melec. He will marry Marie, and he will make her a good husband. I am glad the poor fellow should have her, for his first wife had a rare tongue of her own ; whereas I expect to find my little girl as gentle as a dove.’

The widow looked appeased.

‘I do not wish to doubt you, Lao’—she smiled sweetly at him, and he kissed her ; ‘but I told you at first that I am too young a woman to have a pretty young girl in the house, absorbing all the notice and attention that are my due ; and I should probably spoil her myself, and so turn myself into an old woman and a drudge long before my time.’

Lao assured her between his kisses that he would never suffer his wife to be a drudge, and that it was not possible that she, his beautiful angel, would ever grow old to him. As for Marie, her wedding should take place before theirs did.

‘They shall meet on Thursday,’ he said, as he opened the door ; ‘at the fair. You do not care to go, so I will escort Marie ; and then you will promise to make me happy without further delay.’

The widow gave him a gracious smile, and looked handsomer than ever as she said, ‘If you keep to your part of the bargain, dear friend, I will do all you wish.’

CHAPTER II.

THE FAIR OF ST. NICODÉME.

ON his way back to the station, Lao Kerisper stopped before the window of the cap-shop. Seeing him, the mistress came to the door, and gave him a friendly greeting.

‘Good-day to you, Perrine Lebar,’ Lao said. ‘You will bring Marie to the fair on Thursday ? You are sure to come, I suppose ?’ he said anxiously.

Perrine’s long, sombre face broadened into a grin.

‘I should think I *am* sure to come. Only a man without a wife would ask such a question of a cap-seller so well known as I am, Lao Kerisper. I may perhaps sell at the fair as many caps as I

shall sell here in my shop between this and Christmas. Go to the fair of St. Nicodème? I should think so indeed!’

The two men nodded and laughed, and Melec went on ahead.

‘And you will be sure to bring Marie with you?’ Lao said this in a low voice, and Perrine nodded.

When he had passed out of sight, she shook her head slowly and looked solemn.

‘I should like to know what Lao Kerisper is going to do with the child, and why he has asked for her in this sudden way? When I went up to the convent to give his letter, Sister Monica told me that it had been settled the child should stay till Christmas. The farmhouse at Saint Bieuzy will be a dull, lonesome sort of home for Marie, after being used to those cheerful Sisters, and her schoolfellows, eh Mimi?’

Perrine did not talk only to herself, she addressed these remarks to a small bright-green parrot which, perched on one of the empty cap-stands, listened attentively with its head on one side, and its keen black eye fixed knowingly on its mistress.

‘Poor little Marie!’ Perrine ended, with a deep sigh.

Next morning at seven o’clock, a cart driven by the convent gardener came at a leisurely pace up the High Street of Auray and stopped before the cap-shop.

‘Mademoiselle is not to get down till she reaches the station,’ the man said to a young girl seated at the back of the vehicle; ‘that is the order of the Superior.’

Marie Kerisper bent her head and smiled. Her eyes were very dark and sweet, but her face was almost hidden by a large pink handkerchief tied over her cap to keep it free from dust. Her smile quickly faded, and a look of alarm took its place, as the piercing shrieks of a young child sounded from the house.

‘Oh, Baptiste, please let me out! I must go and see what is the matter with the darling baby! Do you not hear? the poor little one is crying its heart out! It is perhaps alone—in the next house, I fancy.’

Baptiste stood with his back turned to her—he was looking towards the house—while the baby cried louder and more piteously than ever. Now it held its breath, and in the interval of total silence seemed to be at its last gasp, and then once more its screams and sobs reassured Marie that it was alive.

‘Baptiste!’ she cried, ‘help me out; I am sure the dear Superior would say I was doing right.’

Baptiste turned round ; he was grinning from ear to ear. Marie sat still, feeling choked with surprise and indignation, and the man said, ' Pardon, Mademoiselle Marie, but it would be too risky a climb for you to reach the poor baby up there.'

He burst into fresh laughter, and as Marie looked where he pointed, she joined in chorus. She sat, indeed, laughing so heartily that she could hardly stop herself, when Perrine Lebar at last appeared ; for as she looked up, the girl saw clinging against one of the windows the green parrot, swaying its tiny body from side to side, while it poured out its stream of woe.

' Be quiet, Mimi !' its mistress said gravely. ' You will wake the English travellers at the hotel. Your throat will be sore, silly bird ! You were doing that when I came in from mass, half an hour ago.'

While she spoke, Perrine nodded to Marie. She had crammed about a dozen band-boxes and parcels one after another into the cart, before Baptiste could even offer to help her.

' Poor Marie ! Poor little Marie !' screamed the parrot, and then it gave a long, shivering sigh.

Marie looked frightened. ' Is your parrot all right ?' she said. ' How can it know that I am Marie ?'

Even Baptiste shook his head.

' If that beast belonged to me,' he said gruffly, ' I should throw holy water over it, and bid it take its true shape ; it may be a limb of Satan for aught you know, neighbour.'

Perrine climbed into the cart, and placing herself beside Marie, she kissed her on both cheeks.

' Bah, bah, my friend ! How can there be harm in the bird, when I bought her from Monsieur le Curé's housekeeper ? She was told to sell the creature. The good Curé could not have it supposed that a young baby was brought up in the Presbytery, and nothing would cure Mimi of crying. Ah then ! you should hear her imitate the good Father saying his prayers !'

' I should not like to hear that,' said Marie gravely.

When the train reached the station, Baptiste had some trouble in disposing Madame Lebar's boxes and parcels so as not to incommode her fellow-passengers. The carriage was full of people, and most of them were bound for Saint Nicodème.

Marie had been thinking far more of seeing her father than of the fair, but, as she listened to the talk around her, she became

deeply interested in hearing that she should see the angel come down from the top of the church tower and light the bonfire.

Perrine Lebar meanwhile, seeing that her charge was quiet and discreet, and that she did not require surveillance, was making herself agreeable to a farmer and his wife, who said they had engaged a vehicle to convey them from Saint Bieuzy to the fair. Perrine bestowed many praises on the cap of the farmer's wife ; who, on her part, was quite pleased to tell her new acquaintance that, though she had married young, she had always kept to the cap of her own district, which lay many miles away. She seldom wore this festival cap, she said, and it was truly a wonderful erection ; the high and pointed crown was of clear muslin, and showed that she wore under it, first a black, and over that a white skull-cap—the last had also a pointed crown, round which was fastened a broad gauze ribbon, green in the middle, with a wide gold border on either side. The farmer's wife also wore showy earrings set with real Breton stones, and round her still white throat was a band of black ribbon velvet supporting a heart and cross in gold filagree to match the earrings.

When they left the train at Saint Bieuzy, Perrine felt rewarded—the farmer offered seats in his vehicle to her and to Marie.

This was really a great boon, for it appeared that the inn-keeper of the little village had promised to expected visitors to the fair about twice the number of vehicles she possessed. The road was ill-kept and full of loose stones, so that jolts were numerous. The farmer muttered some ugly-sounding words ; but there was solace in suffering in company, and the road was full of carts of all sorts bound for Saint Nicodème ; these were filled with people, the men almost all dressed alike in white, or rather cream-coloured, flannel coats and knee breeches trimmed with black ribbon velvet, and rows of silver buttons ; large round black hats with a band of ribbon velvet, with long ends, round the low crowns. The older men had a week's beard on their dark saturnine faces, and wore their grizzled hair long enough to touch their shoulders ; but the young fellows had a much smarter appearance, and their huge white collars reached halfway up their cheeks. Some of them were handsome and healthy-looking—one especially, riding a fine grey cart-horse, excited the admiration of the farmer's wife.

'Do but look yonder,' she said to her husband. 'See, who is that ? He rides like a lord, and is as beautiful as a prince in a picture.'

Her husband laughed as he turned to look, and Perrine noticed that Marie, who had of late become very silent, pulled off the pink neckerchief which had till now hidden her pretty face. It seemed to Perrine that the girl's liquid dark eyes became brighter and larger as she fixed them on the young horseman. Perhaps the farmer saw this too, for all at once he called out :

'Eh, then, Guerech, my lad ! You are a nice fellow to give an old friend the go-by.'

The young man took off his hat with a grace that completed his charm in the eyes of the farmer's wife ; she nudged her husband, and whispered :

'Be civil to him, Yves. Ask him to come and see us.'

The farmer smiled so grimly that his lips spread into a long thin line.

'More to the purpose,' he muttered, 'to make him acquainted with someone nearer his own age.'

He looked at Marie, and he saw that her eyes were fixed inquiringly on the young rider.

'Do you know that bachelor ?' he asked.

Marie started and blushed.

'I—I am not sure, Monsieur,' she said timidly ; 'but I think years ago he used to come and see my mother when I lived at home at Saint Bieuzy.'

Guerech could not hear what was said, but he had caught sight of the pretty girl as she sat half hidden behind the farmer, and he wondered to whom she belonged.

Just then a horse in front shied violently as a *biniau* player in one of the carts tuned up his instrument, and for a few moments all was confusion. This happened at the opening of a side road or lane which led straight to the church of Saint Nicodème, and as each of the carts wished at this point to take the lead, Guerech and a few other men similarly mounted rode on ahead, and constituted themselves into guardians of the thoroughfare ; by insisting that the vehicles should enter the lane in single file, so as to leave room for those which, having discharged their freight, might now be seen coming up the lane on their way to fetch a fresh load of visitors to the fair.

The feeling of confusion was increased by the cries and shouts of the drivers, and by the squeaking of pigs ; for the carts were not filled only by men, women, and children—pigs and calves were abundant ; the cattle-market, held at the farther end of the fair, was celebrated ; and every now and then in the road, among

the crowd of vehicles, Marie spied out an old woman leading along a little cow, her arm passed round the creature's neck. All the way up the lane had been closely shadowed by tree-branches that crossed from side to side, sometimes growing so low that they threatened a ruffling to the taller cap-crowns of the women. The farmer's wife, indeed, became so absorbed in guarding against this damage, that she sat bent forward till her cheek rested on her husband's knee.

'Good-bye!' Guerech had said to the farmer as the cart passed him; 'we shall meet again presently.'

Marie had scarcely noticed the struggle in the lane. She had gone back in thought to that time when she had been at home with her mother, and when Guerech Houat had come over with his father and had played with her among the trees. Guerech had always been so good to her—he had taught her to fish and to climb the big trees; and Marie smiled as she remembered how often she had hidden away among the leaves on summer evenings, when her mother called her to come to bed, because she had promised Guerech to stay up till he came back from the fields with his own and Marie's father.

'Can it be the same Guerech?' she asked herself. She blushed as she remembered how lovingly he had kissed her when he came to say good-bye. He was going to school at Vannes, and when Marie cried at the news, he had called her his little wife, and had said they would be married as soon as he was able to take a wife; Marie was ten then, and Guerech was four years older. She had never seen him since. His father's farm was some distance from Saint Bieuzy, and there had been a coolness between her father and Melec Houat. She remembered that Melec had come to see her father after her mother's funeral, and that he had been very kind. She remembered, too, that he had said Guerech had been drawn for army service; but since then she had not heard of him, and indeed those three years of convent school-life had left her in the dark about Saint Bieuzy and her father's friends—her father's letters had been short, and had not told her any news.

'Wake up, Marie! You are dreaming, child!'

Marie started. The cart was standing still in an open space at the end of the tree-shaded lane. Perrine was shaking hands with the farmer's wife, and had beckoned a boy out of the thronging crowd at the gate of the enclosure, to help her with the band-boxes. The beautiful old church stood on the left,

some way down the grassed enclosure, and between it and the gate was one of the two fountains dedicated to St. Nicodème, and celebrated for their healing qualities. Around this fountain there lay and sat and stood beggars of all sorts ; some were blind, and the fountain of St. Nicodème had, it was said restored many to sight. Some were lame ; others, again, had wounds and sores of long standing, which they exhibited to the bystanders. Under the trees near the fountain several men were seated, with cloths fastened round their necks, waiting for one of the two barbers, who, with their brass basins and shining razors, seemed to be plying a thriving trade.

Perrine Lebar pushed her way through the motley crowd of men, women, and children, in holiday garments, and Marie followed her into the church. The ceiling had been newly whitewashed, and so recently that they had to select a clean spot to kneel down in, so as not to spoil their gowns with the spots of moist whitewash scattered on the ground. While Marie knelt, praying for a blessing on the meeting with her father, which she felt was near at hand, her sleeve was gently pulled. Kneeling close beside her she saw a hideous, emaciated old woman, with one hand bound up in dirty linen rags, while the other held a basket of thin tapers.

‘Buy two—only two,’ she whispered, ‘for the love of our dear Lady and of Saint Nicodème, and I will pray that you may have a safe journey home from the fair. Come, then, pretty dove ; you shall have two for three sous.’

Marie was glad to see the cap-maker rise from her knees, and take her way out of the church by a side door which led into the heart of the fair. The girl felt dazed and delighted ; she had never seen so much life and bustle. The cries of the hawkers and of the peasants standing behind piles of sieves, of dressed provisions, of bread and fruit and cakes, to say nothing of the masses of red and white sweetstuff heaped on boxes, and baskets turned upside down—there was so much to look at on either side that the girl found it difficult to keep Perrine in sight, as she pushed a way with her broad shoulders through the dense and excited crowd.

‘Take care ! Mind where you go, little fool !’ a cross voice shouted ; and Marie found that, in stepping aside to make room for an old woman and her little black cow, she had nearly trodden on a gridiron covered with sardines, which an old man, with long hair reaching almost to his waist, was about to cook on

a charcoal fire in the grass. Marie hurried on in terror, for the old fellow glared at her like a wild beast. She found the cap-maker standing at the entrance of a long, low booth, with a table running down the middle, and benches on either side filled with men and women. Perrine looked carefully at every face, and then turned away.

'Your father is not there, but he knows where to find me,' she said. 'Come this way, Marie.'

A low, broad mud wall separated the enclosure on the left from the adjacent meadows, and about twenty yards beyond the church the boy to whom the cap-seller had trusted her precious boxes, stood close by this wall. He was in a hurry to get his promised pay and to go, but Madame Lebar kept him in expectation until she had duly arranged her caps on a blue cloth spread on the top of the wall, while she carefully placed a stone on one or other of the lappets, lest some unforeseen gust of wind should whirl away her merchandise.

'You must sit at a little distance,' she said to Marie. 'It must not be supposed that the daughter of the richest man in Saint Bieuzy sells caps at the fair of Saint Nicodème. Sit a little in front, so that I may keep a look-out on you, my little pigeon.'

Marie was well content to sit under the shade of a spreading chestnut tree, while she looked out on the hot, bustling scene. The opposite side of the enclosure rose up in a green tree-crowned hill; on its steep side, which was in blazing sunshine, stood a tall maypole, and at its foot was piled a huge stack of faggots and brushwood, which Marie learned was the bonfire to be presently fired by an angel from the church tower. A man mounted on a ladder, was busy tying fireworks to the top of the maypole; and close beside him, a small theatrical performance was going on to the sound of the *biniau*.

All at once, as she sat engrossed by the constant movement of the noisy throng, Marie saw a tall, fine-looking man force his way from among the rest, and cross the open sunlit space between her and the crowd. She rose to her feet and looked at the cap-seller, but she was busy trying her wares on the head of a difficult customer. Marie felt sure the man coming towards them was her father, and she went forward to meet him.

Lao Kerisper smiled. He held her hand a minute, and then he bent down and kissed her forehead.

'So this is my little Marie, grown out of knowledge! I shall not keep you at home long, child—you look too pleasant to be

left on your father's hands. Well, Madame Lebar, I will relieve you of your charge ; I will take Marie with me, and we will join you when you are less occupied. Come, Marie.'

He took the girl's hand and led her once more into the crowd.

CHAPTER III.

A RECOGNITION.

LAO KERISPER was delighted. He had expected to find his daughter good-looking, but he had never thought that Marie would become 'such a little beauty,' as he now mentally termed her. He tried not to show his admiration to Marie ; he told himself that no woman could bear praise without immediately presuming on it. Even Madame Kérac had been over-praised, and would be all the more difficult to bit and bridle later on ; for Lao was a true Breton—he thought that women must be kept in strict subjection, and never have an idle minute, if they were to be kept from harm.

Indeed, as he walked beside his daughter and saw the admiring glances directed towards the pretty, blushing girl, he told himself he had done well to be provided with a solid and respectable husband for Marie—a man who could give her a home full of all that was necessary, and yet not so rich as to leave his young wife time to idle in.

'Idle hands are much worse for a woman than an empty head,' he thought, as he made his way to the cattle sheds at the farther end of the fair. 'I shall make it my business to teach that to Madame Kerisper, as soon as she takes my name ; but indeed the poor woman is so fond of me that I fancy she will be all I wish. There is more danger for a young woman like Marie, married to a man older than she is.'

There was an almost clear space on the grass between the fair and the cattle-market. Lao stood still when they reached this spot—talk had been almost impossible in the noisy hurly-burly of the fair.

'My dear child,' he said, and as Marie looked up and saw his eyes beaming with affection, she longed to put her arms round his neck and kiss him, as she used to do before she went to school. Just now she had felt shy with him after the long separation—he had seemed so much grander-looking than she remembered him at Saint Bieuzy ; but as she walked beside

him, the old childish feelings had come back—she could hardly keep in her joy at being once more with her dear father.

Lao had hesitated, as if not quite sure how to proceed ; but the affection he read in his daughter's face encouraged him.

'My dear child,' he repeated, 'I want to tell you my news before you learn it from others. I am going to be married, Marie.'

A cloud spread over the sunshiny view which Marie had seen in her future life at Saint Bieuzy. As soon as she learned the news of her summons home, she had pictured to herself the delight of waiting on her father, and of making his home as pleasant as she could. She had even gone the length of copying recipes, lent her by the Sisters, of some of the tasty, simple dishes provided at the convent—dishes with which she hoped to surprise and please her father. She felt suddenly chilled, but she tried to smile as she asked—

'And who is the lady, father ?'

'Not any one you know, my dear,' he said awkwardly. He felt that Marie's age had placed him in an embarrassing position. The girl looked grown up, and quite able to manage her father's house ; he really could not find a practical reason to give for his marriage. 'It is Madame Kérac,' he went on ; 'she wishes to make me happy ; but it seems to me unfair, my little girl, to take you home to live with a stepmother.'

Marie's colour had deepened while she listened.

'I have come home to live with you, father,' she said earnestly ; 'and I should have you all the same,' she added, courageously, though tears rushed to her eyes ; 'and I am sure I should love anyone who loves you, father.'

Lao was evidently uneasy. He stooped down, and, picking up a bit of straw, he proceeded to gnaw it, while he fumbled in the outside pocket of his white flannel jacket—a pocket vandyked into seven points, each bound with black velvet. He soon produced a tobacco-pouch, from which he filled his pipe, and having lit it, he tried to smoke away his vexation.

'My dear child,' he said kindly, 'I have thought of a better way. I'—he fixed his questioning eyes on her face—'I have found you a husband, Marie.'

She clasped his arm between her small brown hands, and looked up imploringly.

'Ah, no, dear father ! Please not that ! I would much rather stay with you at Saint Bieuzy.'

He was touched, but he was very impatient to explain himself. Marie would have to learn the truth sooner or later, and he could tell it her more kindly than others might.

He drew his arm from her clasping hands, but he gave them a tender little shake.

‘Marie,’ he said sadly, ‘one cannot do just as one likes in this world. I should dearly love to keep my sweet little girl with me, and indeed I am sorely loth to part from her; but, my child, I have also to consider Madame Kérac, and’—he looked round to be sure they were safe from listeners—‘and the poor soul is so fond of me, Marie, that she would be jealous of any notice I took of you. She is good and kind, but she has told me she cannot live with a stepdaughter.’

Marie stood silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She knew that her father expected her to speak, but she dared not utter a syllable. She felt indignant, and also rebellious. She longed to free her father from the dominion of this woman, who was hard-hearted enough to part her from her home. ‘She cannot be good,’ the girl’s wounded heart whispered; ‘if she were good and kind, she would try to love me for my father’s sake.’ Then frightened at her own angry mood, so opposed to all her teaching, she tried to humble her pride while she stood listening, for her father was clearing his throat—he had evidently more to say.

‘I have found a pleasant home, and an excellent husband for you, little dove, and I know that my Marie has been taught to obey her father in all things. Yes, dear little one, the good Superior has written me an excellent account of your qualities. Come, Marie, we will see if we can find some acquaintances. Who knows?—the husband may be one of them!’

He turned towards the cattle-market, and the girl followed, trying to resign herself to her fate; she asked herself why she felt so unhappy and so rebellious? She had seen more than one of her schoolfellows leave the convent to be married in a few weeks, without having seen their intended husbands—why should she be rebellious and unlike others? Long ago her mother had taught her that a woman, unless she had a decided vocation for convent life, was born to marry, and to serve her husband, dutifully and lovingly.

‘Ah, how good my mother was!’ Marie sighed. ‘Well, if I pray, perhaps I, too, may become a good wife.’

But in spite of this, her dislike to the idea of a husband increased with every step she took.

‘Eh then!’ a voice said, ‘where are you going, Lao Kerisper? Is this your daughter?’

It was Melec Houat, so rejuvenated by a clean-shaved face, shortened hair, and a liberal allowance of white shirt-collar, that he looked hardly older than Lao did.

Marie’s father frowned. The sudden meeting upset his plans. He had meant to explain to the girl that Melec was the husband he had chosen for her, and now—girls were such ticklish creatures—Marie might take a prejudice against him on account of his age. However, Lao savagely resolved that she should not have much time to form a prejudice in.

‘You will never guess who this is!’ He smiled at Marie, and saw that she was looking in a friendly manner at Houat. ‘This is Melec Houat, and he wishes——’

But he was stopped; Marie was speaking to Houat.

‘I know you quite well,’ she said. She had turned from her father to the new comer. She was greatly cheered by the sight of the friendly face, which brought back all the happiest time of her childhood. ‘You are the father of Guerech.’ She held out her hand, as if she were sure of Melec’s goodwill.

The man looked down into her sweet dark eyes, which never faltered under his gaze. Marie was remembering how greatly her mother had prized Melec’s friendship, and how deeply grieved Madame Kerisper had been at the dispute which for a time had kept him from Saint Bieuzy.

Melec continued to hold her hand while he looked into her frank, trusting face, and as Lao, standing a little behind, could not see his daughter’s expression, it seemed to him that the courtship was going on better than he had expected.

‘You remember Guerech, then, my child?’ Melec kept his long, searching eyes fixed on Marie, and he saw the vivid flush of colour that followed his question.

‘Yes, I remember him,’ she said. But she did not again raise her eyes to Melec. A new and strange feeling of constraint had taken possession of her. She longed to get away from these two men, though one of them was her father; she wanted to be once more with Perrine Lebar.

‘Kerisper,’ Melec said, ‘I had better speak with you.’

‘Speak on, man; all you have to say can be said before my little girl, I fancy, now that you seem so friendly together.’

Something in her father’s tone made Marie glance up at him.

He was looking meaningly at Melec, and then he gave her a sort of mocking smile.

‘I will go back to Perrine,’ the girl said, ‘and then Melec Houat can talk freely, father.’

Lao put out his hand to detain her, but the girl pushed past him, and was soon out of sight in the crowd.

Kerisper shrugged his shoulders. ‘She has not far to go,’ he said. ‘Well, Melec, you are, I hope, satisfied?’

Melec had been thinking. He understood his friend’s nature far better than Lao understood him, for the simple reason that Melec considered the feelings of others, while Lao had been a spoiled child from infancy, and therefore always put his own feelings and wishes in the foreground. Melec thought he had surprised Marie’s secret, but he was not, for all that, willing to betray her to Lao. He had very little wish to marry again. His first wife’s shrewish temper had made him glad to regain his freedom, and had also given him the idea that he did not know how to manage a woman; but his old housekeeper had lately died, and he had been so troubled by the discomfort that had ensued, and by Guerech’s consequent discontent, that when Lao advised him to take a wife, it had seemed the readiest way of mending matters. He looked up at Lao’s question, and shook his head.

‘Marie looks like a good girl,’ he said gravely, ‘and she is certainly a very pretty one; but she is much too young and too pretty for me, friend. Can you suppose that such a fresh young creature, with all her life before her, will care to spend it with a man older than her father? For shame, Lao! Take your girl home, and if Madame Kérac is not willing to take her to her heart as a daughter—well, then I shall think less well of Madame Kérac.’

Lao made a grimace, as if he were swallowing something unpleasant.

‘You used to say you did not understand women, old friend, and you were right. For my part I cannot see how the girl could give you better encouragement. She was downright pleased to see you; and, besides, you are the first man she has met. Everything is in your favour, if you are not faint-hearted.’

‘I do not say Marie would refuse me, old friend; but try and put yourself in her place. We cannot alter facts. She is young, and I am nearer fifty than forty. A husband and wife should be suited as companions. No, Lao; Marie is far better suited to a young fellow of my son’s age than she is to me.’

Lao was losing his temper. He frowned as he answered :

‘Your son ! It will be time enough for Guerech to think of taking a wife when he has a home of his own to offer her. No, Melec Houat, my daughter need not go a-begging for a husband. There are plenty of well-to-do men who would jump at the offer I have made you. I did it for old friendship’s sake. I mistook you, that is all.’

He turned angrily away in the direction taken by Marie.

He soon saw her, standing beside the cap-seller, who had advanced to the fringe of the crowd, leaving her wares to take care of themselves. Madame Lebar was seemingly bidding farewell to a big man and a smartly-dressed woman, and as they passed on into the crowd, Lao saw that Marie was talking to another man—tall, and as far as he could make out, young.

A sudden wave of the crowd swept the figures out of sight, and, against his will, Lao found himself obliged to follow the movement, that turned him so as to face the church tower. His ears caught the sound of singing, and, looking leftwards, he saw a long string of choristers and acolytes winding their way among the trees that crowned the green hill ; they were followed by a company of priests. The noise of the crowd was hushed during this ceremony, but when the white robes of the choristers and their gleaming candles had passed out of sight, and the dying away of the chant told that the procession had re-entered the church, tongues were again loosened, and seemed determined to make up in volubility for the time of silence. Lao turned again in the direction in which he had seen Marie, but he was stopped by a sudden clamour, and in a moment the little gaily-dressed angel came speeding down the cord which had been fixed for it from the church tower to the faggot heap. As soon as the angel’s wand touched the faggots, a bright flame shot forth, with clouds of dense smoke and a violent explosion. Rockets and crackers, squibs and serpents, blazed upwards and from every side. Soon the women and children were flying from the scene faster than they had thronged towards it. Some of them shrieked, and pulled their shawls over their muslin caps—which, indeed, ran some risk from the blazing fragments of red paper which covered the fireworks fastened to the maypole, and which now blew about in every direction. Lao easily pushed his way to the edge of the crowd, and found Perrine and her companions standing where he had seen them. He was vexed to observe that the man whose back was towards him, was

talking exclusively to Marie and bending over her, while the cap-maker looked about her unconcernedly, as if she were quite content with the behaviour of her companion. Lao pulled his hat down over his forehead ; he was so angry that he could not keep from frowning heavily as he strode forward.

When he reached the group, the young fellow turned round and smiled at him.

Lao nodded, and seemed not to see the hand held out to him.

‘ You here, Guerech ? ’ he said, roughly. ‘ Your father does not know you are here, I think ? ’

Guerech laughed, and showed his strong white teeth. He was feeling too happy to be easily offended, and he did not see that Marie’s father was angry.

‘ I have not seen him, but he knows I meant to come, ’ he said, laughing. ‘ Marie and I have been renewing our old friendship, Lao Kerisper. You will soon see me over at Saint Bieuzy. ’

Lao gave a spiteful smile. ‘ Wait awhile, and then come and welcome ; you will find a new Madame Kerisper at the farm, Guerech. Now, if you will excuse me, I want a few words with my girl here. ’

He placed himself so completely between the young couple that Guerech could only raise his hat and nod, by way of leave-taking. He promised himself, however, to see Marie again with as little delay as possible. Lao stood silent until the young fellow had passed out of sight, then he looked angrily at Marie.

‘ I have a mind to send you back to the convent—only they must have taught you badly there, if you take up with the first young sprig of a lad who speaks to you. I will not have it, Marie. I say you shall not speak to Guerech Houat—he is only a beggar, dependent on the wages his father gives him. ’

Marie had at first looked frightened at her father’s angry voice ; but as he went on, her sweet face hardened in expression, and became deeply flushed.

‘ Father ’—she spoke so earnestly that he was compelled to listen—‘ did you not know how Guerech and I used to play together when we were young ? Mother always liked us to play together. ’ Her eyes were full of tears ; she was so disappointed to find her father unjust.

Lao sneered. ‘ You are too old to play together now, and as

I cannot be at home all day, I do not choose to trust you at the farm—you would plague my life out. I shall send you to your aunt at Morlaix till you are safely married. I wish that I knew what to do with you meanwhile.'

'If it is only for a few days that you wish to find a home for your child, Monsieur Kerisper, I will take her.' The cap-maker spoke coldly. She considered that Marie did not deserve such severe reproof, although she had been considerably surprised when the girl had suddenly claimed acquaintance with such a handsome young fellow as Guerech. 'I will take her home with me at once, and if you send me directions, I will see that she reaches her aunt in safety.'

Lao shook her hand. 'I thank you, Perrine. You are a kind woman, and you shall not be a loser. I will see you at Auray.'

He nodded, and turned away, without a look at Marie.

CHAPTER IV.

MADAME KÉRAC.

PERRINE LEBAR had said that she would leave the fair at once, but it was easier to say this than to do it. She learned with dismay that, while she had been engaged with Lao Kerisper, the farmer and his wife had left the fair, and all her inquiries for a couple of seats in a cart proved for some time fruitless.

Marie stood beside her in spiritless silence. The girl supposed she must have done wrong, for it seemed to her that the cap-maker had sided with her father; and yet she asked herself what had she done that was wrong? The farmer and his wife had come up to tell Madame Lebar she should move nearer the maypole, so that her young friend might have a better sight of the descent of the angel; and as soon as they had all taken up their new position, they had been joined by Guerech. Marie saw that, though he looked at her, he did not recognise her; and presently when the farmer's wife was deep in talk with Perrine, the girl had said, with a shy smile at her old playfellow, 'You have forgotten Saint Bieuzy, Monsieur Guerech?' And how pleased he had looked! Marie's cheeks grew hot as she called up the smile he had given her—she was quite sure she had not offended him by claiming him as an old friend. Why should her father be angry? she asked herself. He had himself presented her to Guerech's father. She could not help crying quietly to herself at the sad ending of a day which had begun so

brightly. 'It was because the parrot said "Poor Marie!" she told herself, as she choked back her tears.

Her father's news had greatly saddened her, but until now she had thought that, after the first, her stepmother would consent to have her at the farm; for Marie knew she could make herself so useful that perhaps the new Madame Kerisper might be glad of her services. She had resolutely struggled with the keen disappointment which had at the first news of the marriage brought tears to her eyes; but she now saw, as she stood thinking over her father's words, that she was not wanted at home—in fact, that she would be considered an intruder there.

'Perhaps it is better,' her thoughts went on. 'I could not have borne to see a stranger in my dear mother's place. And how she did love father! And I thought he was fond of her! Ah, dear me! I suppose this is a part of life—it is very hard to understand!'

Perrine was also troubled. When Marie had gone away with Lao, a neighbour had joined the cap-maker—one of the travelling barbers who had been officiating at the entrance to the fair; from him she quickly learned the news of Kerisper's approaching marriage, and his project of finding a husband for his daughter.

'He did not tell me who it was,' the barber said; 'but when I shaved him this morning at Saint Bieuzy, before I came here, he said the girl was to be brought to Saint Nicodème to meet her future husband, and that the day would then be fixed.'

This knowledge had made Perrine feel troubled when she heard Marie claim acquaintance with Guerech. She did not know what to think now. She supposed that there had been a hitch somewhere in the proposed marriage, and that Marie was to blame, or surely her father would not have treated her so harshly. Madame Lebar, however, had not a good opinion of the handsome widow, who had snubbed her on more than one occasion; and she thought that Marie would be much happier with her aunt at Morlaix, than she could be as Madame Kérac's stepdaughter at Saint Bieuzy.

At last she turned to Marie.

'I believe we lose time standing here, child; let us go to the gate, if you do not mind helping me with the boxes, and perhaps someone who has a spare seat will take pity on us.'

Marie was glad to leave the place—it had become full of smarting recollections; but when they drew near the entrance

gate, they found the way completely blocked by an excited crowd.

Men who had been drinking in the booths were wildly shouting, and some of them were swearing at the obstacles in their way, for no one seemed able to find his vehicle; women were crying, and some of the children were howling in a most discordant manner. An old man had just persisted in mounting his big horse, face to tail, and this absurdity moved the bystanders to laughter, which came as a relief in the universal discontent.

At this moment a loud cry of terror came from the lane, just where a bend hid it from those at the gate. The crowd swayed violently forward, and Perrine and Marie found themselves carried on to the gate.

While they stood there, bewildered, Perrine's friend the travelling barber pushed his way up to her.

'It is Lao Kerisper!' he said. 'His horse reared, and fell on him. They say down there he is perhaps killed! Where is Monsieur Descamps, the doctor? He was here just now.'

For a moment Marie stood dazed with horror—the place seemed to go round with her; then she pushed past Perrine and the rest of the staring people, and ran down the lane. When a few minutes later the doctor and Perrine joined her, they found her seated on the ground beside her unconscious father, whose head rested on her lap. The horse had been dragged away, and to all appearance it had killed its rider.

The doctor knelt down beside Lao, and put his ear to the man's heart. Presently he looked up gravely, and bade the people, who had crowded closely round, keep back.

'This is his daughter, Monsieur,' Perrine said, 'and I am a friend—we may surely stay?'

'Yes,' the doctor said, 'you may both be useful, if you know how to keep quiet. This is a case for the hospital,' he went on, 'and, with your leave, I will take this poor fellow and his daughter at once to Pontivy, where he will be well cared for. You,' he said to Perrine, 'can come along with my man Gildas, in the cart there.'

While he spoke, the doctor had taken a small phial from his pocket, and now he knelt down beside the unconscious man, and tried to revive him with its contents. Marie still sat with her father's head resting on her lap. Her eyes had not left his face. It seemed to her that there was a slight movement in the eyelids, and she looked eagerly at the doctor. He nodded

at her with an encouraging smile—her reticence had impressed him favourably.

‘Yes, I hope we will get him safely to Pontivy. Here you, Gildas, and you, Mathieu, and you too, Jean Marie, lend a hand to lift him. Stay, I will show you how to do it.’

It all seemed to Marie like a dream. She could not believe that this death-like face and the seemingly stiffened body could be her father. Some one lifted her into the leathern-hooded carriage; very soon after she was being driven slowly and carefully to the hospital at Pontivy with her unconscious father.

The fair of Saint Nicodème happened the first week in August, and it was now the middle of October. The chestnut trees made a gold and red halo over the grey houses of Saint Bieuzy, with here and there a green spray showing among the brilliant leaves; the grass below the trees, however, told that their glory would not last, for already a carpet of brown and orange, of red and gold, rustled under passing feet.

A well-dressed lady, wearing a bonnet and a cloth mantle, held up her silk skirt to avoid contact with the ground, as she passed up the village towards the farmhouse. Madame Kérac had been constant in her inquiries for her betrothed husband while he was at the hospital, but she had not as yet visited him—she said she preferred to wait for his return to Saint Bieuzy. The farmer had been now at home for some days, and he had written Madame Kérac so pressing an invitation, that she could no longer refuse to go and see him; she disliked visiting a sick person, but she was curious to learn the amount of injury that Lao Kerisper had sustained. Lao had enjoined silence on this head so strictly, both on his doctor and on the hospital nurse, as well as on Marie—who had remained at Pontivy while her father stayed in the hospital, so that she might be daily with the patient—that Lao’s secret had been well kept. Even when the kind-hearted cap-maker went over sometimes on a Sunday to see Marie, the dutiful girl kept her trouble to herself. ‘My father has been badly hurt,’ she told Perrine; ‘but the doctor says he will soon recover his usual health.’

This was all that anybody knew, except Marie and Melec Houat, for that good man had hurried to the hospital; and when he was at last permitted to see his old friend, Lao had taken much comfort from his visit, and had begged him to come whenever he was able. Melec had been a frequent visitor at the

hospital, and since Lao's return he had come twice to Saint Bieuzy ; but though he and Kerisper seemed to have gone back to their old friendly feelings, the name of Guerech had not been mentioned between them.

To-day Lao had been extremely restless. He had spoken more than once irritably to Marguerite, who had insisted on helping Marie in her devoted nursing, so that the girl was able to go out in the fresh air a little.

Marie came in with blooming cheeks. She shook up her father's pillow as he sat leaning back beside the hearth ; and then she glanced round the room to see that everything was in its place.

'You will have a visitor soon, dear father,' she smiled at him, conscious that her news would please. 'A lady is coming from the station ; she is some way off still.'

'You can go, Marguerite,' her master said. 'I want to be alone with my daughter.'

The old servant tossed her head as she went ; she detested the idea of the new mistress, and considered that Marie was ill-used in being set aside.

'Marie,' her father said, with a faint smile, 'I have turned coward, child—I shrink from telling my own troubles. Do you go out and meet Madame Kérac—it is a fitting attention for you to pay her ; and—and, Marie, you can tell her what happened to me at the hospital. It will spare her a shock at seeing me. You are sure I look all right, child ?'

Marie thought he looked handsomer than ever, though he had lost some of the manly bronze that had made him formerly so picturesque. She bent over him, and kissed his forehead with extra tenderness. He would not be so much her own as he had been of late—she felt sure of that—when he had seen Madame Kérac. Lao seemed touched. He lifted up his face, and kissed her. 'You are a good and loving child, Marie ; I am sure you can make Madame Kérac love you if you try.'

Marie nodded and left him. She felt greatly encouraged, but still she thought it a pity that Madame Kérac had been kept in ignorance of that which had happened to her father. She soon saw the visitor standing before one of the cottages, looking with interest at an old woman who sat, distaff in hand, in front of her door—on one side of her were two shining brass pans, and on the other was a broom made of green birch twigs. The old woman was staring rudely at the visitor from under her rusty velvet headgear. This had doubtless been originally black, but into it

the sunshine had burned many other tints, which now showed forth in the glow of afternoon light.

‘You ask for the house of Farmer Kerisper?’ the old woman said, with a snarl that reached Marie’s ears and surprised her, for she had a good opinion of old Barba as one of her mother’s favourites; ‘see, there is his daughter—you had maybe best ask her.’

This introduction helped Marie. She smiled as she came up to the visitor.

‘You are Madame Kérac?’ The girl held out her hand by way of welcome, and Madame Kérac shook it cordially. ‘My father will be rejoiced to see you, madame; I am his daughter Marie.’

Marie tried to speak cordially, but she knew that she was struggling with a feeling of repulsion. It was true that Madame Kérac was smiling at her, but Marie felt that the smile was artificial, and that the handsome widow would have preferred to frown. Marie’s justice whispered that she had no right to expect her future stepmother to like her any better than she liked Madame Kérac.

‘I am delighted to make your acquaintance.’ The widow looked long at Marie. ‘You are much older than I expected; your father used to call you his “little girl” when he spoke of you.’

Marie smiled, but she felt very nervous. She could not think how she should deliver her father’s message to this grand-looking lady.

‘This is a very lonely place,’ the widow said. ‘Till I was married I always lived at Bayeux. I greatly prefer a town to a village.’

‘You are Norman then, madame?’

‘Yes, and I like Normandy better than Brittany.’

The widow sighed as she looked round her. She was telling herself she was a fool to have fallen in love with Lao Kerisper. And then as she thought of him, she knew that no one among her admirers had the same attraction for her that he had.

She looked again at Marie, and she saw how much the girl was like her father. Marie had the same broad forehead and well-marked eyebrows; but her eyes, though large and dark, had a far sweeter expression, and her lip did not curl with the always ready scorn which Madame Kérac so greatly admired in her lover.

‘You are very like your father,’ she said. Then as they reached the house she stopped, and looking earnestly in the girl’s face, she said very gently, ‘Marie, shall I find your father changed?’

Marie pressed her hands tightly together. She had not realised, till she heard the widow's voice tremble, how much this woman cared for her father ; it was terrible to give such pain, and yet she must give her father's message to Madame Kérac.

'Madame, I have to tell you something very sad before you see him. It will pain you, but you love him so much that perhaps you will soon get used to it. You will not find my father's face altered ; his health too is good, but his left arm is useless, and he has lost the leg on that side also.'

Madame Kérac started back with a look of disgust.

'Do you mean to tell me, Marie Kerisper,' she cried, heedless whether her words could be heard through the open door of the farmhouse ; 'do you mean that your father is a cripple—a mere log—and that he has dared to ask me to come to see him in such a condition ? No, child ; I do not believe you—you are trying me. Ah, bad girl ! you do not wish me to marry your father, so you seek to deceive me and send me away by this pretext. If it were true, why did not your father at once tell me the truth, and give me back my freedom ?'

Marie had dreaded this question, but she did not know how to answer it ; in her heart she thought that Madame Kérac ought to have been told long ago.

'My father loves you, madame,' she said. 'Come in and talk to him ; I am sure when you see him, and learn how much he has suffered, you will not be angry that he has not told you before.'

Marie went forward, and held the door open for the visitor to pass in ; but Madame Kérac took a step backwards.

'You are impertinent,' she said. 'I am not angry ; I am sorry for your poor crippled father, and I am also sorry for his want of truth towards me. If you were not his daughter, I should use harsher terms about his treatment of me.' She walked away a few paces and beckoned Marie to follow her. She took a little bottle from her pocket, smelt at it, sighed, and then she smiled at the wondering girl.

'Marie,' she said, 'you were right. I was angry just now because I was taken by surprise ; but I have got over it. Tell your father that I rejoice to hear he is well, but that I admire him too much to be willing to destroy the remembrance I have of him. I never wish to see him again ; and when next he hears news of me, it will probably be the news of my marriage. Adieu, Marie.'

She kissed the tips of her fingers smilingly to the stupefied girl, and walked quickly back to the station.

‘Deceitful hypocrite! I hate him!’ she muttered. ‘It is true, or the girl would not have asked me to come in and see the villain! What an escape I have had! Fancy spending the rest of one’s days in such a hole as this with a cripple!’

And yet, although she had made up her mind to accept that persevering suitor of hers, the old and rich miller of Arromanches, the widow shed many bitter tears on her way home for the loss of her handsome Lao.

Marie did not go back to her father; she knew that he must have heard Madame Kérac’s words, and she felt that he must wish to be alone. Later on she sent Marguerite to see if he wanted anything. The woman came back with a look of alarm.

‘He says he wants for nothing, but you are to go to him presently—not just yet.’ Then she lowered her voice, and said in the girl’s ear, ‘If it was not too unlikely, I should say the master has been crying! But then, Lao Kerisper never cried in his life, to my knowledge!’

Marie waited, feeling greatly troubled; it seemed wrong to be glad at that which made her father unhappy; and yet, she thought, he surely would have been miserable with such a selfish woman as the widow.

She felt very shy when at last she went in to see him. He was standing propped on his crutches, which he had learned to use with surprising quickness, and as soon as he saw Marie he moved towards her.

‘Come and sit down, child,’ he said; ‘I have something to say.’

She took his crutches from him one by one, and after she had settled him comfortably in his chair, she placed the crutches in their usual corner.

‘I shall soon need only one,’ he said, in a more cheerful tone than she expected. There was a pause, and then he said, abruptly, ‘Marie, suppose some one you liked—we will say suppose Guerech Houat lost his leg—would you like him the less for it? You like Guerech—eh, little one?’

Marie had grown rosy to her eartips. ‘Yes, father.’ She did not raise her eyes as she added, ‘If anyone really likes a person, it seems to me the feeling must last always.’

‘Kiss me,’ her father said. ‘You are a good little girl, and I think as you do. Guerech wrote to me, but I have not answered his letter. See, there it is. Read it, child, and if you like it, write to him, and tell him he may come to Saint Bieuzy.’

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

THAT the Spring is the season for wandering, who that has ever understood the signs of the times will doubt? The Winter is housekeeping time—housekeeping time in town, if possible—with fires and lamps and books. The Summer is garden time, among the roses and strawberries. The Autumn is too sad to think about at all. But the Spring is the time to wander. ‘Try something new!’ says the old earth, and puts out all her new flowers and leaves to tempt us, and to fill us with strange melancholy, that is more than half longing—a kind of homesickness for distant lands. The very air tells us, in soft balmy whispers, how the myrtles and orange trees are blossoming over the sea; the swallows come again, from far, far away, ‘und ich, ich schnüre den Sack und wandere.’

‘Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new.’

The old earth has something of the tenderness and beauty of a young mother.

There are few things more delightful than travelling, to those who really enjoy it. But people are born travellers, as they are born poets, painters, and musicians. ‘Thursday’s bairn hath far to go,’ says the old rhyme, and Thursday’s bairn, and Thursday’s bairn only, enjoys it. Some men might go from the world’s beginning north (I do not know why, but I am quite sure the world began north) to the world’s end south, and never get out of England the whole time. For unless you travel in the spirit as well as in the body, you get but a little way; and there are people (*Prue and I* for example) who, scarcely stirring from their own fireside, have yet gone further than many a ‘mercian’ that knows *Bradshaw* by heart. Even an undeveloped genius for travelling will do wonders. What did not the hero and heroine of *Their Wedding Journey* accomplish, by the mere determination to treat their native land as if it were a foreign country?

What fine fellows are the great explorers, from Columbus to Greeley! With what magnificent chivalry do they go forth to fight the sun, the sea, the snow, that they may win new lands, new light for the world! My lady Science hath her martyrs among them, not saints indeed, but men as grand, as brave, and as enduring. The traveller is certainly not a martyr; yet doth he feel a little sting of the same spirit within him, and his small discoveries are to him an America. For to travel anywhere intelligently is to discover, for yourself, if not for any one else; and The Undiscovered Country lies not only in the heart of Africa, nor round about the Poles. Who, for instance, discovered Yorkshire before Charlotte Brontë?

There are people who ought to be paid to travel, they do it so well. Miss Bird* is one of these. She is such excellent company in Japan, that we could almost find it in our hearts, even at the end of her two fat volumes, to wish she had stayed there a month longer. Hers are no sentimental journeys; she does not burst into lyrics, and nobody ever tries to murder her; but she has good eyes, and she uses them. And then Miss Bird is such a charming name for a traveller! Fate clearly had something to do with it. Heresy though it be to say so, her travels are much better reading than Goethe's. The strange influence that Italy exercised over him is to be learnt from other sources; but if he fled to her like a lover, he described her like the coldest of connoisseurs. He—and George Eliot after him—seem to have been afflicted with a tendency to rival the best Guide Books in their possession, that is perfectly maddening. If it were not for *Kennst du das Land*, and for the pictures of Florence in *Romola*, they certainly might have been paid to stay at home. One sighs to think what poor Frau von Stein had to wade through, every time that she got a letter. Heine, on the other hand, was an ideal traveller. Perhaps the nightingales sing a thought too often, and the moonlight is now and then excessive, but still his is the magic music, and whither he goes we follow him, as the children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Some people, in whom one would have suspected the latent traveller, disappoint one terribly. Of this number is Hawthorne, whose note-books are redeemed from the utter flatness of Goethe's and George Eliot's

* Now, however, this lady has a more than dangerous rival in the author of *A Social Departure*. The vivid, yet reposeful effect of certain aspects of Eastern colouring,—the freshness, and the familiarity of certain aspects of Eastern life,—are described with still greater delicacy in a small unpretending volume, recently published, called *Pilgrims in Palestine*.

only by those occasional odd touches that make everything which he wrote characteristic. What does he think of in the Louvre? He does not seem to care for one of the great pictures. He passes Mona Lisa by—Mona Lisa, whom he alone of all men, since Leonardo, could have understood. Instead, he fancies grimly, what a scene there would be, if all the dead came back to claim each his or her own relic,—the dagger—the bracelet—the brooch,—from its particular glass case.

French, Germans, Americans see things with very different eyes. Kinglake is the most English of travellers. The chivalry, the detestation of humbug, the quiet, practical, foolhardy courage of a typical English gentleman, are all represented in *Eothen*. Who that has ever read that wonderful book, can forget the whirl of feeling about the Virgin Mary,—the passing of the other Englishman on camel-back, in the desert, without a word,—the wilful risk of life, merely for the excitement of staying in a plague-stricken city? These things are, in their way, national. Perhaps only the English can understand them. Laurence Oliphant, at his best, gives one the same delightful sensations.

'There is a sense, of course, in which all true books are books of travel.' So writes the traveller, whom, of all others, he that goeth forth with eyes eager to see, would choose for his companion. Modestine was a happy animal, if she had but known it. *Treasure Island* is a good book, but some people would give ten *Treasure Islands* for one *Inland Voyage*. It seems almost a pity, that any one who can describe real life thoroughly well should ever do anything else. There are so many who can fly—a little; so few who know how to walk, or how to manage a boat in print. Here is at last a writer of fiction, whose journeying is something more than an inferior episode in his novels. He is himself his own best hero; we would rather know what he thinks and feels, we would rather hear what grieved, amused, endangered him, than anything else that he can tell us. Dickens, who could make a hero, tragic or comic, out of any one, had not this faculty, or had it not in perfection. In the Italian notes, for instance, we cannot but feel that he would rather be telling, and we would much rather be hearing, a story. Either he bored himself, or else he did not pay us the compliment of being quite frank with us, and put on spectacles, when he wanted to see things for the public. So, too, Scott's diary, deeply interesting when he speaks of himself in private, becomes positively dull when he takes a voyage—I suppose, because he then wrote consciously for others.

Stevenson is very matter-of-fact about his mental experiences. Apparently—

‘He thinks it something less than vain,
What has been done, to do again.’

All roads, it is said, lead to Rome ; but Robert Louis's do not. He goes to odd little out-of-the-way places, and he goes in queer ways of his own, that are not in the least dangerous or extraordinary, but only very amusing. He takes a donkey or a canoe. The deliberate cheerfulness with which he surmounts every difficulty rises unconsciously to the level of courage, and the reader is surprised and altogether delighted to find that, while he thought he was merely laughing, he is really admiring. And then Stevenson has plucked out the heart of the matter. ‘To travel hopefully,’ says he, ‘is better than to arrive.’

LIFE IN A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE.

It is towards the drowsy close of a hot summer afternoon.

The village of Vajk, in north-western Hungary, lies basking in the slanting rays of the sun ; not a soul stirs in the broad roadway, bordered by thatched cottages, which leads from the *czarda* or inn at one end of the village to the little stone church at the other. The great chestnut and walnut trees, in which the houses are embosomed, droop their broad leaves in the stillness, and the wide strip of dusty sunlight in the middle of the road makes the shade which they cast on the groups of one-storied cottages beneath them more refreshing by contrast.

The place seems deserted by its inhabitants, but there is nothing desolate in its solitude. All speaks of comfort and plenty in the snug homesteads, under whose spreading eaves bunches of flax, hemp and maize, strings of onions and hams are hanging, and against whose walls well-scoured milk-pails and other domestic utensils lean. The little houses are built of sun-dried brick, the neutral tint of which is diversified by bands of red and blue paint round their windows and doors ; they are built in blocks of four, turning their sides to the road ; neat strips of garden divide each block from the next, and in the background haystacks and well kept out-houses attest the prosperity of their inhabitants. These good people are at this hour still at their work out of doors, hence the stillness which pervades the village.

Beyond the church there is some stir of life ; a little river is there spanned by a bridge of the approved Hungarian pattern, viz., trunks of trees laid side by side and covered with earth, an unsafe but easy and inexpensive way of bridge-building. On one side of this primitive construction stands an old water-mill, with a deep stone porch and massive arches supporting its upper story, on the other a large pool has been formed by widening the bed of the river. In this pool stand a number of women washing

clothes, and the monotonous slap-slap of the wooden bats with which they beat the dirt out of the linen, mingles with the regular throb of the mill and the cries of the small children playing on the bank.

One house is situated just outside the village, the only gentleman's residence within a circuit of many miles. It belongs to an old but impoverished Magyar family, and I, an English lady, spent a quiet summer there, in the heart of rural Hungary. The manners and customs of the little Slavonic community in which I found myself interested me powerfully, for Vajk is one of the Slav villages, planted on Hungarian soil, and according to generous Hungarian custom, enjoying its own customs and managing its own affairs according to its own simple traditions.

I stood, on this particular summer afternoon, on the terrace before the house, leaning my elbows on the wall and dreamily contemplating the landscape before me. On every side spread the Puszta or great plain of Hungary, the granary of Europe. The harvest was yet in progress, and miles and miles of waving, yellow corn was standing, changing and rippling with every passing breeze, the lights and shadows playing over its surface as it stretched away towards the vast horizon. There is something majestic in the sweeping expanse of the Puszta, something of the same charm there is in the boundless, ever-varying yet changeless ocean, which makes the exiled Magyar hunger for the sight of his great, free plain, as the Swiss does for his mountain home. Like woody islets, the villages dot the surface of the plain, nestling in their groves of chestnut, walnut and pine trees, the church spire just piercing the foliage and marking each little centre of life and industry.

The villagers were all out working either for themselves on the land reserved for their own support, or on the more distant fields where they hire themselves to the great proprietors and work for wages. Near at hand, such of the women as were not washing at the pool, laboured on the plots of flax, potatoes, turnips, &c., while the elder children tended the flocks and herds which were feeding together on the common pasture land. The style of living in Vajk is eminently patriarchal; everyone labours with his or her hands to raise and utilise the produce of the land in the simplest and most direct fashion, even their clothes being made of home-grown flax and wool spun and woven by the women in the long winter evenings.

Suddenly the gentle 'Sabbath calm' was broken ; through the balmy air came a confused sound, resembling at first the distant roaring of the sea, but resolving itself into a clamour of shrieking human voices, all blended in one swelling outcry, and above it and mingling with it the church bells clanged out and told that some great disaster menaced the peaceful village. I turned and looked towards the pool, which a minute earlier had been crowded by women ; it was deserted, the clothes lay scattered as if flung aside by their owners and left to their fate ; it was the cries of these women that I had heard. I left the terrace and ran towards the village ; as I did so I met groups of men and women whom the clanging of the church bells had called in from the nearer fields, running in barefoot and bare-headed just as they had left their work. I stopped and looked back across the river ; a strange sight met my eyes ; the men who had been harvesting had leapt into their narrow carts on the alarm reaching their ears, and were now driving across country in a style in which only a Hungarian can or dare drive. Each man stood up, keeping his balance by a miracle as it appeared, leaning forward and flogging his half-broken horses into a mad gallop ; on they came, regardless of furrow or mound, with necks out-stretched and manes and tails flying.

I reached the entrance to the street and looked up it ; the women were crowding round the well in the middle of the road, and the long beam by which it worked swung up and down with wondrous velocity, while buckets were already being passed from hand to hand. And now I saw what was the matter ; from a clump of trees near the Czarda rose a thick pillar of smoke. It was fire, the most dreaded enemy of the Hungarian peasant. Vajk was on fire.

A moment more, and the carts were thundering by me up the street, and pulling up, to my surprise, short of the fire ; the men sprang out, ran to their houses, and reappeared with great empty barrels which they threw into the carts, and then started off again, this time towards the river. I then saw that their object was to fill the barrels from the pool. A primitive mode of getting water to extinguish a fire, truly ! I ran on. By the time I reached the spot where the fire had broken out, the flames were already shooting upwards with fearful rapidity. It was a terrible sight ! A block of four cottages, which an hour previously had been one of the prettiest and neatest in the village, was now a mass of roaring angry flame ; the leaves of the tall trees around were

shrivelling and turning black in the scorching heat ; sparks were whirling round, and alighting on the thatch of the next block had already set it alight. At this rate in a few minutes the whole village would be in a blaze. In the foreground a crowd of women rushed to and fro, their picturesque costume lit up by the lurid flame, for dense masses of smoke were obscuring the dying light of day ; they wasted no time in useless lament, and after that first cry of terror which had called me to the spot, worked away in grim determined silence. Some passed buckets from hand to hand ; some took sods and stuffed them in the windows or spread wet blankets on the roofs of the houses which, yet unignited, were near enough to be in danger. The miller's son, a tall, handsome young fellow, had planted a ladder against the first house, and receiving the buckets passed up by the women, emptied their contents on the flames. A rattle was heard, and a little hand-engine drawn by boys arrived, followed by the old parish priest who, tucking up his cassock as he came, took the hose and directed it upon the thatch of the newly-ignited house to try to check the further spread of the flames. Thud ! thud ! The galloping horses bring back the first cart from the river, and the contents of the barrels, or what remained, for much was spilt on the way, poured into the engine. And from that time the crash and thunder of the carts going and coming from the river, the hissing of the water as it fell, the roaring of the flames and the voices of those nearest the fire as they shouted directions to the rest, blended in a deafening uproar impossible to describe. The sight was splendid, and wildly exciting, knowing, as one did, that night might find the whole village homeless ; for in the hot, dry, summer weather the thatches become like tinder, and blaze up at the first spark. A slight wind helping, many a village has been destroyed in an hour or two in this part of Hungary.

Soon it was seen to be hopeless to think of saving the first two blocks, and they were left to their fate, and all energies directed to tearing off the thatch of those to windward and flinging the fragments to the ground. I saw many acts of bravery, for every instant fresh sparks settled and a blaze sprang up, and a man quickly scrambled to the spot, and tearing and fighting with the piece of thatch would drag it off and fling it burning down below, where the women extinguished it with the contents of their buckets. First in all these hazardous attempts was the miller's son, and at last he nearly fell a victim

to his courage by remaining too long on a roof which had caught notwithstanding every effort ; a loud shout from the bystanders warned him just in time to spring to the ground before it fell in, a mass of smoking destruction.

The fire was out, the charred beams of the roofs stood up bleak and dismal against the red sunset sky, and, resting from their exertions, the villagers began to collect in groups and discuss the causes of the fire. As they talked their voices became louder, their gestures seemed to express anger, and their looks grew dark and sinister. The old priest cast anxious glances towards them, then called a boy who stood by, and, after speaking to him earnestly, sent him running towards a neat, tiled house, the only one so roofed between the Czarda and the scene of the fire.

Just then a tall peasant forced himself to the front of one of the groups and spoke in harsh, excited tones. An uncouth figure he looked as he stood backed by the ruined cottages, his coarse linen shirt torn and scorched, leaving his brawny chest uncovered, his fair hair all in disorder, his ruddy, high cheek-boned face so blackened with smoke as to be almost unrecognisable. He swung his long muscular arms as he spoke, and his small blue eyes glittered with excitement.

‘It was the Jew who tried to burn our village while we were out! Who can doubt it? He wants to ruin us all. Who but he would play us such a trick?’

The cry was taken up.

‘The Jew! The Jew!’ in varying tones of rage and menace, mingled with such cries as ‘Burn him too! Throw him on the fire! Let us be rid of him!’

‘Come on then!’ cried the first speaker. ‘Let us catch him before he has time to escape! Let him who dares follow me!’

And he rushed off, followed by at least half the young men. I turned a terrified glance on the priest who stood beside me.

‘Can they not be stopped? Can nothing be done?’ I began.

But he was looking intently towards the house I have before mentioned. As I finished speaking he heaved a sigh of relief.

‘It is well. Miklos has done my bidding,’ he murmured.

I followed his gaze, and saw that just as the crowd of peasants reached the front gate of the house a cart dashed out by the back way ; a man standing in it lashed the plunging, rearing horses furiously, and off they started at break-neck speed in the opposite direction from us. A howl of disappointed rage went up from the peasants.

‘Gone! escaped!’

They stopped short and came disconsolately back to the scene of the expiring fire. I had had enough of the excitement, and turning, walked beside the old priest towards the church. I inquired the meaning of the extraordinary scene I had just witnessed. I knew the villagers only in their everyday tranquillity, and had no notion that such savage passions lay hid under the mild exterior of the Hungarian Slav.

‘Indeed,’ said the priest, ‘our people are quiet enough generally, but I would not have given much for the Jew’s life if he had fallen into their hands just now. They fancy he has set fire to their village. Perhaps unjustly, for Jews are in such bad repute in our villages that any crime is readily imputed to them.’

‘Is this on account of their religion?’ I asked.

‘I think the Jews might hold what religious views they pleased, so long as they did not lend money at usury to peasants,’ said the priest, with a smile; ‘our people are too easy-going to be zealous theologians. But here is Istvan. He is the head of the village council,’ he continued, turning to the miller who was following us: ‘Tell this lady why it is that the Jews are so hated in our villages; she is astonished and shocked at the scene she has just beheld.’

The worthy old miller doffed his felt hat and stooped to kiss my hand, the common greeting to a lady in Hungary, and to which I was growing quite accustomed. He then spoke in the following terms:

‘You must understand, madam, that the land round our villages is common land; each man gives so much of his time to cultivating it, and the produce is divided amongst us. A council of elders allots to each his share, and thus while, as you must have observed, no one becomes rich, neither are there any paupers in our little communities. Those who wish to gain more can always employ their spare time in working for wages, but each is sure, by the very moderate amount of work needed to cultivate collectively the communal lands, to gain enough to keep himself and his family.’

‘Do not the idle shirk their fair share of work sometimes?’ I asked.

‘We do not find they do; they merely abstain from doing more than the share necessary to obtain an allotment of the produce, the really industrious labour for themselves besides. There is no temptation to do otherwise until—and this is the

burning question—until the Jew arrives with that little stock of ready money which every Jew seems able to command, and tempts the idlest and weakest peasants to borrow from him. From that moment confusion and ill-will are sown in the community. The peasant who has once got into the hands of the Jews never escapes ; his share in the produce of the common land goes to pay the interest on his debt, and he is ever obliged to borrow afresh until he is involved in utter ruin. The source whence he should have supported his family is thus drained, his children become paupers, and the steady industrious members of the community are rendered furious at the introduction, through the Jews' instrumentality, of an element hitherto unknown among them. As the village grows poorer and its affairs more involved, the Jew is seen to fatten and add field to field, take up outlying farms, and become more and more prosperous. This is the real reason of outbursts of fury such as you have seen to-day. The Slav is slow to rouse, and soon sinks back into a dogged lethargic calm, but in moments of excitement he becomes dangerous.'

'One thing I ought to explain,' said the priest. 'The mode in which they were about to wreak their vengeance on the Jew must seem particularly barbarous to a stranger, but this is an old prejudice deeply rooted in their minds. They believe that some old law gives them the right to cast anyone who commits arson on the fire he has kindled. The fire once out, the right ceases ; the Jew will return to-morrow, when the last embers are cold, and no one will venture to molest him.' I found on further inquiry that my informants were right. There is a curious inertness in the Slavonic nature, which, except when excited by some violent transient emotion, makes them accept anything imposed by custom, until the moment arrives when, stung to madness, their pent-up fury breaks forth and their native savageness bursts out.

It struck me that the love of gain must indeed be strong in the Israelite's breast when it can lead him to dwell thus, alone and detested, among a population whose life-blood he is sucking, and who are subject to these fits of unreasoning fury. I seemed to have been reading a page of the history of the Middle Ages, so clearly in primitive states of society do the motives of human beings and the causes of their actions appear on the surface of events. It is for this reason that I have thought that these, my experiences, are worth setting down for the perusal of those who take an interest in social systems far removed from our own elaborate state of civilisation.

M. L. CAMERON.

LIMP LADIES.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

DURING several months spent at a watering-place last summer, I used almost daily to pass a fancy-shop, one window of which was devoted to the display of work done by 'poor ladies.'

I very often looked in at that window, in the hope of finding something that I *really* wanted, either for myself or for giving away. On the whole, however, I came to the conclusion that I could cheerfully dispense with every article there, and that there were but very few I should have welcomed even as a gift. There was a sort of feeble well-meaningness about them that was quite dreadful.

Some of them were clothes for the poor, but not of a strong or serviceable kind, nor even attractive through brightness or prettiness. They were chiefly aprons and pinafores of a flimsy description, trimmed with rubbishy lace, and of a pale pink or lilac hue ; a little faded, possibly by long sojourn in that window. The fancy articles were of art colours, terra-cotta and dingy green ; but they, too, looked pale and shapeless, and to picture one's sitting-room adorned with them was to call up a nightmare. There were a few tolerably-dressed dolls, but scarce anything else that deserved admiration.

Of course one longed sometimes for a well-filled purse that one might buy up all these useless things, and so gladden the hearts of the poor ladies ; but, after all, would it have been a good thing to do ? Might it not have led to the creation of a fresh supply of these inferior tasteless things, under the impression that there was a large demand for them ?

Somehow the contemplation of that window disappointed me very much. Spite of having seen a good many ugly and useless things at bazaars, I had had an idea that ladies' work was generally characterised by definite purpose and good taste. And one often sees in one's friends' handiwork a dainty freshness and

grace which one is apt to suppose belongs naturally to a gentlewoman's productions.

How was it that these poor gentlewomen who did their work for sale had succeeded so badly?

Of course one allowed a good deal for the difficulty of purchasing nice materials with straitened means, and for the possibility that some of the things had been so long in stock as to lose their first freshness; but still, as they were by no means always the same, one could not but suppose that some had come straight from the hands of the workers, nor could one fail to remember what pretty things one had seen produced from very inexpensive materials.

One could scarcely help coming to the conclusion that ladies who work for money do not always put their best energies into their task.

This conclusion has been strengthened in my own mind by having just read a complaint from some Sisters who employ poor ladies to work for them at a small remuneration, that 'several dozen garments have been returned so badly made as to be reduced to less than half their proper value;' though it is but fair to add that the Sisters go on to say, 'a large proportion of the work sent in has been exquisitely done.'

All honour to those exquisite workers! and honour, too, to every one who really does her best, even though in her first attempts there may not be much to praise!

My object in this little paper is not to depreciate the performances of lady-workers as a class, whether their work be done with the needle or the pen, but chiefly to rouse up certain limp and superficial individuals who are too easily satisfied with their own performances, and too apt to think that the public alone is to blame if their cushions and penwipers do not sell, or their literary ventures do not bring in any money; and moreover to suggest to young girls who are learning the art of composition, or the homelier but more helpful art of needlework, that they should so thoroughly master it as to have the power of earning by it, should the need for bread-winning arise. Do not let us be content to do things tolerably, especially if we are young and strong and have good abilities, but let us strive to do them really well.

It happens to most of us, who have some little experience, to be consulted frequently by beginners as to 'how to get into print,' and very delightful and fresh and bright are some of the

manuscripts entrusted to one for perusal. But others are like the aprons and mats in the fancy shop window, they are as feeble as they are well-meaning. That little tale about a consumptive violet seller, or a street-Arab of marvellous refinement and piety ; and that fancy sketch of a pert and naughty child, who is rather amusing while her pertness continues, but is hopelessly dull when she reforms ; how well one gets to know them, and how utterly at a loss one is to suggest a market for them ! If one did as one would be done by, one would advise that they should be consigned to the fire, like many of one's own early efforts, and that the writers should try again ; but the result of such advice as this is not often very encouraging.

Somehow, easy and quick success seems to be more confidently looked for now-a-days, than in 'the happy days when we were young,' and the necessity for taking pains, and not being too readily satisfied with one's productions, does not seem to come home to people quite as much as it did.

It is true that less sentimental verse is written than formerly, and less time wasted in bead-work and utter inanities, but *how* carefully some of those verses were polished, and to what perfection some of those absurd pieces of work were brought !

Do not let us be satisfied with less effort now ; only let us turn it to better account. There is no real satisfaction in being a limp governess, or a limp needlewoman, or a limp writer for magazines, even if one's slight and careless work do not prove altogether unremunerative. Let us have a really noble ambition while we are young, and acquire a thorough mastery of our studies and pursuits ; and then, if this changeful life should bring us down to the position of 'people who have seen better days,' we shall be able to turn our talents to good account, and do things with pen or brush or needle that will be really worth the money asked for them.

Or, if we never need to exercise our gifts for gain, we shall find openings for helping others with them, and bringing in some way glory to our Creator, Who would have no talent left unimproved, nor any work scamped, be it humble or great.

THE CHURCH HOUSE.

ON Wednesday the 24th of June, 1891, an event of a singularly interesting character took place in Westminster. It was absolutely unique, inasmuch as the like had never occurred before, nor in the same form could ever occur again. This was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the CHURCH HOUSE, by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. The Church House is intended to be the special Memorial of Churchmen to commemorate the Jubilee of Our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria.

It is no longer a vision of the future, but in part has become a reality. Ground has been purchased, old houses pulled down, others adapted, at a cost of about £60,000, and the stone laid on the 24th of June is for the Great Hall block of the permanent building. This portion of the work will cost, it is estimated, £35,000, towards which the Treasurers have in hand about £24,000. The Duke of Connaught was accompanied by the Duchess, on whom devolved the duty of receiving 'purses' in aid of the Building Fund.

The morning had been cloudy and somewhat threatening, but a brief thunderstorm cleared, though it failed to cool, the air, and in veritable Queen's weather the ceremony took place. A short service had been previously held in Westminster Abbey at three o'clock. Then the Archbishop and Bishops in their robes, between twenty and thirty in number, and attended by their Chaplains, left the Abbey by the western door, and proceeded through Dean's Yard to the ground.

The sound of a bugle announced the approach of the Royal carriage, and a hearty round of cheering outside welcomed the Queen's soldier-son. In a moment the whole brilliant assembly of spectators rose to their feet, hats were raised, and the National Anthem, in which the company joined, was led by the Choir, accompanied on the harmonium by Dr. Bridge, Organist of Westminster Abbey.

The silence which followed was broken by the voice of the Archbishop of Canterbury: 'Our help is in the Name of the

Lord.' As all present were requested, in the 'Form and Order of laying the Foundation Stone of the Church House,' which was placed on every chair, to join in the Responses, the Lord's Prayer, and the hymns, this part of the service was taken up with some heartiness. The Archbishop added the following Prayer: 'Let Thy Holy Spirit, we beseech Thee, O Lord our God, descend upon the House that we shall build for the service and necessary uses of Thy Church, to hallow our gifts and the gifts of Thy people, and to cleanse our hearts by His grace, through Christ our Lord. Amen.' There was a pause, during which the sound of trowels and the spreading of lime was distinctly heard. Then the gradual lowering of the huge stone into its appointed place could be seen by those at a distance, even if they could see little else. When His Royal Highness had completed his official acts, and declared the stone well and truly laid, he said, in a clear and audible voice—

'In the Faith of Jesus Christ we place this Foundation Stone (putting his hand upon it), In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Here let the true faith and fear of God with brotherly love ever abide unto the praise of the most Holy Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth one God, world without end. Amen.'

This was followed by the old well-known hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past.' Most heartily were the familiar words taken up by all present, and surely it has seldom been sung on a more appropriate occasion. We were commemorating the fifty years' occupation of the Throne of England, which has brought such peace and blessing to our country, and well it was to have our hearts raised to that higher Throne which endureth for ever—

'Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure.'

Two short prayers were offered up by the Bishop of London, the first for a blessing on the work, the second for a blessing on the workmen; and then the Archbishop Designate of York followed with the Collect, 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings.'

An address to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was read by the Duke of Westminster, to which His Royal Highness replied in a speech which proved that he thoroughly grasped the object and aims of the Church House, and which recounted in a few well-chosen words some of the chief points of progress made by the Church of England during the fifty years

of the Queen's reign. The Duke hoped that the Church House would serve for ever to knit together all the elements which make up the Church of England in one indissoluble bond. He spoke of churches built and churches restored, of the increase in the number of Curates employed, and the increase in that most excellent of all works, Missions. He alluded to the extension of the Episcopate, the Colonial Bishops now numbering eighty-two where fifty years ago there were but eight. As a soldier, he felt very grateful to the Church of England for its Temperance work in the Army ; and he concluded by hoping that the bright sunshine streaming down upon that assembly might be an augury for good in the progress of the work.

The Archbishop of Canterbury dwelt upon the appropriateness of this memorial in commemoration of the Jubilee of our gracious Sovereign, whose beneficent reign had cast a lustre upon domestic life. It was an institution which would be of great service not only to the Church of England in England, but to the Anglican Church throughout the world.

The Bishop of London dwelt upon the happy bringing together of country and town life which the Church House would promote, and the intercourse between all Church people, clergy and laity alike, who would turn to the Church House as a centre of union.

The Bishop of Carlisle spoke of the drawing together of the northern and southern provinces. More than anything else, the Church House would bring together all sections of the Church, and all English-speaking clergy and laity throughout the world, and whatever tended to the unification of the Church tended also to its progress and the progress of God's work. There had been doubts expressed at first as to the necessity and utility of this work, but he hoped now that the clouds had been dispelled, and that all would recognise its importance.

The Duchess of Connaught received the purses from the hands of the contributors, and when this part of the afternoon's ceremony was over, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the blessing, the last chanted Amen died away, and the whole ceremonial was over.

Perhaps amongst the many works which have been intended to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the Church House, with its library, its books of reference, its offices for various great Church societies, its large rooms, and ample accommodation for public meetings, will, in the far distant future, prove to have been one of the most useful and important.

IVANOVNA.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.**CAMEO CCLXXXVIII.;****1716-1724.****THE FRENCH CHURCH UNDER FLEURY.**

THE good-natured Duke of Orleans wished for toleration. He greatly disliked the Jesuits, more, it is to be feared, for their virtues than their faults. He brought forward the Cardinal de Noailles and gave him the *feuille de bénéfices*, i.e. the power of Church patronage in all cases which were not of favour or political interest; released the Jansenist prisoners in the Bastille; and recalled four doctors of the Sorbonne who had been exiled for refusing to register the Bull *Unigenitus*, which it may be remembered had been forced unwillingly from the Pope by Louis XIV. to be employed against the Jansenists.

The Jesuits, who did not tolerate the Jansenists the more for their being supported by the vicious, free-thinking Regent, began to intrigue, and, in consequence, Tellier was banished from Court, though Louis XIV. had nominated him, by will, to be Confessor to the young king.

Children began to make regular confessions at seven years old, and the Regent gave the little Louis a man of great excellence, Claude Fleury, who had written what is perhaps the most complete Church history in existence, only rivalled by that of Dean Milman.

‘I give you this appointment,’ said the Regent, ‘because you are neither a Jansenist, nor a Molinist, nor an Ultramontane.’

He had been under-preceptor with Fénélon in the happy days of the education of the Duke of Burgundy, but he must not be confused with André Hercule de Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus and afterwards Cardinal, who was in the higher position of preceptor to the king, and was one of the few who could coax the shy, dull young king into performing the duties of representation incumbent on him.

Rome, having pronounced, would not, on any persuasion,

retract what had been once put forth, and the Pope sent repeated orders to accept the condemnation of Quesnel's book ; but the Cardinal de Noailles, a good many Bishops, and the Parliament, kept up a steady resistance, and an appeal was even made to a General Council by four Bishops and the Theological College of the Sorbonne. Unfortunately Noailles hesitated to take so decisive a step, and Philippe of Orleans, only wishing to hold the balance and prevent a disturbance, silenced the appeal, and disgraced those who made it, and soon after a decree of the Inquisition condemned it.

The dispute went on hotly, till Dubois suggested a declaration which virtually accepted the bull, but appended to it an explanation which made it more tolerable to the Jansenists. Both the Parliament and Archbishop struggled against it, but finally accepted it in 1720, so that there was a sort of truce. It lasted, however, only a few years, till Dubois, the Regent Orleans, and Pope Clement XI. were all dead. Benedict XIII. was Pope, and Bishop Fleury at the head of French affairs.

Cardinal de Noailles had great hopes of the new Pope, and drew up twelve articles of faith, chiefly respecting the action of grace, which were shown to Benedict, and of which he entirely approved ; but the clergy of the other faction were by this time fighting for victory rather than for truth, and they threatened the Pope with a schism until he gave way, and notified to de Noailles that he insisted on the unqualified acceptance of the Bull *Unigenitus*.

Bishop Fleury had hitherto been a moderate man, but he wanted to be a Cardinal like Richelieu, Mazarin, and Dubois. The rank it gave him was useful politically, and he was, unless general belief does him injustice, content to purchase it by undertaking to enforce submission to the Bull *Unigenitus*.

Bishop Soazen was an old man who had been a pupil of Quesnel, and was a noted preacher. He had ruled for many years over the diocese of Senez, a thinly-peopled part of Provence, and was much revered. He had never accepted the Bull *Unigenitus*, and had been one of the four prelates who had signed the appeal to a General Council. He was past eighty when, in 1726, he published a Pastoral Instruction to his clergy, in which he reviewed all the controversy, expressed his strong adhesion to the twelve articles of Cardinal de Noailles, and exhorted his brethren to be faithful at all costs to the truth.

The Archbishop of Embrun, the provincial, was a disgraceful

character named Pierre de Tencin, a comrade of Dubois, whose transactions in the Rue Quincampoix had been fraudulent, and who was accused of simony and perjury, yet Fleury did not scruple to make him an instrument for crushing the venerable Soazen, and winning favour at Rome, while Tencin himself hoped to obtain the Cardinal's hat by this persecution. So a provincial council was called, at which among others Belzunce of Marseilles was unfortunately present, and they suspended the good old man from all episcopal and ecclesiastical functions till he should revoke his Pastoral Instruction. Moreover, a *lettre de cachet* banished him to the Abbey of Chaise Dieu, in the bleak Auvergnat mountains, where in constancy and patience he lived to his ninety-sixth year.

The lawyers of Paris, fifty in number, declared the sentence of the Council illegal, and Cardinal de Noailles protested; but of course the Pope confirmed the sentence, with high commendation of the prudence and zeal of its framers. The Parliament of Paris and de Noailles refused to register this brief from Rome, but this was the last effort of the Archbishop of Paris. He was an old man, and his mind was weakened, his spirits gave way, and in a state of morbid depression he allowed his nephew and niece to induce him to retract his protest and all his acts against the Bull.

Poor old man! he had had some presentiment that advantage would be taken of his failing powers, and had given two priests among his friends a paper declaring that whatever might be gained from him contrary to the sentiments of his life was not to be accepted.

Disputes went on round him even till his death, at seventy-eight, on the 4th of May, 1729. A little more resolution would have made him a brave champion of the National Church, but he never recovered his remorse for the overthrow of Port Royal.

Government made use of the submission thus obtained to gain an entire victory over the party. By *lettre de cachet* they turned out all the forty-eight doctors of the Sorbonne who had signed the appeal; and the remainder of course reversed it, and agreed to admit no one into their body who did not accept the Bull *Unigenitus* in an unqualified manner.

The new Archbishop of Paris, Gaspard de Vintimille, was a thorough-going Ultramontane; and under the boy king and the mild old Cardinal, the most outrageous acts of arbitrary power were perpetrated upon the Church. All ecclesiastics were

ordered to sign their adhesion to the Bull on pain of losing their benefices, and when the Parliament of Paris refused to register the Edict, its consent was assumed and proclaimed. On this it put forth a protest, which greatly encouraged the clergy who resisted, though the Council of State cancelled it.

Three parish priests in the diocese of Orleans refused to sign, and were deprived by their Bishop. They appealed to Parliament, which declared their sentence illegal. The Bishop appealed to the Crown, the lawyers of Paris took up the cause of the *cures*; Fleury came down upon them, suspended the priests, and informed the advocates that unless they withdrew their defence of the clergy they would never be allowed to practice again in their profession, whereupon they apologised.

The national Church spirit, however, died hard—the like commands from other Bishops and their sentences were again declared illegal by the Parliament, and the parliamentary resistance quashed by the Crown with sharp censure. On this, three hundred advocates retired to their chambers, and all the courts of law stood still; and this time they were victorious—Fleury had to retract his censure and apologise.

And there was another struggle over the canonisation of St. Hildebrand, i.e. Gregory VII., to whose holiday and services the staunch Gallicans objected as an innovation, but really because he might be viewed as the author of Papal aggressions. Fleury found that he must not go too far, and did not again interfere with the national spirit. Jansenism might have at its root the germ of a dangerous doctrine respecting Predestination; but the struggle had long been not whether the doctrine itself were right or wrong, but whether it existed in the writings of Jansen himself, and in those of Quesnel, and this was affirmed on the sole authority of the Papal See by those who had never read the books themselves; while in point of fact this same condemnation had been extracted with the utmost difficulty from an unwilling Pope by the threats of Louis XIV. Jansenism had brought in a higher and purer standard, and controverted and exposed the means by which the Jesuits procured outward unity and communion by toleration of moral evil. This brought upon them the enmity, not only of those who were theologians enough to understand the error, but of those who held blind submission to Rome an absolute duty, and of all such as hated strictness.

The men of saintly life who were untainted with either Jansenism or Ultramontanism were dying out. Gallicanism and

Jansenism were getting identified, and indeed so were Jansenism and strict purity of life, at least in the popular mind. There can be no doubt that the absolute arbitrary and unjust crushing of all freedom of religious thought, even when it did not lead to schism, crippled resistance to the perilous atheistical philosophy, and rendered the political revolution that was preparing infinitely more universal and perilous. Some of the Jansenists in this depressed state fell into a state of enthusiasm, which produced so-called miracles. A devout man in deacon's orders, François de Paris, died in 1731, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Medard. A young girl in a consumption was believed to have recovered at his tomb, and many more followed, generally nervous hysterical cases, whom excitement threw into convulsions, ending in recovery. Even an Abbé, lame from his birth, reciting a *neuvaine* at the grave, fell into these convulsions, and was declared to be less lame, and his example had such an effect that he was called the Master of the Convulsionnaires. The Jansenist Bishops at first hoped that this was an interposition in their favour, and the Government did not at first interfere, but the conduct of the pilgrims and convulsionnaires became so wild and scandalous that their own friends gave them up, and the cemetery of St. Medard was closed by the police ; though these strange aberrations lasted some time longer, and a priest named Vaillant believed himself Elijah, and had a following, until he was thrown into the Bastille, where he spent twenty-two years. Not a century before, he would have been burnt.

Like the Jansenists, the Huguenots enjoyed an interval of rest during the Regency, and were recovering their discipline under Antoine Court, a pastor born in 1696, of a peasant family, whose vision from his infancy had been to build up again what was termed 'the Church under the Cross.' In 1715, a Synod was held in the deserts of the Cevennes, there was a sending of ministers to Switzerland for Presbyterian ordination, and a revival of devotion and spirit of organisation began to renew the strength of the Reformed.

Their renewal of observances could not but become known, and there were a few local prosecutions, but nothing serious as long as the Regent lived. Both he and Dubois refused to authorise the edict for a fresh persecution, which the Duke's almoner, Lavergne de Tressan, Bishop of Nantes, demanded, in the hope that his zeal against Protestantism might win him the Cardinalate. But as soon as the Duke of Bourbon and Fleury

were in power Tressan obtained his edict, and immediately hastened to take council with the terrible old foe of the Huguenots, De Baille, who was very aged, but who exerted himself to draw up an instruction for dealing with the Huguenots, and is said to have died with the pen in his hand to sign it.

The edict renewed those of Louis XIV. Preachers were condemned to death, their accomplices to the galleys ; if women, to have their hair shaven off, and to be for ever imprisoned. Parents who did not bring their children to the priests within twenty-four hours for baptism were heavily fined, likewise for not sending them for instruction. Exhorting the sick was liable to the penalty of the galleys, and the sick who refused the Sacraments were banished if they recovered, if they died were to be dragged on a hurdle to an unhonoured grave. Marriages by a pastor were no marriages by the law, and the children could not inherit !

The clergy were for the most part unwilling to act on these cruel commands, and they were not always carried out. Some of the Huguenots fled, especially to Sweden, and in the Cevennes there was again a resort to the caverns and rocks of the wilderness. A college for the ministers had been established at Lausanne, and thence came a supply of pastors, ready to be martyred. Paul Rabaut was the most noted of these, and for full forty years dared constant danger, sleeping in dens and forests, hunted everywhere, and knowing of the death of many and many a comrade, yet undaunted in faith and noted for devotion and eloquence.

The men when captured worked in the docks, chained together ; the women were sent off to the tower of Constance, near Aigues-Mortes, for life-long imprisonment, utterly ignorant of the lot of their husbands and children. Such was the condition of the Huguenots through this entire reign, though the persecution chiefly depended on the will of individual Bishops and Governors, and was not always actively enforced.

TWILIGHT.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

CHAPTER II.

IN ALMA PLACE.

'She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn,
And water-springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.'—CH. ROSSETTI.

IF a man once gets the name of being interested in philanthropic work, he may soon find plenty of it ready-made to his hand. That branch in which Alick Rutherford was specially interested aimed at something much more radical than merely brightening a little the lives of the hopelessly poor. But none the less did he know a good deal of what was being done in that direction, and indeed had come back to town, while 'every one' else was still away from it, to help in arranging brief country holidays for a good many people who did not count among 'every one,' and who without such help were likely to see little enough of the country.

There were many personal inquiries to be made, which entailed a good deal of visiting from house to house in unsavoury courts and alleys; people to be hunted up who were so hard to find that one might have fancied that the undeserved shame and degradation of their lives had developed in them a burrowing instinct. It would have been only a fancy, for the 'lady' of the first floor back, or she of the third floor front, were well aware that there were others far worse off than they, and considered themselves among the *élite* of the neighbourhood, in that they had a settled habitation and a permanent address.

Nevertheless, when one afternoon Alick's instructions led him

into a street that had some faint appearance of a claim to respectability, he began to suspect that he had somehow gone wrong.

Had he? Or was it by 'appointment of Providence' that his unconscious feet had turned down Alma Place instead of Alma Road? He had not time to ask himself the question, or to wonder, as out of a side-alley close before him came a figure and face he knew.

The figure was that which had leaned on the little gate. The dress was the same in every particular, save perhaps for an extra shade of shabbiness. Only the face wore a different expression—alert, anxious and worried, instead of dreamily sad.

Some men might have doubted their own recollection of a face only once seen; but Alick Rutherford had no reason to doubt the faculty which he possessed, and which would have made him an excellent detective had he chosen that profession. This man, here in Alma Place East, was certainly the same who had listened and started when across the green shadows of the Manor garden a voice called 'Katrine.' Here, among the very hard realities of life, it was certainly less easy to connect him with a bygone romance and vanished mystery. But none the less was it worth while to follow him, and to see where he went and what became of him, and whether he himself was a mystery or something plain and easy to be accounted for.

Quickly the man passed on, and Alick followed him at a more leisurely pace, looking here and there up the narrow alleys and in at the miserable shop-windows, with some precaution against being seen or noticed too closely.

But he was close behind when the man turned in at the open door of a large house near the end of the street, and closer still as he hurried up the stairs, opened a door at the head of them, and shut it quickly behind him.

For a moment that closed door seemed an impassable barrier. Obviously it would not do to let the man, whoever he was, imagine that he was being watched and followed. But, as Alick paused reflecting, the sound of voices from within gave him a new idea.

He could not hear what was being said, nor would even the exigencies of Katrine Lyndhurst's service have driven him to listen at a door. But the tones of a woman's voice and a child's were plainly to be distinguished; and though he knew by experience in what complete isolation a single man or woman may

live in crowded London lodgings, yet it would hardly be possible for a family not to be known in some degree to neighbours from whom only a landing separated it.

A moment more matured his plan of action, and he tapped at the door of the opposite room, and was admitted by a woman of a type with which he was sufficiently familiar, and with whom it was not difficult to get into conversation.

Of course she knew but little of her opposite neighbours, but what she professed to know she seemed to be tolerably certain of. They had been there some time, she said—a man and his wife and their little girl. They were pretty well off for these parts, and had two rooms—a mark almost of gentility, as Alick well knew. Their names she knew nothing about, except that the child was called Louie. The child got out now and then to play with the other children, though her mother tried to keep her pretty close.

‘Was the man a foreigner?’—Not that she knew of—anyway he could talk as good English as any one about. He was in the place now, if the gentleman wanted to see him; for he’d come up the stairs not five minutes ago.

‘Thank you. I will step across and speak to him,’ said Alick, rising with a sudden resolution to risk something for the sake of greater certainty.

He cut short the further conjectures which his new friend was ready to bestow upon him in return for the trifle which he slipped into her hand, and stepped across the narrow landing.

English? It was certainly English that the woman was speaking as the door opened; as certainly as those were the eyes of Louis Lorimer’s portrait that looked up, with startled defiant gaze, above the head of the child he held upon his knee.

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Alick, courteously. ‘I am looking for some one. I believe you can perhaps direct me.’

Again the answer came in an unknown tongue, in the very same words, Alick believed, as those he had heard in the lane at Hatherston. He glanced round at the wife, and caught a look of utter surprise and fear upon her face.

‘Does not your husband speak English?’ he asked, and, glancing again at the man, interrupted another glance of warning and command.

‘No!’ she answered—so hesitatingly that she might as well have said ‘yes.’

‘Or French? or German? What is he?’

‘I beg your pardon!’ she faltered. ‘I don’t understand you!’

‘What nation does he belong to? What language do *you* speak to him?’

‘Pole! Polisch!’ interrupted the man, with a peculiar accent, watching them both as if he would comprehend them with his eyes.

Alick would have asked the woman: ‘Do *you* then speak Polish?’ but that it seemed too cruel to force her to utter a useless lie. The look of terror and bewilderment on her face, and of watchful suspicion on his, betrayed them both as far as they were likely to betray themselves at present. Even the child’s astonished gaze showed that the father’s ignorance of English was to her something new. Alick turned to the woman and went into an elaborate description of the person he wished to find in *Alma Road*, not *Alma Place*; though it was evident that she was thinking of something else and hardly listening to him at all.

With eyes still upon the man’s face, as if afraid to speak without some signal from him, she faltered out her ignorance of any such place or person; and all the while Alick’s eyes too dwelt upon his well-cut but not very marked features, trying to trace their identity with those which had grown familiar to him in the portrait that stood now on his own mantel-shelf.

The child’s face too he studied—a pretty little pale face, very like her father’s. Her little hand had stolen up and was nestling within the breast of his coat, even while she looked from him to the stranger with wide perplexed eyes. Evidently the man was a kind father, whatever he was or might have been.

The pressure of Alick’s questioning gaze seemed to grow intolerable to him; for he rose hastily, putting the child down from his knee, and uttered something in a peremptory tone, the meaning of which his hand—pointing towards the door—made sufficiently plain. Was he trembling, that he leaned upon the back of the chair from which he had just risen? He could not guess, at any rate—not even the flash of intelligence in Alick Rutherford’s face could tell him—that his attitude for the moment would have recalled Louis Lorimer’s portrait to any one who had ever seen it.

In pity to the poor woman’s bewildered terror Alick withdrew. Whatever this might lead to, he could not prosecute his discovery there and then. And that defiant distrustful look followed him to the door, and was the last thing he saw before he closed it,

and the first thing also that greeted him as he stood on his own hearth, and looked up at the over-mantel, dreamily considering what was to be done next.

Alick had not reached the mature age of nine and twenty without having found out that when in doubt and suspense it is often the best thing to be obliged to go on with the ordinary routine of life and work. But, nevertheless, his own work being to a great extent in his own hands, he could not resist the temptation so to arrange matters that he could run down to his cousin's parish from Saturday till Monday, just to see how things were going there.

He found, as might have been expected, that life seemed to have been rather at a standstill in quiet Hatherston while he had been so busy ; and that his cousins were glad to see him, but just a little surprised that he should care to come again so soon.

Sunday brought opportunity for a word with Mrs. Lyndhurst at the church door, but only a glimpse of her sister-in-law as she went away by herself through the quiet unfrequented field-paths.

Katrine sometimes went to church and sometimes did not ; but no one ever asked her when and how she would go, or offered to bear her company. It was an understood thing that she preferred to go alone, and that if questioned or remarked upon she would not go at all.

But Alick, having seen nothing of her but that vanishing figure, grew bold, or perhaps desperate. He extricated himself from the little group by the churchyard gate on pretext of meeting Mr. Henderson at the vestry-door, and so escaped unseen into the fields in time to overtake her.

He took nothing by that move, beyond a worse heartache than he had had to bear for her sake before. Perhaps in his dreams he had rather forgotten that something amiss in her—that twilight atmosphere in which she lived, that seemed to sober everything down into its own dim hue. He was disappointed, as if it were something new, when she answered his greeting as if they had just parted but an hour before, passed over his questions in silence, and listened to what he had said with a grave, sweet, doubtful look—very like that of a child that listens to its elders' talk with half-comprehension and less than half-interest, and will not ask for an explanation.

He left her at the little gate almost with relief—as if the sight of her as she was, disturbed that vision of her true self that he

saw in his mind's eye when she was not there. And early the next morning he went back to town, having hidden his depression with tolerable success even from the quick eyes of his cousin's wife.

But, though he went back to other interests, he knew that he was only waiting for the next act of the play, and very shortly it came. Two days later the daily papers announced the death of Charles Lorimer, of Wychwood Court, in the forty-second year of his age. Next day, turning to the private enquiry column, Alick found what he expected—a carefully-worded paragraph offering a handsome reward for information concerning Louis Lorimer—dead or alive!

'Dead, by preference!' he said to himself with a bitter smile. 'So those cousins of his think, no doubt; but I fear they will be disappointed. Well, I have no intention of applying for the reward; but I will take a look at Alma Place, for all that.'

What Alick intended to do if he found his mysterious acquaintance still at Alma Place, he did not ask himself; and there proved to be no need. He was not at all surprised to find the room shut up and deserted, and to be told by the woman on the other side of the landing that its occupants had left that morning with bag and baggage. A visit to the landlord elicited nothing further. They had brought him the key and paid up the week's rent, though this was only Thursday, and that was all he knew about them.

Alick Rutherford held his peace and waited. The play was only just begun, and the curtain must soon rise again. What chafed him most was that he had wasted time and opportunity on a useless visit to Hatherston, and could not, for pressure of business and for very shame, be seen in that neighbourhood again immediately.

The papers irritated him with their little sensational paragraphs about the lost heir of Wychwood; that told him nothing, because the writers of them knew even less than he did. The first piece of real information came in the form of a letter from the Rev. David Henderson, long enough and full enough to be to a certain extent satisfactory.

'I wonder if you will be surprised,' he wrote, 'to hear that Louis Lorimer has re-appeared? Somehow no one here seems surprised, though most of us have said many times that he could not be alive. There is nothing strange, at any rate, in the appearance of a claimant to such an estate, but the odd thing is that no one seems to doubt that this is the right man. After all these

years and all the changes they have brought—with all the mystery of his long absence unexplained—he seems to have only to show himself to convince everybody of his identity. I, of course, have never seen him ; but those who knew him before do not appear to have doubted for a moment. Even the cousins—the heir-presumptive and his brother—can hardly pretend to doubt ; and indeed have practically withdrawn from the field. He is at Wychwood with his brother's new-made widow ; and she has spoken to the few old friends whom she has seen of the comfort that 'dear Louis's return' is to her ! Plainly the family are resolved to accept him and make the best of him ; probably helped thereto by their most cordial hatred of the cousin whom his return has ousted. Whatever explanation he may have given to them of his disappearance and long absence has been kept strictly private ; but surely the public will insist on his giving some account of himself before receiving him into society. I did hear a rumour that he had met with some accident, some illness or injury that robbed him of his recollection ; at any rate, till so long a time had passed that he was ashamed or afraid to come back. But this, in addition to its manifest improbability, is too like a novel, is it not ? Especially considering how like it is to what has actually happened to the poor girl he left behind him ! I fancy the romantic gossips of the neighbourhood must be mixing up the two stories. In the meantime, I wonder what account of himself he will give to the Lyndhursts, if any. I should think he would find it a harder matter to meet them than his own kindred, or even his cousin's lawyers. As far as I know he has not met any of them yet, or attempted any communication with them. . . . What are you doing in town all this while ? Whatever it is, I think you must be *over*-doing it, for Jennie and I were not at all satisfied with your looks during your last flying visit. Try and pay us another visit before you fly off to Norway or the Tyrol. We have not much inducement to offer you, though we seem now to ourselves to be quite a centre of interest, as we wait for the *dénouement* of our country drama.'

Alick mechanically folded the letter into hard creases, as he tried, by the aid of a strict sense of justice, to wrestle down the feeling of irritation that some parts of it had left with him. It was not his cousin's fault that his allusion to Katrine Lyndhurst sounded like profanity. Moreover, though he probably did not expect his invitation to be accepted, it

was certainly sincerely meant, and Alick felt a strong inclination to accept it.

'*Our country drama*,' he said within himself. 'It is no more than that to *them*; but to me—— Well, I can be no more than a spectator, I suppose, even though it is my fate that is in the balance as well as hers. But it is hard not to be on the spot; not to know from day to day how things go. I think I must astonish them all by another visit, and make what excuse I can for myself. *She*, at any rate, will not suspect or wonder.'

The air was full of rumours when Alick Rutherford got down again into the country—rumours that centred round Wychwood Court, but arose none knew whence or how.

Louis Lorimer—where he had been—what he intended to do—what course his cousins were going to adopt—what Mrs. Lorimer, his sister-in-law, said—what his severe old parents would have said had they been still alive to witness his return and demand an account of his proceedings—all these matters were discussed in all their bearings, till Alick would have been sick of the whole subject but for that unspoken feeling of his own that made Louis Lorimer the most interesting person in the world to him, save one.

As to the relations of the returned wanderer with the Lyndhursts, rumour was, however, nearly silent; and since that was to Alick the most important topic of all, he took the first opportunity to cross the village green to the Manor and call upon Mrs. Lyndhurst. From her he was tolerably sure of hearing all that there was to hear; and even the pain of hearing her talk of Katrine was less than the pain of suspense—doing nothing and knowing nothing.

Mrs. Lyndhurst was at home, said the man, and he showed Mr. Rutherford into a little morning room, where, however, the lady was not.

Here Alick waited, looking out of the window, studying the pictures on the walls, and turning over Mrs. Lyndhurst's very uninteresting collection of books, so long that he began to think that she must really be out after all, or that the servant had forgotten to let her know of his arrival. He had his hand upon the bell, intending to ring and make some enquiry, when the door opened and she came hurriedly in.

By her forced air of extreme cheerfulness he guessed at once

that something was amiss, and by the fact that she forgot to make any apology for her long delay he perceived that she was distraught or preoccupied, for Mrs. Lyndhurst was a lady who, as a rule, not only knew the proper thing to say, but was a little *too* careful to say it.

‘Is the vicar—is your cousin at home?’ she asked rather abruptly, after a moment, and as Alick answered in the negative her brows drew sharply together, and she stood looking down at the foot with which she impatiently tapped the carpet, like one in a difficulty.

‘I don’t know whether he could do anything, or even advise,’ she said, ‘even if he were here. But—my husband is away, and though he would be just as much at a loss as I am, yet it is something to have some one to share one’s perplexity.’

‘Can I share your perplexity, Mrs. Lyndhurst? I am afraid I can hardly hope to lessen it.’

Mrs. Lyndhurst had come in with the express intention of telling him everything, though she had asked first for his cousin—the older friend of the family—by way of salve to her own sense of propriety. And even if she had not, no woman in a difficulty could have resisted the kindly, trustworthy look of Alick Rutherford’s brown eyes—eyes that expressed nothing but interest and sympathy, though their owner was conscious of a certain amount of agitation and impatience.

‘*He* is here—Louis Lorimer!’ said Mrs. Lyndhurst, not pausing to pick her words. ‘He came just now, and asked to see me. He wants to see Katrine! I asked him how he could dare to think of such a thing, and he said that he could explain himself fully, but it must be to her, and to her alone. I told him to go away, and come again, if he chose, some day when Mr. Lyndhurst is at home. But he will not go! He seems terribly in earnest, but after all these years he speaks as though he had left her only a week ago—perhaps after a little quarrel—and had been counting the hours till they could meet again! I am afraid he will not go without a regular scene. And Katrine is in the garden; I saw her from the window just now! She may come in at any moment, or if he leaves she can hardly fail to see him as he goes.’

She paused, breathless, looking up at her hearer, who stood silent a moment, with a frown on his face.

‘You are sure he is Louis Lorimer?’ he asked at last.

‘Sure? Oh, quite sure! I don’t know why, but I could not

doubt for a moment. But what shall I do? Dare I let him see her? If she were like other girls one might ask her, and leave it to herself to decide, but as it is——'

'As it is, it may be life—or death,' said Alick, in low, even tones, as she paused. 'And if I dare advise, I should say, "Let him see her." Since he has come back they must meet, sooner or later. Why not now, and let him explain, if he can? She has waited long enough.'

The suppressed passion in his voice must surely have betrayed him if Mrs. Lyndhurst had herself been calmer. But she had more than enough to think of.

'Would you let her come in now, and meet him like this, unprepared?'

'No; she must be prepared. You must tell her who is here, and what he has come for.'

Mrs. Lyndhurst clasped her hands, and looked round her as if for some way of escape.

'I—can't,' she faltered. 'I dare not! I have never spoken to Katrine about him, or anything that might agitate her. My husband told me I was never to do so. I could not take the responsibility of disobeying him.'

At any other time Alick would have smiled to hear Mrs. Lyndhurst speak of disobeying the husband who was her most obedient slave. But he too was preoccupied. It was plain that this woman had neither courage nor wit enough to serve Katrine in her utmost need, and therefore *he* must do it, of all men, though every fibre of his heart cried out against the necessity.

'I will tell her,' he said, with stiff, unwilling lips. 'If you will go back to Mr. Lorimer I will find her, and prepare her, and bring her in. Come, there is no time to lose.'

In her relief Mrs. Lyndhurst pardoned, or did not hear, the peremptory tone.

'Oh, thanks! It is so good of you!' she sighed, and they turned to leave the room together. 'I am so afraid. I have always been fond of her, poor thing, but my husband is so devoted to her, it makes me nervous in dealing with her. And the doctors said so much at first about the necessity of avoiding agitation, and then again that a shock might be the best thing for her, they have left me not knowing what to do for the best. Are you ill, Mr. Rutherford? You look so white!'

'Thank you. I am quite well.'

'I did not notice it at first, but you do not look at all like

yourself. I am ashamed to trouble you with this matter, but if you knew the relief of turning to some one who is not afraid to *act!*'

Her pretty, complimentary glance of gratitude was lost upon Alick. They had reached the outer hall, and as he stood, waiting impatiently for the conclusion of Mrs. Lyndhurst's sentence, the door opened, and Katrine entered. They were standing a little to one side, and she did not see or did not heed them, but moved on, swift and straight, towards the drawing-room door. Her hand was on the latch, when Alick stepped forward and held it back, with a touch to which, by a supreme effort of self-control, he contrived to give the air of an ordinary greeting. Mrs. Lyndhurst obeyed his glance, and glided past them into the room, while Katrine looked up in his face with that docile, childlike look of hers that was at once so beautiful and so painful to see.

'How do you do? How cold you are! It is not so cold in the garden,' she said, softly and slowly. 'Where have you been?'

It was the first word he had ever heard her speak that indicated any perception of his existence when he was not actually before her. But it was no time for rejoicing in it, with only the thickness of a door between them and those two in the next room.

'What made you come in just now?' he asked, with a little break and jar in the pleasant tones that his Scotch forefathers gave him.

'I—don't know,' she answered, with a little wonder dawning in her eyes.

'Did you think that some one called you? Do you remember that day in the summer when you fancied that some one called your name, and we went together and looked over the gate into the lane? *Whose* voice was it that you thought you heard then?'

A vivid, girlish blush swept over and burned in her cheeks, and then her head went up, a little proudly.

'No one speaks of him now! There has been something—it will all be explained when he comes back. Is he come? Is he there?'

Her eyes seemed to read the meaning of Alick's face more quickly than she had usually grasped the meaning of his words. There was glad surprise in her voice, but very little excitement, and, wondering, he let her take her own way. As far as at

present appeared, there was nothing now but the door between those two who had been parted so long, and he opened it and let her pass through. Surely those ten years must have left behind some more insuperable obstacle! But that was for her to say, and for that other; and, meanwhile, this dreaded meeting seemed to be coming to pass as the simplest matter of course! It was with a touch of contempt, of which himself came in for the first share, that Alick followed Miss Lyndhurst into the drawing-room.

A tall slender man was standing with his back towards them, talking to Mrs. Lyndhurst in hushed, eager tones; and as he turned at the sound of their entrance even Alick's keen perception and tenacious memory was for a moment at fault.

It was, and it was not, the same whom he had seen in the lane, the same with whom he had met again in Alma Place East. *This* man looked ten years younger, with a change in expression and carriage that went far deeper than the difference in dress, though that was great enough. A man who knew his own advantages, both of face and person, and was determined not to lose an iota of them; who was 'got up' to face boldly a critical, possibly a hostile, world, and was not afraid.

For a moment Alick saw him thus, while he was looking, not at Alick, but at his companion. The next, his defences dropped, and for an instant the keen eyes watching him saw the real man behind him, and knew that they had seen him before.

Pain and shame unspeakable were in that momentary look, and yet through all and conquering all a passionate joy and yearning. There was no mistaking that, strange though it might seem under the circumstances.

'Katrine!' he breathed rather than spoke, as she moved forward, putting out both her hands with a quick, glad gesture.

'Where have you been?' she asked, smiling up into his face.

'*Where have you been!*' She spoke—as Mrs. Lyndhurst had said he did—as though they had parted but a few days ago. What unconscious bitterness of reproach her tone conveyed Alick could not know, but might guess. And by a sudden impulse he turned to Mrs. Lyndhurst, and with a peremptory gesture beckoned her from the room.

'It's all right!' he said impatiently, almost with a laugh, in answer to her startled enquiry. 'Any one may see that it's all right for the present. And the only thing to do is to leave them to themselves, like—any other pair of lovers.'

'But I didn't know—I never thought of such a thing!' she

cried, indignant. 'Who knows where he has been, and what he has been doing, all these years? I wondered he should have the audacity to ask to see her at all, but if she can receive him like that——'

'Some one else must call him to account. But not now—not before her. Did you notice her face, Mrs. Lyndhurst? Something was awake in it that has been asleep ever since I knew her. She has forgotten those ten years; but she will remember them presently, and other things of more importance with them. Whatever he is, he took the light of her day away with him—and he has brought it back! We must let them alone!'

'You think so? Well, *I* dare not interfere, I own. But I hope he may be able to account for himself to Mr. Lyndhurst.'

'If he does not, he must answer to someone else!' said Alick, speaking slightly between his teeth. 'Be content! If he has sinned against her, he is being punished even now, never fear. Only, for her sake, things must take their course.'

Mrs. Lyndhurst was too well pleased to have an ally and adviser to wonder why he should interest himself in the matter with such desperate earnestness. But he took himself to task for it very sharply as he walked back to the Vicarage; carrying out his own principle, and leaving matters to fall out as they must.'

'If I remember rightly, you were to take merely a philanthropic interest in this business,' he said to himself, with pitying scorn. 'You *might* have loved her, if things had been otherwise, and so you were to be her champion and help her, for the sake of what might have been! Well, it will take a wiser head than yours, I think, to find any way of helping in this *imbroglio*. And if you *had* been fool enough to love her, and had left her in that fellow's arms, I think you might feel much as you do now!'

Alick Rutherford could regard his own suffering with a kind of grim humour, but perhaps he suffered none the less. This chivalrous visionary love of his was more than the fancy that he himself had supposed it, and had stirred to its very depths a heart that had not frittered away any of its tenderness on evanescent unworthy passions.

Moreover, he was in sore perplexity, as well as torn by jealous anger, and altogether he was in no mood to face the lights of the Vicarage and the enquiring looks of his cousin and his cousin's wife.

He turned aside into the Vicarage fields—the long, low-lying meadows where the corn-crake's monotonous note had borne chorus to his first thoughts of Katrine Lyndhurst. The September day was fading in the west in a glory of rose-colour and purple and gold, and he leaned upon a gate and watched the pageantry of the heavens, and tried to think to some practical purpose.

As a rule, in spite of his kindly temper, Alick was practical to the verge of hardness. But to-night, instead of planning and resolving, he found himself watching one little strip of the western sky, low down, where the gold softened into opal and the opal into green, pale beyond the dark horizon.

It was so beautiful, so unutterably sad in its fading, vanishing beauty! It seemed as though his own story, and hers, and 'the pity of it,' were all written somehow in that immeasurable distance, that soft, melancholy light; and as he looked the unwonted tears rose slowly in his eyes and blurred the golden archways above the sunset gates.

Did Fate take malicious delight in contradicting character and mocking resolution? How else did it come to pass that Alick Rutherford—who prided himself on wasting no time in unavailing regrets, on hardening his heart against sorrows for which there was no remedy—stood there with dimmed eyes and aching heart, thinking of what might have been, of a sorrow for which he had no cure, a complication in which he hardly dared stir a finger lest he should make ill worse?

A kind of despairing quiescence, most unlike himself, possessed him, as the subtle influence of the twilight—*her* hour—stole the resolve out of his stout heart and unnerved his will.

If ten weary years could be obliterated in a moment, thus; if she could look again as he had seen her look to-night, what did anything else matter? And yet was her happiness a delusion, bought by an infamy, built on a lie? Was any one ever happy except by a sort of mistake, and in some such fashion as that?

So far his Scottish melancholy carried him, and then his Scottish common-sense reasserted itself, and made him raise himself and turn away impatiently, as if by movement to shake off morbid thoughts.

With his back to the sunset and his face to the road he was walking swiftly on, becoming aware that he had been a long time away, and that his cousin's household might be wondering

what had become of him, when the sound of a horse's feet brought him to a momentary pause.

That was the lane that led to Wychwood, and the rider must be Louis Lorimer, riding home after the momentous interview that he had succeeded in bringing about. Alick Rutherford felt a keen momentary impulse to leap the stile and lay a hand upon the triumphant lover's bridle, with one question to which he could hardly expect an answer.

'What have you done with your wife and child?'

Only that! and to watch his face while the words were said! It was a tempting idea, but Alick restrained himself, listening with a grim smile as the horse-hoofs rang on the stones of the lane. *Something* he must do—he who knew more about the matter than any man except the one principally concerned. But nothing hastily: nothing that could put Katrine's only champion in the wrong before he had been able to do her any real service.

For what, after all, could he *prove*? That this man was the same that he had seen in the lane, and later in London? Hardly! however sure he himself might feel. Or that the woman and child he had seen were Louis Lorimer's wife and child? Certainly *not*, whatever he might think, or fear, or hope.

And, above all, there was Katrine to be considered, and what the effect upon her might be if her lover should be taken from her a second time. If she had been like other women she might bear what others had borne; but, as things were with her, would not any one be guilty almost of murder who should crush back into the dark the soul that seemed to be creeping forth into the daylight? For her sake Lorimer must be dealt with patiently, if he were thrice a villain; and yet, if she were suffered once more to stake her all upon his truth, it might be only to lose it a second time, even more tragically.

A sorer strait a man like Alick Rutherford could hardly have found himself in, and he told himself so with a touch of contemptuous self-pity, and further that he had brought it upon himself by desiring to play amateur detective and to know more than other people! But none the less, in an undercurrent of deeper feeling and self-knowledge, he was aware that he had come to the crisis of his story, the hardest lesson that life's school had yet laid before him, and that it could not be for nothing that a task had been set that went so sorely against the grain with him.

Before he had reached the Vicarage, he had made up his mind upon two points, however. First, that he would say nothing to any one until he had seen *her* again, and had had a chance, at any rate, to see how things were with her. Secondly, that it could at least do no harm if he attempted to answer for himself the question that he would not ask Mr. Lorimer as yet. The woman and child must be somewhere—probably were not far off—and if they could be traced without too much fear of talk and publicity, something might come to light through them which would be useful if need should arise.

Meanwhile, there was much else to be thought of. The business of an exceptionally busy life could not be left at a standstill because of this ill-starred visionary passion, whose power he was half-ashamed to own even to himself. He *must* go back to town, and let matters take their course for a few days without him, even with unsatisfied anxiety gnawing at his heart all the while.

One concession he made to his own feelings, in providing an excuse to cover his speedy return.

Means for this were not hard to find, and it was not long before his usual headlong earnestness had made the means in themselves an end, if not the one he had most at heart.

Alick began by making enquiries in Hatherston village as to holiday homes which he might venture to recommend to some of his friends in London, who took an interest in sickly or delicate children who needed boarding out for a time. And he ended by persuading himself that Hatherston was the most suitable place in England for such a purpose, and planning to bring down half-a-dozen of his own special *protégées* to enjoy country air and country food there.

He felt that before he went Mrs. Lyndhurst would expect to see him again, if only to tell him what had been the result of the bold experiment that they had resolved on together. Once more then he might have a glimpse of the Manor, and Katrine, and see for himself how things were going with her.

Contrary to custom, Mr. Lyndhurst entered the drawing-room almost as soon as Alick had arrived. His wife had evidently told him all that had passed on Mr. Rutherford's last visit, and he had apparently some advice to ask or remark to make, for he was quite disturbed out of his usual good-humoured philosophic abstraction. Nothing, however, could make him rapid or decisive; and before he had brought out more than a hesitating

preamble the door opened again, and the bound of Alick's pulses told him who was there, even before he turned his head.

It surely was no fancy that the very tone of her voice was different—clear and alert, instead of being low and dreamy. Her eyes met Alick's as if she *knew* him and was glad to see him; but with no *arrière pensée*, no remembrance that might have embarrassed her.

But he for his part was almost embarrassed before this new Katrine; ashamed to look at her, as though he had wronged her in seeing her as she was before—sleep-walking through a world not realised.

The light of dawn in her face touched him with a poignant feeling, half pain, half pleasure; and he set himself to talk to her with far more of shyness than he had ever felt, except when now and then he had had to approach some poor woman throned in the majesty of an awful grief.

She talked!—she who for years had only answered when spoken to, like a shy docile child.

It was but the merest talk of every day—the weather, the children, a book she had been reading—but her brother and sister-in-law watched her with unfeigned delight, with a pride and joy that in him was almost pathetic in its intensity. Mr. Lyndhurst had loved his sister from her babyhood, but since the catastrophe of her young life, pity and self-reproach had doubled his love for her.

'It would be idle to expect *him* to call the man very closely to account who has made her look like that!' thought Alick with a sigh. 'Shall *I* have to do it, and make her hate me?'

It was a lovely day, a second summer in the midst of autumn, and through the open windows came the children's voices, calling as usual for 'Aunt Katrine.' She rose, but not quite with the old instinctive obedience, and moved across to the window, which opened down to the ground, leaning beside it, and talking and smiling to the impatient elves who hovered about outside on the sun-warmed grass.

In her white dress she looked as young and as blithe as they, and she flashed a merry look at Alick as he joined her. 'Don't tease, children! I want to talk to Mr. Rutherford,' she said; and the children looked at each other in a sort of dismay, recognising that times were changed indeed.

They *were* changed, though not so far for the worse but that their friend presently relented, and sat down on the steps that led down into the garden and allowed Muriel to nestle on to her knee. And Alick knew that they were changed, as he exerted himself to talk his very best to the living woman who had taken the place of the pale wraith he used to know.

It was only for a few moments that it lasted—his fool's paradise and little Muriel's. There came a sound of wheels upon the gravel, and a vivid flush upon Miss Lyndhurst's cheek; and she rose up, and put down the child, and parted from her grown-up companion with a courteous little phrase of leave-taking, and went away—to meet her lover! And the man whom she left behind watched the white figure gleaming out of the shadow into the sunlight, and set his teeth in an access, not merely of jealousy, but of righteous anger, such as his ancestors not so very long before would have translated into very prompt and decisive action.

They had not been a patient race, the 'hot and hardy Rutherfords,' and Alick was not patient, though his own wrongs were not by any means the first to be resented.

What did not Louis Lorimer deserve?—and what would Alick give to have one blow at him, apart from the shield of that sacred pitiful weakness, behind which he was sheltered like a cowardly foe behind the women and children whom he has taken prisoner!

It was not a happy moment for Mr. Lyndhurst to drift in that direction, with something to say that seemed sufficiently wide of the mark. And it needed all Alick's self-control to keep him in mind that after all he was not an old friend of the family and had no right to *demand* an explanation of their relations with any other man. He was in two minds whether to stay and see out as much of the play as was to be seen at present, or to take himself off at once. And before he had arrived at a decision Mrs. Lyndhurst, who had gone away, came back into the room behind them, bringing with her her sister-in-law and Louis Lorimer.

An introduction was inevitable now, however little needed on one side, or desired on the other. And perhaps no one there was sufficiently acute to see any strangeness in the greeting between those two—the keen looks like measured swords—the grave stately politeness as of two between whom a challenge has just passed.

It was only to be expected that conversation should be difficult, since no one knew where *one* of the speakers had been of late, or how much he knew of all that had been going on, in public and private life, during ten eventful years just passed. Louis Lorimer simplified the matter by behaving very like a modified Rip van Winkle, ignoring those ten years and most of what went before them, leaving them in a blank so complete that it did not even seem to admit of a feeling of natural curiosity.

And Alick, watching him all the while, began to see in him again his friend of the lane and of East London ; and to notice again that trick of expression which that early photograph had caught, and which circumstances (as might have been expected) had somewhat accentuated. It was only a little setting of the lips, a little pucker between the brows, which years ago perhaps had only meant, 'Well, what do you think of me?' but which now seemed to mean, 'You would give a good deal to know all about me ; but I will tell you nothing, and I defy you to find me out !'

Mrs. Lyndhurst was a Primrose dame, and was apt to talk politics on the rare occasions when she felt herself at a loss for a subject ; but now even that resource failed her. In despair she forced upon Alick a topic that he particularly disliked—his own philanthropic labours.

Dislike it as he might, his cousin and his cousin's wife naturally knew and took an interest in what he was doing. And Mrs. Henderson had been talking of his work to Mrs. Lyndhurst, who had stored it up in her mind as a new interest, something that she must inquire about when conversation flagged. 'For men always like to talk about themselves and their own work,' she reasoned astutely ; and never guessed that this eager enthusiastic Scotchman might be an exception to the rule.

Beset by her questions, and with Katrine's eyes of almost scared interest on one side, and another pair full of ill-disguised uneasiness on the other, Alick grew desperate and a little wicked.

'I can torture him, anyway ; and he richly deserves it !' he thought. 'And if he betrays himself it will make assurance doubly sure.'

'Yes !' he was saying, in rather irrelevant answer to one of Mrs. Lyndhurst's remarks. 'One meets with all sorts of people thereabouts. People who ought not to be there, and people who ought not to be anywhere else !'

'How do you mean ?'

'Some, poor souls, are fit for nothing better. And as for the others, *they* know why they ought not to be there, and even a passer-by may guess.'

His eyes dwelt steadily on Louis Lorimer's face, which grew somewhat pale and set. It seemed as though he wished to engage Katrine's attention, to draw her aside into talk with him alone; but for the moment she did not heed him.

'Such a confusion of narrow streets and crowded houses!' said Mrs. Lyndhurst compassionately; and again Alick answered something unspoken in professing to answer her words.

'The confusion does not end with the houses! Everything—domestic relations even—seems to be much in the same state. As I once heard it said, husbands and wives, down there, seem to be a sort of circulating library!'

Mr. Lorimer uttered a half-stifled exclamation, which perhaps reminded Mrs. Lyndhurst that she ought to protest.

'Really,' she said, 'I call that too shocking.'

'It is shocking! But that was said to me by a pure-minded lady, who lives among them, and wears her life out and breaks her heart over their ways, and yet cannot help now and then seeing the humour of them, and laughing, even with the tears in her eyes. What do you think of a woman, who—my friend had her own word for it—was "*so well brought up that she didn't know what charity meant*"? Have we not heard of such cases elsewhere, but not so frankly avowed?'

Katrine laughed, a soft ringing laugh more girlish than Mrs. Lyndhurst's. And Alick remembered that he had never heard her laugh before, even with the children at play.

The thought did not dispose him to spare his victim one pang that he could inflict.

'To return to the husbands and wives,' he said, still carelessly, with watchful eyes narrowed to a kind of sleepy out-look, like a snake's. 'Some of them, poor things, can hardly sin, because they think no evil. I have known a man appeal to me in all honesty for praise and approbation because he had taken his neighbour's wife. She was deserted, and he stood between her and starvation. But there are others—I have known the other side of the question too; men masquerading as single, whose wives and children were not far to seek; men who were hidden in that wilderness of brick and mortar, while elsewhere they were being sought after under very different names and still more different characters.'

One of Alick's hearers started hastily to his feet, moving blindly away, and then—with an effort at self-control—coming to a halt before a picture on the wall, as if it had been that which had attracted his attention.

'What do *you* think, Mr. Lorimer?' asked Alick, watching him, with gentle merciless insistence. 'What would be the duty of an outsider—city missionary or general philanthropist—who should come across one of these strange characters, playing a part, and *wanted* very seriously in another quarter? It is a point of conscience with me, upon which I should be glad to have another opinion; for I had such a chance once, and missed it, I fear, through my own bad management. Such an encounter *might* occur again, *with a difference*, and it would be well to have resolved what to do!'

(To be continued.)

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

June List.

Class I.

Eidechse	}	. . . 99	B. G. C.	}	. . . 98	M. L. C. 94
Bede			Capercaillie			Karlsruhe	
Richmond	}	. . . 98	Inge	}	. . . 96	M. E. W. 87
Dame Durden			Sam			Kitto	
Zell-am-See			L. E. S.			Klumpp	
Undine			L. F. B.	 94	Scawfell 86

Class II.

None.

Class III.

White Cat 40

No papers received from E. M. B., M. A. G., Weissnichts, Spes, Grossmuller, Grisel, and Camensis.

ZUTPHEN CLARKE.

PART I.

'AN old grey Church, lead-roofed and ruinous,
Beneath its shadow wearied limbs will lie,
While willows shimmer in the sunlight gleam,
For man must die.

'Fantastic yews, and ivy-covered elms,
Tombstones with moss o'ergrown, a dreary sky,
A wintry wind; these are surroundings meet,
For man must die.

'The almond-tree, with naked branches, stands,
Mutely appealing to the heartless sky—
In vain! in vain! Stern Winter is at hand;
All things must die.

'Thy fallen leaves, once verdant, rotting lie,
Exposed thou art to Winter's chilling breath,
And this must be, for "*in the midst of life*
We are in death."'

'Twas thus I mused, in sad, despairing strain,
When, looking up, I saw an old man pass,
White-haired and bent, with feet that trembling trode
The long dank grass.

He had an air of dignity, his eyes
Gazed far-away, as to some distant land;
A sack was on his arm, and snowdrop bulbs
Were in his hand.

Approaching him, 'A dismal day,' I said,
'Sharp winds, grey skies, an universal gloom,
Nearer to sadness every mortal draws,
And to his tomb.'

He ceased his labour then, drew back a step
And looked on me with those far-seeing eyes,
'And after that, a Home for aye,' he said,
 'Beyond the skies.'

Silenced, I paused awhile, then questioned him.
'Is it your office thus to garden here?
A thankless one, forgotten and alone,
 'Mid grave-mounds drear.'

'I have no office, sir, I am too old,
There's ne'er a fair day's labour in me now,
But I can lay my beauties in the earth,
 And watch them grow.

'That ladslove there, that bush of rosemary,
Those willows, and that leafless almond-tree,
And many other plants, all hidden now,
 Were set by me.

'The almond-tree shall flourish, hoary white;
Roses of Sharon blossom 'midst the lilies,
The willow palms shine silver, snowdrops bloom,
 And daffadillies.

'(There's ne'er a bit of mould unplanted now),
And then the sunshine comes, and wee birds sing,
And all my heart rejoices with the world,
 Because of Spring.'

'Of Spring!' I thoughtless cried; 'and what of Spring!
When you are old and drawing near to death?
'Think rather of the days when you will lie
 This sod beneath.'

'Ay, very old, and drawing nigh the grave,
For man must die, must pass the darkened shore,
But Winter turns to Spring, and Death brings Life
 For evermore.

'The ivy thrives on this old crumbling stone,
The moss grows green and fresh, while calm beneath
The dead repose. Springtime and Nature speak
 Of *Life* from *Death*.'

These were his words, and then he stooped again
To dig the ground, with crippled hands and thin,
He made a sandy bed, and took his bulbs
And laid them in.

I left him there, for, up the village street,
Treading the cobble-stones, the Vicar came ;
And, meeting him, I pointed to my friend,
And asked his name.

‘ A strange old man, who daily haunts the tombs,
And, week by week, attends the Church to pray.
A feeble, bent old man, with eyes that gaze
Far, far away.

‘ Childish and weak, he lives like one asleep,
Though sometimes he will waken from his dream
And talk of springing flowers, and endless Life,
His only theme.

‘ Old Zutphen Clarke, of Burdon Hamlet, he.
You saw him then, you say he spoke with you ?
Strange wand’ring words ? ’ ‘ And yet, as though inspired,
Ardent and true.’

PART II.

Easter morn ! The bells are ringing !
Fresh and fair the April day.
To the ancient Church the people
From the Hamlet wend their way.

Up the long lane from the river,
Past the tiny gurgling stream,
Where the celandines shine golden,
And the willows droop and dream.

Through the meadows, till the highway,
Stretching onward, straight and wide,
Guides their footsteps to the village,
Nestling ’neath the bleak hillside.

Past the copse of verdant larches,
Hung with crimson tassels o’er ;
Past the School-house, to the cobbles,
Leading to the old Church door.

Easter morn! Glad bells are ringing!
Spring has come at April's call;
Birds are singing, flowers are blooming!
Where is he who loved them all?

Where is he, white-haired and aged?
Something thrills my heart with pain,
Whisp'ring 'Ne'er in friendly greeting,
May you clasp his hand again.'

And I touch two tiny scholars,
Coming pattering up the nave.
Question them, and then they proudly,
Lead me to old Zutphen's grave.

Gaily daffodils are blooming,
Slender windflowers wave around,
Violets are spreading fragrance
Over every grass-grown mound.

There, amidst the plants he tended
(Hearken! how the wee birds sing)
Calm those weary limbs are lying,
Waiting for an endless Spring.

N. W.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

II.—SIR GUYON, THE KNIGHT OF TEMPERANCE.

THE winning of Divine Truth, the conquest of spiritual evil, is the highest of rewards and the greatest of victories. Spenser sets it before all forms of good, and, surely not without a deep and noble meaning, he gives the attainment of it to the humblest and weakest, the most human of all his knights. St. George's one merit is his lofty aim; we see over and over again that his own strength would have been quite insufficient to attain his end.

The steady self-control and balanced judgment which are needed to enable the Knight of Temperance to choose the golden mean, and to steer his way through all kinds of exaggeration, violence, and self-indulgence, are found in him at first starting; but, just as the spiritual trials of the Red Crosse Knight often take earthly forms, so we shall find that Guyon needed heavenly succour to conquer his more earthly temptations. No one virtue is made to stand alone in the poem, even in its sworn champion, which is no doubt the reason why the heroes are so real and so interesting.

The moral purpose forms the chief interest of this second adventure, which, though full of fine episodes, has less human interest than some of the others, owing to the want of a heroine. Sir Guyon, in compliment to his queen, is a knight without a lady.

‘He was an Elfin born, of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood took of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oberon he came to Fairy Land.’

Canto I. 6.

Queen Gloriana had bestowed on him the ‘Order of Maydenhead,’ the greatest possible honour; and when, on the second day of the great annual feast at Cleopolis, an old Palmer came in, complaining of the grievous mischiefs worked by a wicked fairy (*Acrasia*), and begged for redress, the adventure was bestowed by Gloriana upon Sir Guyon (the Preface is not consistent with the poem; the baby could not have been brought by the Palmer to Cleopolis *before* he was rescued by Sir Guyon), who at once set forth under the guidance of the *Palmer* (interpreted by

*Canto II. 42.**Preface.**II. 43.*

Mr. R. G. Moulton to represent Heavenly Wisdom) to counteract her enchantments and destroy her power.

Canto I. 5.

As Sir Guyon journeyed forward, armed from head to foot, accompanied by the old Palmer clothed in black and leaning on a staff, he met Archimago, who had escaped from the prison into which he had been cast by Una's parents, and now, disguised as a humble squire, implored him to undertake the rescue of a lady cruelly misused by a wicked knight. Sir Guyon readily agreeing, Archimago conducted him

I. 13.

to where Duessa, once more provided with fair outer seeming, sat weeping bitterly. Sir Guyon begged her to describe her injurer, and she told him that he rode a grey horse and carried a bloody cross on his shield. Guyon was much surprised at this description, which he recognised as that of St. George; but allowed Archimago to guide him through the mountains to a pleasant dale where the knight was refresh-

I. 24.

ing himself by a cool stream. Both champions set their spears in rest and dashed at each other; but when Sir Guyon came close 'to the sacred badge of his Redeemer's death,' he stopped short, feeling that he had been in too great a hurry, and apologised (first example, of *Intemperance*, adopting a cause without sufficient enquiry). St. George courteously declared that his fault had been as great in not observing 'the image of the heavenly maid' on Guyon's shield, and they parted good friends.

I. 34.

Guyon pursued his journey, guided by the Palmer, whose slow steps he had outstripped in his hurry, till he heard piteous shrieks proceeding from a thick forest by which they were passing. Guyon dismounted and rushed into the thicket, and there he saw by a bubbling stream a lady, half dead, with a knife in her bosom; the corpse of a beautiful young knight lay near, and a little baby was dipping his tiny hands in his mother's life blood. Guyon succeeded in reviving the lady (*Amavia*), and with her dying breath she told him how the dead knight was *Sir Mordaunt*, her lord, and the father of her child; how he had been seduced from her by *Acrasia*, a wicked enchantress who dwelt in the Boure of Blisse, situated in a *wandering* island (this is the very fairy whom Guyon is already vowed to destroy); how she had sought and found him, but how Acrasia had given him a charmed life, so that when he drank of the pure water of the fountain he fell down dead, and she killed herself from despair. (Intemperance in pleasure in Mordaunt, uncontrolled despair in Amavia.) In the midst of her mournful tale she died, and Guyon and the Palmer buried the pair together. Then Guyon, having renewed his vow to destroy Acrasia, tenderly endeavoured to wash the bloody hands of the orphaned baby:—

I. 55.

I. 61.

Canto II.
4

'He washed them oft and oft, yet nought they been
For all his washing cleaner.'

(notice the classical imagery reappearing in the story of the nymph, combining with the deep Christian symbolism of the inherited stain).

He gave the child to the Palmer to carry, himself taking up the dead knight's armour, but when he came back to the path again his horse was gone (note this fact), and he and the Palmer, bearing the child, had to make their way on foot to a castle founded on a rock.

This castle belonged to three sisters (all this part of the story is purely allegorical). *Medina*, the middle one, was a modest and courteous dame, with her golden hair neatly braided, and her dress rich but sober in make; the eldest sister, *Elissa*, was a harsh, severe person, who disliked innocent mirth, and refused to talk or to eat; while the youngest, *Perissa*, was gay and giddy, given to all kinds of self-indulgence. The lovers of these two opposing and exaggerating maidens, *Sir Huddibras* and *Sans Loy* (from whom Una had been rescued by Satyrane), hated each other, and fell into mortal combat. Guyon endeavoured to part them, and Medina finally induced them with sweet words of wisdom to cease from their strife, so that they all sat down in peace together, and Guyon, after the manner of heroes, told his history for the amusement of the company. On the next morning he and the Palmer started again on their journey, leaving the baby, to whom the name of *Ruddymane* was given, in charge of the ladies.

II. 12.

Book I.

Canto VI.

II. 27.

Canto III.
2.

His horse having been lost, he had to travel on foot. (Before we follow him on his further career we must notice the beautiful episode which begins an interest belonging to the later part of the poem, and which is never in these six first books carried to its close.)

When Guyon left his horse outside the thicket to rush to the rescue of Amavia, a wandering good-for-nothing found it. This was *Braggadocchio*, and although he did not know how to ride, he mounted the horse, and was mistaken by the foolish *Trompart*, who was sitting by the wayside, for a great champion, and after some talk took him for his squire. Presently they met Archimago, furious both with St. George and Guyon, and Braggadocchio having no sword, Archimago undertook to fetch him from Faeryland one belonging to Prince Arthur (notice this), and vanished from their sight. The frightened pair fled into a green forest, and there, to the sound of a thrilling horn, there rushed upon them a lovely vision—

III. 4.

III. 8.

III. 11.

‘A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,’

Belphebe (Diana, Queen Elizabeth—see Introduction to Book III.—Maiden Chastity). She rushed by them in her flashing beauty, the wood flowers catching in her streaming hair, wild and free as the wind, and asked Trompart if he had seen a bleeding hind. He demanded how she could hide her beauty in the lonely forest, and she told him how Honour dwells ‘with perill and with paine.’ Braggadocchio, heedless of her noble words, endeavoured to seize upon her; but she bent her bright javelin on him and fled from his sight. The boastful coward remounted Guyon's noble steed and, followed by Trompart, went on his way.

III. 21 to 30.

III. 41.

III. 42.

Canto IV. 2. Without his horse (this is the only link to this beautiful episode) Guyon and the Palmer also went forward, till they met *Furor* (Intemperate Anger) dragging a stripling by the hair. Behind came his mother, an old hag, *Occasion*.

IV. 3.

Guyon was overthrown and nearly beaten by Furor, and the Palmer told him that he must first bind Occasion before he can overcome her son (thereby apparently deciding the ethical puzzle as to whether faults should be dealt with from without or within). This accomplished, Furor was conquered, and the unhappy youth *Phedon* was rescued. (This story, occupying from 17 to 33, exemplifies Intemperate Love and Intemperate Wrath, 34 and 35—the Palmer draws the moral).

IV. 11.

IV. 17.

IV. 37.

IV. 41.

Canto V. 1
to 17.

V. 25.

Canto VI.
10, 19.

VI. 13.

‘No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring ;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt :
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;
No song, but did contain a lovely ditt.’

VI. 38.

VI.

Canto VII.
3.

By every kind of gay and playful delight Phaedria tried to tempt Guyon to forget the object of his journey ; but presently he met Cymocles (already seduced by Acrasia), a fierce fight ensued, till finally Phaedria persuaded them to lay down their arms, and at Guyon’s request rowed him back to the mainland ; but the Palmer had disappeared, so that he had to go on his way without this trusty guide.

(The episodes in this Canto which follow the action of Atin are well worth attention.)

He presently found himself in front of a gloomy glade covered with overhanging boughs, in front of which sat a grisly old man, black with smoke and surrounded by heaps of gold—*Mammon* himself.

Down into the depths of the earth, close to the very mouth of Hell, he conducted Guyon, and there showed him first immeasurable heaps of gold, then the mighty labour that obtained it, and thirdly, *Philotime* sitting on a throne and holding a golden chain which linked Hell and Heaven (notice the allegory here), and beautiful exceedingly. But Guyon held firm to his faith, and withstood alike the lust of gold, of profitable, selfish toil, and of 'vaulting ambition.' Then Mammon led him into the garden of Proserpina, and from thence he looked down into Tartarus, and saw the souls of the lost, till at last, refusing to eat of the fatal fruit which would have held him captive there for ever, he constrained Mammon to guide him back to the upper air, but had no sooner reached it than, worn out with the mighty struggle, he fell fainting on the ground. VII. 44.
VII. 66.

The Palmer, after long searching for his knight in vain, heard himself loudly called, and beheld a splendid angel keeping watch over Guyon's senseless form. The angel had hardly spread his painted wings and vanished, when Pyrocles and Cymocles, conducted by Archimago, appeared and seized on Guyon's armour, but at that moment Prince Arthur approached, ready for battle. Pyrocles having lost his own sword, Archimago produced that which he had brought from Faeryland for Braggadocchio, a sword made by Merlin for Arthur, and called *Morddure*. Arthur was now forced to fight both these brothers at once; and after a hard struggle, slew them both. Canto VIII.
3.
VIII. 8.
VIII. 18.
Canto III.
18.
VIII. 45, 52.

Then Guyon awoke from his swoon, and the two knights travelled on together, holding loving discourse, until they came to a castle, locked and barred. Before they could obtain entrance they were forced to disperse a troop of caitiff wretches, who, like swarms of gnats, were attacking the castle on every side. When at length admitted, they were received by Alma (Perfect Health), a lovely lady, fresh, pure, and fair, and found themselves in her well-ordered household, where many strange things were shown to them, and where they read the chronicles of Britain and of Elfland, till Uther's name ended the first mighty roll-call, and Alma reminded them that it was time for supper (in the House of Temperance there was a right time and proportion for everything). Canto IX.
10.
IX. 13.
IX. 18, 19.
Canto X.

With the dawning day Guyon and the Palmer set forth again in search of Acrasia, and with a trusty boatman began once more to cross the waters of the Idle Lake, or of the sea into which it flowed, while Prince Arthur remained behind to defend the Castle of Alma against the many foes that attacked it. (This great adventure, filling the whole of the eleventh Canto, seems to have been given to Prince Arthur to link the interest of this particular book with the hero of the whole poem). Canto XI.

Nothing, however, could divert Guyon from his main object, the destruction of Acrasia herself; and as he neared the Bower of Bliss, all the powers of Nature herself, disorganised and out of course, were arrayed against him. The little boat in which he sat with his faithful Canto XII.

XII. 2, 4. guide must be steered past raging surges and magnetic rocks; horrible whirlpools threatened to engulf it. On one side they saw the birds of prey waiting to devour the thriftless wretches who were stranded on the Rock of Reproach (the allegory underlies every detail of this Canto); the very islands where they wished to land deluded them, for they
 XII. 12. wandered about, now here, now there, 'uncertain and unsure.'

Presently Phaedria appeared, again in her little boat, calling to them,
 XII. 15. and tempting them; but they took no heed of her, and the skilful
 XII. 18, 20. boatman steered them past the 'Quicksand of Unthrifthead,' and the
 XII. 23, 24, 'Whirlpool of Decay,' through seas of unnatural height, filled with mon-
 33, 36. sters of abnormal size and shape, past the fair sirens, into fog and mist, through which they saw and heard evil birds, till at last the sky cleared,
 XII. 38. and they came to land—a land filled with wild and monstrous beasts.

They landed and went on, past floral decorations, ivory carvings, golden
 XII. 47, 57. grapes (exaggerations of art), past the false *Genius*, past the Cup of Gold offered by Excess in person, past lovely wanton maidens, to the Bower of Bliss itself, where amid beauty which it was pitiful to doom to destruction, Acrasia and her victims were found.

'Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,'

XII. 75. sang Acrasia, and the little birds twittered in chorus.

But the Palmer caught her and her lover in a net skillfully spread,
 XII. 83. and Guyon broke down the pleasant bowers with pitiless rigour, and restored to their human form the beasts who had once been men; while Acrasia was sent bound to the Court of Gloriana.

Book III. So did the Knight of Temperance bring his adventure to its close,
 Canto I. 2. and so did Virtue triumph. But Guyon sought for no reward; but
 I. 1. rejoining, Prince Arthur went on in search of further feats of arms.

'Temperance,' as understood by Spenser, is by no means a simple conception. It implies obedience to law, that perfect balance of forces which produces the order of Nature. Everything 'is right in its right place, at the right time, in right proportion, and not otherwise; and 'a right judgment in all things' well expresses the *moral* quality at which Guyon aims, and to carry this out the strictest self-control is necessary.

A little study will of course soon make the moral violations of Temperance through which he has to pass clear to the reader; but this idea of order and proportion, of rightness, is carried out into the natural world, in the abnormal conditions of nature with which he has to contend in the last Canto. That Physical Health is part of this right order of things is plainly symbolized in the Castle of Alma, and in the foes which attack it. *Canto IX.*, 22, should be noticed as contributing to the idea of proportion, and *Canto XII.*, 47, will be referred to in a future chapter. *Bad taste* would constitute one of the slighter variations of right order, and this is perhaps indicated by the ornate decorations

which graced the entrance to the Bower of Bliss. We should probably understand by Acrasia that Lust of the flesh, that self-indulgence, which makes right balance and self-control impossible; the essential force which wars against Virtue and Worth. (Notice the wonderful perversion of the lesson of the lilies of the field in Phaedria's song in *Canto VII.*, 15). *Canto VIII.*, 1; 2, is the best known and perhaps most beautiful passage in the poem. Phaedria is a sort of prototype of giggling girls, and seems to exemplify the silly impropriety and want of self-control that often leads to deeper evils. The exquisite beauty and perfect innocence of the bird songs and of the flowery fields, among which she is seen, seem to suggest the idea that folly is foolish even in the face of natural beauty. That Acrasia typifies vicious pleasure is of course obvious; but Phaedria's indecorous chatter in her boat and among her birds and flowers can hardly fail to suggest the levity and absence of balance which are to be found on many 'excursions' into lovely country, and which, unhappily, are too often seen in the brightest sunshine and in the sweetest air,

Characters to be met with again :—

Belphebe, after she fled from Braggadocchio.

Braggadocchio, himself.

Sir Guyon, pursuing his adventures.

St. George, also pursuing his.

Prince Arthur and his Squire, *Timias*, after leaving the Castle of Alma.

Archimago, having fled from Prince Arthur.

It will be observed that the real characters run through the poem; but the personifications mostly disappear with the vice or virtue they represent.

Questions.

5. Explain the allegory connected with the Castle of Alma.
6. Describe the Cave of Mammon.
7. Give instances of classical allusions in this book.
8. Point out the successive temptations through which Guyon had to pass.

Answers to be sent to Miss C. R. Coleridge, care of the Publishers, before September 1st.

Church History Society.

THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS—EUCCHARISTIC CONTROVERSIES.

Questions for August and September.

29. Show from ancient writings and formulæ what the Undivided Church of the first seven centuries taught as to the change in the Eucharistic elements and the Reality of Christ's Presence therein. (Use the language of others as far as possible.) †

30. Describe the treatise of Paschasius Radbertus and the Controversy which ensued.

31. Give a history of Berenger and the Controversy in his days.

32. Mention any further enunciations of Rome on this point. Does our own Church lay down any absolute decree on the manner of the Change and the Presence? (Avoid the Reformation disputes altogether.)

May Class List.

Class I.

Hermione .	}	. . 36	Papaver	} 33	Honeysuckle . . .	33	
Water Wagtail			Ierne			Malacoda	}	. . . 32
Andromache.			Sycorax			Erica		
Etheldreda . . .		35						

Class II.

Fidelia	}	. . . 29	White Cat	}	. . . 27	Trudel	}	. . . 22
Crataegus			Veritas			Agatha		
Verena			Maidenhair			Miss Molly		

Class III.

North Wind . . .	17	*Decima	}	. . . 16	*Laura	10
*Charissa	16	Onward			*Mary Beatrice . . .	9

* Two questions only.

REMARKS.

17. Innocent III.'s history and character are given with most discrimination by *Water Wagtail*, *Ierne*, and *Charissa*. *Etheldreda*, *Fidelia*, and *Honeysuckle* miss the grandeur of his character. If the Papacy were necessary to the Church, or even necessary at any period, here was its best chance of proving it. We see it at its very best and highest, in the hands of the ablest, noblest, and purest Pope who ever filled the so-called Throne of St. Peter. If the Papacy failed of its Ideal in even his hands, then, *a fortiori* it was doomed to failure in any other hands. The Bishopric of Rome was of course of a Divine institution, the Patriarchate of the Rome (including its Primacy) an ecclesiastical one, and therefore Divinely sanctioned. The Papacy (whether claiming supremacy or autocracy) is the most superb of human institutions, but it is a human Ideal after all.

Mary Beatrice: It seems unfair to ascribe Innocent's *De Contemptu Mundi* to disappointed pride. For the world he always maintained a

† For this one answer copying and books will be allowed.

contempt, though *spiritual* pride may have been his temptation. Bog-Oak fears the 'narrowness of vision attendant on enthusiasm,' ascribed by Mosheim to Innocent, is often seen where enthusiasm is absent; notably in Mosheim himself. *Water Wagtail*, *Sycorax*, and *Decima*: The *Stabat Mater dolorosa* is well known to be by Jacopone da Todi, *circ.* 1306. He became a Franciscan, and wrote a companion hymn, *Stabat Mater speciosa*, very little known. *Etheldreda*, *Verena*, and *Erica* do not mention Innocent's death at all.

18. Innocent's dealings with the Princes of his time are best done by *Etheldreda*, but not perfectly by her, as she omits Alexius III. and Alexius Comnenus, and does not mention his getting Friedrich II. elected Emperor. The Princes whom no one should have omitted were, in the German Empire, Philip, Otho, and Friedrich II. (the last in Sicily also); in France, Philippe Auguste; the two Alexii in the East; Raymond of Thoulouse; and *some* at least of the Peninsular sovereigns. England was to be omitted. *Hermione*: It was Philip who was of Swabia; Otho was Duke of Saxony and Brunswick. *Ierne*: It was the daughter of Alfonso of Castille, not of Aragon, whom Alfonso of Leon married; and it was Pedro of Aragon, not Castille, who received his crown from the Pope. *Verena*: Constantia, not Christina, was Queen of Sicily. *Trudel*: Her husband had been Heinrich VI. of Germany, not of France, where there never was a Henri VI.

19. Of the ten Members who give the seven Points of Papal Prerogative, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Andromache*, and *Honeysuckle* have done them excellently. No one notices that Dispensations were of two kinds, viz.: from Church discipline—e.g. marrying within degrees prohibited by the Church only (as co-sponsors), or at times and seasons usually forbidden; the Special License still granted by the Archbishop is an exercise of that dispensing power once so freely used. Dispensations from fasting on certain days were granted down to the days of Laud. The second kind was dispensing vows or obligations incurred—as monastic and marriage vows, or a Crusader's vow. Bog-Oak has known instances within the English Church where such dispensations (from other than marriage vows) have been sought and obtained in our own days. But this latter power is of more doubtful right than the former. As to Canonization, the oldest form was to inscribe a holy name 'in the diptychs' of the local church. Public opinion judged whether to adopt these in other Churches or not. Thus arose two forms of Canon—the purely local (such are multitudes of Cornish Saints), and the Universal. Even now Rome follows this to a certain extent, by wisely adopting local Saints into her Calendar (as old Rome put the gods of the nations in her Pantheon), and allotting a Festival of a higher class to a native Saint in his own land. *Maidenhair* does not expand the points at all.

Of those who have taken the Order diversely called Trinitarians, Mathurins, Crutched or Crossed or Red Friars, *Etheldreda*, *Sycorax*, and *Malacoda* are best.

20. The Fourth Lateran is very well done by *Ierne* and *Erica*. Very few note that its importance consisted less in its very important decrees, than in the fact of their being, for the first time, merely promulgated without debate by the Pope to the silently consenting Bishops. This Council was the Parent of the Vatican of 1870; the only wonder being that the decree of Infallibility tarried thus for six and a half centuries. *Water Wagtail*: Stephen Langton was present in spite of his suspension, which was here ratified to his face, and then relaxed, though he was detained awhile at Rome. *Trudel* omits Transubstantiation; *Agatha*, *Veritas*, and *Trudel* the deposition of Raymond of Thoulouse, the most celebrated of its acts. *Sycorax*: A man must confess, so the Council decreed, to his own priest or to another approved by him. *Honeysuckle* and *Trudel*: St. John ante Port. Lat. is not to be confounded with St. John's Lateran. The former is Portam Latinam, the gate of the Latin Way, the traditional site of the

Miracle of the Boiling Oil ; the latter was the Papal palace and Church built on the site of the Lateran Basilica, which had been erected on the estate of Plautius Lateranus. Palace and Church were burnt down in the next century, and the former removed to the Vatican, the latter rebuilt and still standing as the 'Mother and Head of the World's Churches.'

Erica asks the names of Spanish Military Orders. Those of Calatrava, Alcantava, Montesa, and Avis were the most celebrated, and some twenty more are named.

The China Cupboard.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

'Conscientious people are more apt than others to regard the world in its relation to themselves.' Is this so ?

The answers seem to be, on the whole, in the affirmative, and are very interesting.

Chelsea China agrees with *Double Daisy*, that self-consciousness is often a stage in development. A girl's conscience may be a plague to her family at eighteen, and a blessing to them at eight-and-thirty.

Papers received from *Bildad*, *Apathy*, *Atheline*, and *Black Rabbit*.

Chelsea China thinks that the housemaid who wanted to scrub the floor when her mistress was in bed with influenza, was rather an instance of stupidity than of over-conscientiousness.

At first sight the above statement seems to have a great deal of truth in it. Many conscientious people seem to regard this world merely as a place in which 'the offending Adam is to be whipped out of them.' Sometimes there is not a little spiritual pride in this. A man knows that his besetting sin is love of money. The bank in which he has invested his savings fails, involving thousands in its ruin. 'Ah,' he says to himself, 'the failure of this bank is a divinely appointed chastisement, because I made an idol of my money.'

And most of us have known the conscientious woman who regards the failings or perversity of others as a 'cross' specially devised for her benefit. Such an one will bear with others patiently, perhaps too patiently, dwelling more on the beneficial result of forbearance on her own character, than on the fact that a judicious display of a little resentment or impatience might have a salutary effect upon her selfish or ill-tempered neighbour, and that her resigned submission is actually fostering the faults from which she suffers.

I have heard that in some convents, if the children are rude and troublesome, the nuns consider it as a judgment on themselves, and do penance instead of punishing the children.

But after all this only applies to those whose conscience is strained and morbid. If we apply the word 'conscientious' to those who endeavour to act up to a high standard of duty, guided by an enlightened conscience, why should such as these be more apt than others to attach undue importance to their own personality? Those who do 'the duty that lies nearest in simple faith,' will not regard every calamity as specially designed for them, any more than they will regard every day of sunshine as the reward of their merit, remembering that : 'He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'

LESBIA.

I think this charge is in the main true. The constant thought of what is right for oneself to do involves a good deal of self-reference, and makes conscientious people more self-conscious than those who are less scrupulous. It is apt to engender the state of mind described in Kingsley's forcible, if irreverent words, as being bent on saving one's own dirty soul. But people ought not always to be only conscientious and nothing more. It is often a life-long phase, and in a world of temptation we may be thankful to attain so far. It is better to be the bondman of duty than of sin; but what is meant by being 'the Lord's freeman?' Is it not to breathe a higher, freer atmosphere where the choice of right becomes intuitive rather than deliberate, and a fuller sympathy with others drives out the self-consciousness which makes one's own standpoint all important? DOUBLE DAISY.

It is, and it is not; there are those to whom conscience is a guide in all things; pure upright souls of whom we could never say they were self-centred, or selfish, for that is what it really means. What is conscience, but a very keen spiritual and moral sense? There are minds so pure and sensitive that they reflect the light of God's presence, and see all things in that light. General Gordon is an example; he tells us himself (more especially in his letters to his sister) how this pure spiritual instinct became clearer the closer he grew to God; and history does not show us a more unselfish, a less self-centred character. There are also those of a high moral uprightness who follow out in their lives, 'To thine own self be true,' who are also too large souled for such an accusation. Often those who are really the most conscientious, in the sense of acting from the highest motives, are, to use a paradox, those who are most unconsciously so. They forget themselves so completely, that their work, their love towards God and man, fills their mind; which brings us back to the truth contained in this statement, to that type of conscientious people who do seem to make themselves the centre of the universe. In a book of Mrs. Craik's ('Sermons out of Church') there is a paper on 'The selfishness of unselfish people,' which illustrates my point. Those, who being somewhat dense and unsympathetic, force their unselfishness on you, never considering you also may wish to give up something, you cannot get them to decide, or make a choice; you know they purposely take the worst things, with a mild air of martyrdom, and they end by making you thoroughly uncomfortable, or thoroughly cross. Had they looked at things from your point of view they would have given you the satisfaction of feeling you had given them pleasure. They are self-centred, self-conscious, they do not see with your eyes. Then there is the scrupulous conscience, always fearful of doing wrong; how we wish for them some of the 'glorious liberty' of which St. Paul speaks. Large questions of right and wrong with regard to others seem lost in a morbid introspection, in scruples of verbal accuracy, all, in fact, that is included in 'ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin,' often incurring the rebuke, 'and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith' (St. Matt. xxiii. 23). These are they, whose chief anxiety spiritually is *to save their own souls*, and who look at all theological questions from that point of view. They go to church for the good they receive, rather than as an act of worship; they judge the services by the standard of their own views, rather than by that of the maintenance of certain principles, and the furtherance of doctrinal truths, still they are conscientious in a self-centred way. There is again this much of truth in the statement; that the tendency of an active conscience is towards intense individualism; the perfection of the individual. You feel you are yourself answerable before God for your soul, and that perfection is the goal towards which you must aspire, however far you fall short. It is very easy to see how this may lead to spiritual selfishness, so that we look upon the world as our own special arena; unless indeed we live so near to God as to learn from Him, that 'the light of the conscience is love.' Then conscientiousness in a narrow sense will merge into that higher

region of perfect love for the souls of others, expressed so well by A. A. Procter—

‘Arouse him then—this is thy part :
Show him the claim ; point out the need ;
And nerve his arm, and cheer his heart ;
Then stand aside, and say “God Speed” !
Smooth thou his path ere it is trod ;
Burnish the arms that he must wield ;
And pray with all thy strength, that God
May crown him Victor of the field.’

OPTIMUS.

APROPOS OF MANY DEBATES.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I shall be grateful if you will insert this under ‘Correspondence,’ and ‘Odds and Ends,’ in ‘Monthly Packet.’ It seems to me that justice has scarcely been done to Browning as a poet in the last number. Surely poetry has a wider meaning than that understood by *A Sweet Singer*. Now, although Browning deserves that title oftener than many people think, it is scarcely the idea of him which either admiration or justice demand. Is not a poet above all things a *maker*, one who creates beautiful and noble images, and not only makes his readers see them, but create also, in their smaller degree, for ‘The nature of all true art is to say more than it says.’ Most assuredly Browning does this ; a very painful but able modern novel illustrates my meaning. It shows how art may be very real and yet take up the commonplace, be in itself unlovely, as the pictures of Millet also teach us. The spirit of modern thought and life, as well as art, seem to demand three things—Strength, Truth, Purpose. Browning gives us all this. If poetry is to live in the future it must take a wide range—perfection of form and musical rhythm will never quite satisfy alone. Consider Swinburne, with all his marvellous powers of language and music, which, while it carries you away at the time, yet leaves you half-disgusted and half-sad, because he gives you no high ideals, no depth of thought, while he often debases his muse. Art is more than sweetness or beauty, is it not? ‘Eternity looking through time ; the Godlike through the visible’ (Carlyle). So, I hope that what a thoughtful Girton girl, an M.A. too, said to me, may come true : ‘He is more appreciated already, and he *will be* still more so in the future.’ VERITAS.

Chelsea China thinks that the meaning of a poem should have the same relations to the ordinary thought of humanity as the wording has to ordinary speech. Both should be transcendent.

QUESTION FOR AUGUST.

‘The influence of Fashion is morally, intellectually, æsthetically, and socially prejudicial.’ Is this so? (Debated at Newnham College.)

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before September 1st.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,
OR
THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.
SIXTH COMPLICATION.

A girl is offended with her friend ; she writes to express her grievance and to try to come to an understanding.

Chelsea China has set a problem which she is very glad not to have to solve. Personally, if she was offended with a friend, nothing could induce her to write a letter. She would rather have it out face to face ; but that is a matter of temperament. Moreover, friendships that have lasted from the time when outraged affection expressed itself by a good slap, may survive even emotional letters ; but it is bad for the more sensitive bonds of later life, if they have to come to explanations at all. As a rule, it is perfectly useless to complain to a friend that *she is not as fond of you as she used to be*. Either you are cross and jealous, or the charge is true, and where's the use of complaining?

This disqualifies some of the letters, and especially a very clever one of *Honora Guest's*. If Lilian really left her to hear of her engagement from a stranger, etc., there was no place for repentance in that friendship. Again, some of the accusations, unless met with a definite denial, could never have been forgiven ; some are too frivolous. Chelsea China has been obliged to select the letter which seemed most likely to lead to the continuance of the friendship. *Geraldine Glasgow* inquires why her friend is offended, but does not express her grievance. *Mag's* opinion of *Eva Vickers* must for ever have rankled. *Jean Bruce's* grievance is hardly personal enough, and on the whole Chelsea China thinks that *Isabella Hanbury* best expresses a real grievance and a real friendship, and yet that the grievance might have come from misrepresentation. The style is emotional, but so is the subject.

Eva Vickers, however, has been successful three times out of six, and so takes the prize.

Fifteen letters received.

June 11, 1891.

MY DEAR MARY,—

Do you remember in the days long past, those quaint 'articles of friendship,' we drew up and solemnly signed, both of us, in imitation of the 'prentices of old? One clause of the precious document seemed to me then very useless, and I wanted to strike it out, but you willed that it should remain.

'That if either party hath a grievance against the other she shall straightway write unto her friend, putting the matter forth as briefly and as clearly as is possible, and shall endeavour forthwith to come to an understanding.'

Till last week, I am thankful to say, that clause to me has seemed null and void, but now I find I stand in need of obeying its dictates. Mary, dear, I have a big grievance against you. I will state it as concisely as I can, and you will explain it away, dear, I know, for it is to me like a mental illness, and makes me weaker in all the other actions and details of my life.

It is this.

You are the only person on earth whom I have ever told about my own private affairs, and that of course in the strictest confidence of friendship. How comes it then that yesterday, that cousin of yours, Dora Agnew, with whom you have just been staying, showed me plainly that she knew all about everything, and then as good as said that she heard about it all from you—from you, mine own most trusted friend. Mary, write quickly and say it is not true. Girls who harbour grievances are mean and despicable, I grant ; but I would infinitely rather find that I had sunk to their low level than that you, whom I trusted, had played me false. Yet what am I to think? How, except through you, could she have known all about that painful episode last June, and much more beside? I dread being at the mercy of Dora's tongue, but far more do I dread your answer being unsatisfactory, and an understanding between us becoming, in consequence, impossible. But, dear, till your letter comes I will try to thrust the matter from me, and to believe it is only some unknown enemy who has done this thing. 'Tout savoir s'est tout pardonner,' they say, so let it rest till your answer reaches me, and you on your side, forgive me if I have wrongly suspected you. Write to me quickly, quickly—waiting in ignorance is such grievous pain.—Yours,

ISABELLA HANBURY.

NEW SERIES.

SECOND COMPLICATION.

Rector's wife writes to the Squire's daughter rebuking her for setting a bad example by laughing and talking in the churchyard.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

1. Admiral Tchitchakoff.

'And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name';
A name you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and none can spell.'
SOUTHEY, '*The March to Moscow*.'

2. The good Lord Clifford.

'Love had he found in huts where poor men lie.'
WORDSWORTH, '*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*.'

3. The Pensive Selima.

'Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.'
GRAY, '*Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat*.'

4. Our gude Queen.

'It isna that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise;
But I lo'e the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae paddock pies.'
BON GUALTIER, '*The Queen in France*.'

5. John Wesley's 'Old Jeffery.'

6. Jack Sprat and his wife.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Jacopilus, 5 ; *Nemo*, 4 ; *Marquette*, 3 ; *Proud Maisie*, 3 ; *White Cat*, 4 ;
T. Halliday, 5 ; *Dunmow Flitch*, 1 ; *K. Anstey*, 4 ; *The Muffin Man*, 6 ;
Lheodora, 2 ; *H. D. & A. D.*, 2 ; *Helga*, 1 ; *M. R. A.*, 2 ; *Cedars*, 2 ; *The*
Triad, 1 ; *Rule of Three*, 4 ; *Child of the Mist*, 2 ; *Innisfail*, 3 ; *Hileg*, 1 ;
Magnet, 5 ; *Black Rabbit*, 1 ; *A Hampshire Hog*, 2 ; *L. N. V.*, 2 ; *Scotch*
Mist, 1.

Question 5 has several answers. Cowper, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Lamb have been offered. Chelsea China should have thought that no one would have expected to find subjects taken from Holy Scripture.

Prizes and marks announced next month.

QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. What picture contained as many sheep as there was money to pay for?
2. What lady was bound upon a white palfrey?
3. In what ancient castle did birds of the swallow tribe build?
4. What knight disguised himself by wearing a lady's badge?
5. By whom was a present of Johnson's Dictionary received ungratefully?
6. Who had no money to make up the fancy work which she designed?

THIRD SHELF.
CORRESPONDENCE.

ERRATUM.—In July number, p. 119, for '*opus musaicuno*, tesselated mask,' read '*opus musaicum*, tesselated work.'

I saw in 'Harper's Magazine' 'like he did,' for, *as* he did, mentioned as an incorrect Britishism. I never used the expression, and always alter it when I can, but I was greatly ashamed of my own ungrammatical country folk.

BIRD OF AGES.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I strongly advise *Lettice* not to invite Dissenters to come to church in any way which can be taken as implying a personal favour to herself. She cannot think it would be desirable that, without conviction, they should leave chapel for church to please her. Neither had she better take to argument. A girl who has just left school is not the right person to combat the convictions of a lifetime, however erroneous; and there is much danger, lest in the heat of youthful controversy she should fail to see that what has developed into an error is really a truth taken out of proportion to others, which cannot be denied without loss. The Methodist view of 'conversion' is a case in point. *Lettice* probably is not aware how the anti-church political party—as represented by some of the circulars of the Fabian Society—rejoice in what they consider to be proofs of social pressure exerted upon the working classes by the clergyman and his family.—M.

Correspondents inquiring about advertisements are referred to the rules given within the cover of the 'Monthly Packet.'

Private Charitable Appeals cannot be inserted in the China Cupboard, and those for Charitable Societies only when space permits.

Charities can be advertised through the Publishers.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

G. will be glad if any one can tell her the name of an instructive verse club which will admit not very experienced or highly developed poets.

E. M. R. asks for a good history of S. Elizabeth. 2. A book on mythology, giving the histories of the various gods and the faiths they inspired.

1st volume of Grote's 'Greece,' or, smaller and less expensive, Niebuhr's 'Greek Hero Stories' (Shaw), 2s.; or Professor Church's admirable series (Seeley).—CHELSEA CHINA.

Wanted the title of a story of two children whose parents have to go abroad; are sent to their uncle, a busy London doctor, who sees little of them; they get into many scrapes (one about making toast, I think); and in a walk which they take without leave, become acquainted with a young lady, who they call 'Miss Goldyhair.' She marries the uncle afterwards.—FEODORA.

Wanted the title of a biography of a lady of high rank who lived in France during the whole time of the Reign of Terror, and had an interview with the monster, Fouquier Tinville, and actually obtained from him the release of a friend who was imprisoned and in great danger of condemnation. It is also stated that she was a person of wonderful beauty.—HARRIET.

Lady Betty would be obliged if the Editors would kindly tell her of any good story or novel of the time of the Jacobite Rebellion in 1715; also the best historical account of that period.

'Dorothy Foster,' by Walter Besant (Chatto & Windus); 'Mistress Beatrice Cope'; also, of course, 'Rob Roy.' The best history of the insurrection is in Lord Stanhope's 'History of England,' from the Peace of Utrecht.

Alexandra will be very glad if the Editors or readers of the 'Monthly Packet' can tell her of a French magazine, published in weekly numbers or monthly parts, corresponding to the 'Monthly Packet,' or else something illustrated, more in the style of our 'Leisure Hour.'

'Le Magasin d'Education et de Récréation' (Hetzel, Paris), if it is still continued.

Maria asks the author of

'Sunrise breakfast, sun-high dinner,
Sunset supper, makes a saint of a sinner.'

I have been told the words occur in an old American edition of 'John Ingle-sant,' but have no means of verifying the assertion.

Bee would be glad to know the names of some suitable Sunday books for children of the upper class in preference to 'Peep of Day,' 'Line upon Line,' etc.

'Aunt Charlotte's Scripture Stories' (Marcus Ward); 'The Nations Around,' by Annie Keary (Macmillan); 'History of the Kingdom of Judah,' by F. M. Wilbraham (Masters); 'Judea and her Rulers,' by M. Bramston (S. P. C. K.); Dr. Maclear's Handbooks of the Old and New Testaments.

J. asks how Mary Beatrice, who married Francis IV. of Modena, was great-granddaughter of Charles Emmanuel III. of Savoy. Was she daughter of Charles Emmanuel, or Victor Emmanuel I.? Also *J.* asks whether the 'White Rose,' a magazine relating to the history of the Stuarts and of Jacobitism, is still published, and if so, where it can be had.

Mary Beatrice was the daughter of Victor Emmanuel I. The magazine alluded to is called the 'Royalist,' and is to be procured at 21, Regent's Park Terrace.

A local name for the pretty pink *Persicaria* is Passion-dock. *M. E. L.* will be glad if any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' can inform her if there is any legend connected with the plant that may account for the name. In some parts of Lancashire the leaves are made into a pudding with bread crumbs, meat, raisins, and other ingredients.

Friend's 'Flower Lore' says that in Oxfordshire the spots on the leaves of this plant (*Polygonum Persicaria*) are said to have been caused by Blood spots from the Cross. Also another legend says that the plant not being to be found when the Blessed Virgin needed it to compound an ointment, she punished it with a pinch, of which it bears the marks, and deprived it of all virtue for ever.

'She could not find in time of need,
And so she pinched it for a weed,'

says the old rhyme, which surely must have belonged to Freya.

A Subscriber from the Beginning will be grateful to any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' who can give information about the hymn beginning 'Sleep, on belovèd,' published by Mr. James Taylor, of 31, Castle Street, Edinburgh, and called an 'Ancient Hymn.' Mr. Taylor has courteously given all the information in his possession, which is, that he received the hymn and music from the late Rev. Gerard Smith, of Ockbrook, Derby, who said it was written by Mrs. Huish. Are the words *a translation of an early Christian Greek hymn*? Are the words, 'Death is a golden sleep' (ὁ θάνατός ἐστι χρυσοῦς ὕπνος) in any way connected with the early Greek Church? or were they only a saying common among Pagan Greeks?

ANCIENT HYMN TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends 'Good Night,' assured of their awakening at the Resurrection call.—1 Thess. iv. 14.

(ὁ θάνατός ἐστι χρυσοῦς ὕπνος.)

GOOD NIGHT.

Sleep on, belovèd, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.—
Good night.

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep.
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep.—
Good night.

Until the shadow from this earth is cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is overpast.—
Good night.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise.—
Good night.

Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine.—
Good night.

Only 'Good night,' beloved, not farewell!
'A little while,' and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible.—
Good night.

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own.
Until we know, even as we are known.—
Good night.

ANSWERS.

In answer to the inquiry in the June number of the 'Monthly Packet' as to the origin of the Hoptunaa Boys in the Isle of Man, I beg to send the following:—

'Hoptunaa, Trollalay,' etc.

Probably the remains of an invocation handed down to us from our Scandinavian forefathers, and originally used at Hollantide (i.e. *Old* Hallowmas), because at that time all fairies, 'good people,' witches, 'Bogganes,' etc., were roaming about, and possessed of unusual powers

In Scotland a similar practice obtains on New Year's Eve when boys sing—

'Hogmanay, Trollalay,
Give us your white bread and none of your gray.'

'Hog,' or 'Hoghmen,' were the elves, hillsmen, or good spirits. 'Trolle' were the wicked or mischievous ones, hence—'Hogmanaye'—Hillmen for aye; 'Trollalay'—Trollo into the sea.—NY IREY SHAA.

Will the Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' kindly say, in their next issue in Answers to Correspondents, in *what year* a Christmas number of the 'Monthly Packet' was published, having in it a story about a *Maud Ingledew*? They will greatly oblige
G. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

Messrs. Griffith & Farren publish, in connection with the G. F. S., 'The Next Thing Series' of sixpenny and threepenny booklets. Where such a number go forth together, they can hardly help being unequal, and they are all, with two exceptions, tales of the same class in society—the young woman working for her own living. Of these we prefer *Annie Parker's Wedding Dress*, where the light tone respecting marriage is well dealt with. *Nothing to Learn* and *Out for the Day* are capital lessons for young servants, and so is *Golden Silence*. *With None to Help*, by Mrs. Hallett, though dealing with workhouse girls, is on a higher level than the rest, as perhaps we are the

more inclined to say, because it once appeared in our own pages long ago. The condition of workhouse girls has been greatly ameliorated on the whole since this paper was written, but it is still a valuable lesson. *The Work of a Witch* is very amusing, and in some remote villages belief in witchcraft still lingers. But *Grannie's Story* contains anachronisms, as the old woman's age must have been extraordinary; and *Miss Girdlestone's Mother* is written without sufficiently understanding the case. A girl could hardly have been made head-mistress without having been at a training college, and why did she never come home for the holidays? On her own sordid views, a month at home would have been the cheapest plan. Moreover, the difficulties of a mistress in getting away just before an inspection are not wholly selfish.

Messrs. Wells Gardiner are also bringing out a series of penny novels edited by Mrs. Townsend. The names of the authors of the first of these are a sufficient recommendation.* Miss Peard, the author of *Mlle. Mori*, and Mr. Cobb, are certainly cheap at the price. It would be a good work to bring them to the notice of the little shops which purvey penny literature.

Janet, by Mrs. Oliphant (Hurst and Blackett, 3 vols.). This is a very clever book. Though the plot is old and extremely improbable, the characters concerned are worked out with new and natural touches which would have occurred to no other author. They are an unusually worthless set of people. Dolff is the only one who commands any sympathy; but it is not altogether unwholesome to see commonplace poorness of character so unflinchingly set forth. We think the effect both of Dolff's violence and of the discovery of the secret, hardly enough realised. But this may be on purpose. It is a tragedy with comedy actors. Hence the pathos.

* *Miss Devereux, Spinster; a Study of Development*, by Agnes Giberne (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a two-volume story, divided into four parts. 'In Childhood's Hour,' where we are introduced very clearly and very simply to the heroes and the heroines of this clever story. In a glance we see the struggles that heredity and Nature are likely to have before the characters are formed, and an especial interest we take in dear little Jean, as she stands before us holding out a protecting hand to Sir Cyril, who waits, shaking with terror, at the slippery stones of the stream. The Trevelyan reserve and the Ingram tenderness began their battle in real earnestness then, child though Jean was; and the pure instinct of helping others which came to her aid, gives a fine promise, which we read, shining out brightly in the three other books. 'After Seven Years,' childhood has vanished, sorrows and joys have come, and the characters are marching forward. Sir Cyril vainly tries to assert his manhood. Miss Devereux vainly tries to cling to her strange, weak authority; Evelyn, her niece, finds her struggles too; while hard-working, brave Jem fights steadily and manfully on in the East of London till 'Action and Reaction' comes, and Sir Cyril takes Mr. Trevelyan under his charge, and Jean finds herself in a sunny home of tenderness for awhile, and Jem, with a ready tact, gives her plenty of work to do, and so they all wait till 'The Upshot of it all appears,' which is beautifully told. But perhaps we had better sum up in Mrs. Kennedy's words, 'so it's all settled; and now there's nothing to be done but to publish the banns and to get the frocks and veils!'

* Communicated by Henley Arden.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

MY LADYE'S LULLABY.

To F. T.

To my Ladye Babie's lattice high,
Her wind-wooper comes from the dark'ning sky,
When the sky and the clouds and the lamps are dim,
My Ladye Babie listens to him ;

Low, low, low, low,
To his song that is solemn and soft and slow.

What he sayeth I do not know,
But I watch her soft smiles come and go,
Like shine and shadow over a rose,
As into Dreamland with him she goes.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is that land where the Ladye Babies meet.

There the star-lilies grow down each shining street,
Cloud-paved for the Ladye Babie's feet ;
Those little white feet, so soft and small,
They cannot use them on earth at all.

No, no, no, no !
Yet fast in Dreamland those little feet go.

And the weary Night-wind more loud doth blow,
Calling her back to earth I know.
Call louder, Wind of the Night ! for fear
My Ladye Babie forget us here.

Call, call, call, call !
Or she will never come back at all.

O wild Wind Wooer, the red leaves fall,
As you rock on the tree tops old and tall!
They beat at the window, they tap at the pane,
And my Ladye Babie awakes again.

Whist, whist, whist, whist!
While my Ladye Babie is rocked and kissed.

But the wild Wind bloweth as he doth list,
Loud and louder mid cloud and mist,
Louder, louder with crash and roar,
He calls at the window, he beats at the door.

Shrill, shrill, shrill, shrill,
And my Ladye Babie listeneth still.

Her bonnie brown eyes with bright tears fill,
What dost thou tell her, O Wind of ill?
Of nestlings flung from the tossing trees?
Of ships astray on those stormy seas?

No, no, no, no!
Too soon, too soon her tears must flow.

No, Wind of the Night, too loud you blow,
A lullaby should fall soft as snow,
As soft as snow, and as sweet as rain,
For my Ladye Babie would sleep again.

Go, go, go, go!
I will sing her a song, soft, solemn, and slow.

CLARE CLELAND.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

SCARLET FEVER.

THERE was a meeting of one of the many charitable societies to which Bertha had made Lord Northmoor give his name, and she persuaded him to stay on another day for it, though he came down in the morning with a sore throat and heavy eyes, and, contrary to his usual habits, lay about in an easy chair, and dozed over the newspaper all the morning.

When he found himself unable to eat at luncheon, she allowed that he was not fit for the meeting, but demurred when he declared that he should go home at once that afternoon to let Mary nurse his cold. The instinct of getting back to wife and home were too strong for Bertha to contend with, and he started, telegraphing to Northmoor to be met at the station.

Perhaps there were delays, as in his oppressed and dazed state he had mistaken the trains, for he did not arrive at home till nine o'clock instead of seven, and then he looked so ill as he stumbled into the hall, dazzled by the lights, that Mary looked at him in much alarm.

'Yes,' he said hoarsely, 'I have a bad cold and sore throat, and I thought I had better come home at once.'

'Indeed you had! If only you have not made it worse by the journey!'

Which apparently he had done, for he could scarcely swallow the warm drinks brought to him, and had such a night, that when steps were heard in the house, he said—

'Mary, dear, don't let Mite come in. I am afraid it is too late to keep you away, but if I had felt like this yesterday, I would have gone straight to the fever hospital.'

‘Oh, no, no ; what should you do but come home to me ? Was it that horrible place at Rotherhithe ?’

‘Perhaps. It is just a fortnight since, and I felt a strange shudder and chill as I was talking. But it may be nothing ; only keep Mite away till I have seen Trotman. My Mary, don’t look like that ! It may be nothing, and we have been very happy—thank God.’

Poor Mary, in a choking state, hurried away to send for the doctor, and to despatch orders to Nurse Eden to confine Master Michael to the nursery and garden for the present, her sinking and foreboding heart forbidding her to approach the child herself.

The verdict of the doctor confirmed these alarms, for all the symptoms of scarlet fever had by that time manifested themselves. Mary had gone through the disease long before, and had nursed through more than one outbreak at Miss Lang’s, so her husband might take the comfort of knowing that there was little anxiety on her account, though the doctor, evidently expecting a severe attack, insisted on sending in a trained nurse to assist her.

As the little boy had fortunately been in bed and asleep long before his father came home, there was as yet no danger of infection for him, though he must be sent out of the house at once.

Lady Adela was not at home, and Mary would have doubted about sending him to the Cottage, even if she had been there ; so she quickly made up her mind that Eden and the young nursery maid should take him at once to Westhaven, to be either in the hotel or at Northmoor Cottage, according as his aunt should decide.

How little she had thought, when she heard him say his prayers, and exchanged kisses with him at the side of his little bed, that it was the last time for many a long day, and that her hungry spirit would have to feed itself on that last smile and kiss of the fat hand, as she looked out of her husband’s window as the carriage drove away.

Lady Adela knew too well what it was to be desolate, not to come home so as to be at hand, though she left her little daughter at her uncle’s. Bertha came on the following day.

‘I feel as if it were all my doing,’ she said ; ‘I could not bear it, if it does not go well with him, after being the saving of poor little Cea.’

'There is nothing to reproach yourself with,' said sober-minded Lady Adela. 'Neither you nor he could guess that he was running into infection.'

'No,' said Bertha; 'of course, one never thinks of such things with grown-up people, especially one whom one has always thought of as a stick, and to whom perhaps ascribed some of its toughness,' she added smiling; 'but he did come home looking very white and worn-out, and complained of horrible smells. No, dear man, he was far too punctilious to use the word, he only said that he should like to send the Sanitary Commission down the alley. I ought to have dosed him with brandy on the spot, for of course he was too polite to ask for it, so I only gave him a cup of *tea*,' said Bertha, with an infinite tone of scorn in the name of the beverage.

'Will it be any comfort to tell you that most likely it would have been too late even if he would have accepted it. Come, Bertha, how often are we told that we are not to think so much of consequences as of actions, and there was nothing blame-worthy in the whole business.'

'Except that I was such a donkey as not to have begun by asking for the man's proofs, but I was so much afraid that he would pounce on the child that I only thought of buying him off from time to time. I did not know I was so weak! Well, at any rate, with little Mite to the fore, the place will be left in good hands. I like Herbert on the whole, but to have that woman reigning as Madame Mère would be awful.'

'Nay, I trust we are not coming to that! Trotman says it is a thoroughly severe attack, but not abnormally malignant, as he calls it. It is a matter of nursing, he tells me, and that he has of the best—a matter of nursing and of prayer; and that,' added Adela, her eyes filling with tears, 'I am sure he has.'

'And yet—and yet,' Bertha broke off.

'Ah, you are thinking how we prayed before! And yet, Birdie, after these six years of seeing his rule and recognising what mine would have been, I see it was for the best that my own little Michael was taken to his happy home.'

'You'll call it for the best now,' said Bertha grimly.

'If it be so, it will prove itself; but I really do not see any special cause for extra fear.'

Lady Adela and Bertha both thought themselves as far safe as any one can be with scarlet fever, and would gladly have taken a share in the nursing. Bertha, however, had far too much

of the whirlwind in her to be desirable in a sick house, and on the principle that needless risk was wrong, was never admitted within the house doors, but Lady Adela insisted on seeing Mary every day, and was assured that she should be a welcome assistant in case of need ; but at present there was no necessity of calling in other help, the form of fever being lethargic with much torpidity, but no violence of delirium, and requiring no more watching than the wife and nurse could give.

Frank never failed to know his Mary, and to respond when she addressed him ; but she was told never to attempt more than rousing him when it was needful to make him take food. He had long ago, with the precaution of his legal training, made every needful arrangement for her and for his son ; and even on the first day, he had not seemed to trouble himself on these points, being too heavy and oppressed for the power of looking forward. So the days rolled on in one continual watch on Mary's part, during which she seemed only to live in the present, and secure that her boy was safe, would not risk direct communication with him or with his nurse.

Lady Adela had undertaken to keep Constance, the person who really loved her uncle best, daily informed, and she also wrote at intervals to Mrs. Morton, by special desire of Lady Northmoor, and likewise to her own old servant, Eden, the nurse. She wrote cheerfully, but Eden had other correspondents in the servants' hall, who dwelt sensationally on the danger, as towards Whitsun week the fever began to run higher towards the crisis, the strength was reduced, the torpor became heavier ; and anxiety increased as to whether there would be power of rally in a man who, though healthy, had never been strong.

The anxiety manifested by the entire neighbourhood was a notable proof of the estimation in which the patient was held, and was very far from springing only from pity or humanity. Half the people who came to Lady Adela for further information had some cause going on in which 'That Stick' was one of the most efficient of props.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MITE.

LITTLE Michael Morton was in the meantime installed in his aunt's house. For him to be anywhere else was not to be thought of, and Mrs. Morton was soft-hearted enough to be very

fond of such a bright little boy, so much in her own hands, and very amusing with the old-fashioned formal ways derived from chiefly consorting with older people.

Besides, the pretty little fellow was an object of great interest to all her acquaintances, especially as it was understood at Westhaven that it was only too possible that he might any day become Lord Northmoor; and never had Mrs. Morton's drawing-room been so much resorted to by visitors anxious for bulletins, or perhaps more truly for excitement. Mite was a young gentleman of some dignity. He sat elevated on a hassock upon a chair to dine at luncheon-time, comporting himself most correctly; but his aunt was sorely chafed at Eden's standing behind his chair, like Sancho's physician, to regulate his diet, and placing her veto upon lobsters, cucumbers, pastry, and glasses of wine with lumps of sugar in them.

It amounted to a trial of strength between aunt and nurse. Michael submitted once or twice, when told that his mamma would not approve, but the lobster struck him with extreme amazement and admiration, and he could not believe but that the red, long-whiskered monster was not as good as he was beautiful.

'He has got a glove like what Peter wears to cut the holly hedge,' exclaimed the boy, to the general amusement. 'Where's his hand?'

'My Mite shall have a bit of his funny hand,' said Mrs. Morton, and Ida was dealing with the claw, when Eden interposed and said she did not think her ladyship would wish Master Michael to have any.

'Just a taste, nurse, with some of the cream,' said Mrs. Morton. 'Here, Mitey dear.'

'No, Master Michael, mamma would say no,' said Eden.

'Really, Eden, you might let Mrs. Morton judge in her own house,' said Ida.

'Master Morton is under my charge, ma'am, and I am responsible for him,' said Eden, respectfully but firmly. But Ida held out the claw, and Michael made a dart at it.

Eden again said 'No,' but he looked up at her with an exulting roguish grin, and clasped it, whereupon she laid hold of him by the waist, and bore him off, kicking and roaring, amid the pitiful and indignant exclamations of his aunt and cousin.

It may be that the faithful Eden was somewhat wanting in tact, by her determined attention to the routine that chafed her

hosts ; but she had been forced to come away without directions, and could only hold fast to the discipline of her well-ordered nursery under all obstacles.

Master Michael was to have his cup of milk and run on the beach with the nursery-maid long before the usual awakening of the easy-going household, which regarded late hours as belonging to gentility ; then, after the general breakfast, his small lessons, over which there often was a battle, first, because he felt injured by not doing them with his mother, and next, because his hostesses regarded them as a hardship, and taught him to cry over ' Reading without tears,' besides detaining him as late as they could over the breakfast, or proposing to take him out at once, without waiting for that quarter of an hour's work. Or when out-of-doors, they would not bring him home for the siesta, on which his nurse insisted, though it was often only lying down in the dark ; nor had Mrs. Morton any scruple in breaking it, if she wanted to exhibit him to her friends, though if it were interrupted or omitted, the child's temper was the worse all the afternoon.

' That nurse is a thorough tyrant over the poor little darling, and a very impertinent woman besides,' said Mrs. Morton.

' A regular little spoiled brat,' Ida declared him.

While certainly the worse his father was said to be, the more his aunt tried to spoil and indulge him, as a relief to her pity and grief.

He had missed his home and parents a good deal at first, had cried at his lessons, and cried more at not having father to carry him to the nursery, nor mother to hear him say his prayers and kiss him at night ; but time wore off the association, and he was full of delight at the sea, the ships, the little crabs, and all the other charms of the shore.

Above all, he was excited about the little boys. His own kind had never come in his way before, his chief playfellow being Amice, who was so much older as to play with him condescendingly, and always give way to him. There was a large family in a neighbouring lodging containing what he respectfully called ' big knicker-bocker boys,' who excited his intense admiration, and drew him like a magnet.

For once Mrs. Morton and Eden were agreed as to the propriety of the companionship, since Rollstone had pronounced them of ' high family,' and the governess who was in charge of them was quite ready to be interested in the solitary little

stranger, even if he had not been the Honourable Michael. So was the elder girl of the party, but unluckily, Michael was just of the age to be a great nuisance to children who played combined and imaginative games which he could not yet understand.

When they were making elaborate approaches to a sand fortification, erected with great care and pains, he would dash on it with a *coup de main*, break it down at once with his spade, and stand proudly laughing and mixing up the ruins together, heedless of the howls of anger of the besiegers, and believing that he had done the right thing.

And once, when a wrathful boy of eight had shaken the troublesome urchin as he would have done his own junior, had this last presumed to stir up *his* clear pool of curiosities, most of the female portion of the family had taken the part of the intruder, and cried shame on any one who could hurt or molest a poor dear little boy away from a father who was so ill!

Thus the Lincoln family, for the sake of peace and self-defence, used sedulously to flee at the approach of Mite, and seek for secluded coves to which he was not likely to penetrate.

Mr. Rollstone was Eden's great solace. They discovered that they had once been staying in the same country-house, and had a great number of common acquaintances in the upper-servant world, and they entirely agreed in their estimate of Mrs. Morton and Ida, whom Mr. Rollstone pronounced to be neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, though as for Miss Constance, she was a lady all over, and always had been, and there might have been hopes for Mr. Herbert, if only he could have got into the army.

To sit with Mr. Rollstone, whom the last winter's rheumatics had left very infirm, was Eden's chief afternoon employment, as she could not follow her charge's wanderings on the beach, but had to leave him to the nursery-maid, Ellen. The old butler wanted much to show 'Miss Eden' his daughter, who took advantage of Whit-Sunday and the Bank-holiday to run down and see her parents, though at the next quarter she was coming home for good, extremely sorry to leave her advantages in London, and the friends she had made there, but feeling that her parents needed her so much that she must pursue her employment at home.

They were all very anxious on that Whit-Sunday, and Rose carried with her something of Constance's feeling, as with tears in her eyes, she looked at the little fellow at the children's service, standing by his nurse, with wide open, enquiring eyes, chiefly

fixed upon Willie Lincoln in satisfaction whenever an answer proceeded from that object of his unrequited attachment. With the young maiden's love of revelling in supposed grief, Rose already pitied the fair-faced, unconscious child as fatherless, and weighted with heavy responsibilities.

Another pair of eyes looked at the boy, not with pity, but indignant impatience.

Perhaps even already that little pretender was the only obstacle between Herbert and the coronet that was his by right, between Ida herself and——

Ida had walked from the school to the church with Mr. Deyncourt, and he had talked so gently and pitifully of the family distress, and assumed so much grief on her part, that his sympathy made her heart throb; above all, when he told her that his two sisters were coming to stay with him, Mrs. Rollstone had contrived to make room for them, and they would show her, better than he could, some of the plans he wished to have carried out with the little children.

So he wished to introduce her to his sisters! What did that mean? If the Deyncourts were ever so high they could not sneer at Lord Northmoor's sisters.

Then she thought of many a novel, and in real life, of what she believed respecting that lost lover of Miss Morton's. And later in the day Tom Brady lounged up to Northmoor Cottage, and leaning with one elbow on the window-sill, while the other arm held away the pipe he had just taken from his lips, he asked if they would give him a cup of tea, the whole harbour was so full of such beastly, staring cads that there was no peace there. One ought to give such places a wide berth at Whitsuntide.

'I wonder you did not,' said Ida, as she hastened to compound the tea.

'Forgot it,' he lazily droned, 'forgot it. Attractions, you know,' and, as she brought the cup to the window, with a lump of sugar in the tongs, 'when sugar fingers are——' and the speech ended in a demonstration at the fingers that made Ida laugh, blush, and say, 'Oh for shame, Mr. Brady.'

'You had better come in, Mr. Brady,' called Mrs. Morton. 'You can't drink it comfortably there, and you'll be upsetting it. We are down in the dining-room to-day, because——'

The cause, necessary to her gentility, was lost, as Ida proceeded to let him in at the front door, and he presently deposited himself on the sofa, grumbling complacently at the bore of

holidays, especially bank holidays. His crew would have been ready to strike, he declared, if he had taken them out of harbour, or he would have asked the ladies to come on a cruise out of the way of it all.

‘Why, thank you very much, Mr. Brady, but really in my poor brother, Lord Northmoor’s state, I don’t know that it would be etiquette.’

‘Ah, yes. By the bye, how’s the governor?’

‘Very sad, strength failing. I hardly expect to hear he is alive to-morrow,’ and Mrs. Morton’s handkerchief was raised.

‘Oh, aye, sad enough, you know! I say, will it make any difference to you?’

‘My poor, dear brother! Well, it ought, you know. Indeed it would if it had not been for that dear little boy. My poor. Herbert!’

‘It must have been an awful sell for him.’

‘Yes,’ said Ida, ‘and some people think there was something very odd about it all—the child being born out in the Dolomites, with nobody there!’

‘Don’t, Ida; I can’t have you talk so,’ protested her mother.

‘Supposititious, by all that’s lucky! I should strangle him!’ and Mr. Brady put back his head and laughed a loud and hearty laugh, by no means elegant, but without much sound of truculent intentions.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SHOCK.

It was on the Thursday of Whitsun-week when Lady Adela and Bertha came down from their visit of enquiry, a little more hopeful than on the previous day, though they could not yet say that recovery was setting in.

But a great shock awaited them. The parlour-maid met them at the door, pale and tearful. ‘Oh, my lady, Mrs. Eden’s come, and——’

Poor Eden herself was in the hall, and nothing was to be heard but ‘Oh, my lady!’ and another tempest of sobs.

‘Come in, Eden,’ scolded Bertha, in her impatience. ‘Don’t keep us in this way. What has happened to the child? Let us have it at once! The worst, or you wouldn’t be here.’

For all answer, Eden held up a little wooden spade, a sailor hat, and a shoe showing traces of sand and sea-water.

‘It is so then,’ said Lady Adela. ‘Oh, his mother! But,’ after that one wail, she thought of the poor woman before her, ‘I am sure you are not to blame, Eden.’

‘Oh, my lady, if I could but feel that! But that I should have trusted the darling out of my sight for a moment!’

Presently they brought her to a state in which she could tell her lamentable history.

She had been spending the afternoon at Mr. Rollstone’s, leaving Master Michael as usual in the care of the underling, Ellen, and after that she knew no more till neither child nor maid came home at his supper-time, and Mrs. Morton was slowly roused to take alarm, while Eden, half distracted, wandered about, seeking her charge, and found Ellen, calling and shouting in vain for him. Ellen confessed that she had seen him running after the Lincoln children, and supposing him with them, had given herself up to the study of a penny dreadful in company with another young nursemaid. When they had awakened to real life, the first idea had been that he must be with these children; but they were gone, and Ellen, fancying that he might have gone home with them, asked at their lodging; but no, he was not there.

The tide was by this time covering the beach, and driving away the miserable maids, with the aunt, cousin, and others who had been on the fruitless quest. No more could be done then, and they went home with desolation in their hearts. Miss Ida, as Eden declared, stayed out long after everybody else when it was clearly of no use, and came back so tired and upset that she went up straight to bed. There was still a hope that someone might have met the little boy and taken him home, unable clearly to make out to whom he belonged, more especially as the Lincolns in terror and compunction had confessed that they had seen him and his nurse from a distance, and had rushed headlong round a projecting rock into a cove, hoping that he had not seen them, because he was so tiresome and spoilt all their games. And when that morning the spade, hat, and shoe were discovered upon the shore, not far from the very rock, the poor children had to draw plenty of morals on the consequences of selfishness. No doubt that poor little Michael had pursued them bare-footed and gone too near the waves!

There was nothing more but the forlorn hope that the waves would restore the little body they had carried off, and Mrs. Morton was watching for that last sad satisfaction. In case of that

contingency, Ellen, as the last person known to have seen the boy, had been left at Westhaven, in agonies of despair, vowing that she would never speak to anyone, nor look at a story-book again in her life. She had attempted the excuse that she thought she saw Miss Ida going in that direction, but the young lady had declared that she had never been on the beach at all that afternoon till after the alarm had been given; and had been extremely angry with Ellen for making false excuses and trying to shift off the blame, and the girl had been much terrified, and owned that she was not at all sure.

'And oh, my lady!' entreated Eden, 'don't send me up to the House! Don't make me face her ladyship! I should die of it!'

'We must think what is to be done about that,' said Lady Adela. 'Can you tell whether anyone from the House has seen you?'

Eden thought not, and after she had been consigned to her friend, Lady Adela's maid, to be rested, fed, and comforted as far as might be possible, the sisters-in-law held sad counsel, and agreed that it was not safe to keep back the terrible news from the poor mother who expected daily tidings of her child, and might hear some report, in spite of her shut up state.

'Poor Adela, I pity you almost as much as her,' said Bertha.

'Oh! I know now how much I have to be thankful for. No uncertainty—and my little one's grave.'

'Besides Amice. Let me drive you up, Addie. Your heart is beating enough to knock you down.'

'Well, I believe it is. But not up to the front door. I will go in by the garden. Oh, may *he* be spared to her at least!'

Very pale then Lady Adela crept in, meeting a weeping maid who was much relieved to see her, but was hardly restrained from noisy sobs. Mr. Trotman, she said, had come just before the garden boy had inevitably dashed up with the tidings, and the household had been waiting till he came out, to secure that he should be near when Lady Northmoor was told.

Adela felt that this might be the safest opportunity, and sent a message to the door to beg that her ladyship would come and speak to her for a few minutes in the study.

Mary's soft step was soon there, and her lips were framing the words, 'No ground lost,' when at sight of Adela's face the light went out of her eyes, and setting herself firmly on her feet, she said, 'You have bad news. My boy!'

Adela came near and would have taken her hand, saying—‘My poor Mary’—but she clasped them both as if to hold herself together, and said, ‘The fever!’

‘No, no—sadder still! Drowned!’

‘Ah! then there was not all that suffering, and without me. Thankworthy—— Oh, no, no, please’—as Lady Adela, with eyes brimming over, would have pressed her to her bosom—‘don’t—don’t upset me, or I could not attend to Frank. It all turns on this one day, they say, and I must—I must be as usual. There will be time enough to know all about it—if’—with a long oppressed gasp—‘he is saved from the hearing it.’

‘I think you are right, dear,’ said Adela, ‘if you keep him——’ but she could not go on.

‘Well, any way,’ said Mary, ‘either he will be given back; or he will be saved this. Let me go back to him, please.’ Then at the door, putting her hand to her head—‘Who is here?’

‘Poor Eden.’

‘Ah, let her and Emma know that I am sure it is not their fault. Come again to-morrow, please; I think he will be better.’

She went away in that same gliding manner, perfectly tearless. Adela waited to see the doctor, who assured her that the patient had rather gained than lost during the last twenty-four hours, and that if he could be spared from any shock or agitation he would probably recover. Lady Northmoor seemed so entirely absorbed by his critical state, that she was not likely to betray the sad knowledge she had put aside in the secret chamber of her heart, more especially as her husband was still too much weighed down, and too slumberous to be observant, or to speak much, and knowing the child to be out of the house, he did not inquire for him.

Nevertheless, Mr. Trotman gladly approved of Lady Adela’s intention of sleeping in the house in case of any sudden collapse; and the servants, who were not to let Lady Northmoor know, evidently felt this a great relief.

‘Yes, it is a comfort to think someone will be within that poor thing’s reach,’ said Bertha, as they went back together, ‘and, if you can bear it, you are the right person.’

‘She will not let herself dwell on it. She never even looked at Mrs. Morton’s letter.’

‘And I really hope they won’t find the poor little dear, to have all the fuss and heart-rending.’

‘Oh, Birdie!’

'There's only one thing that would make me wish it! I'm quite sure that that Miss Ida knows more about it than she owns. No, you need not say, "Oh, Birdie" again; I don't suspect her of the deed, but I do believe she saw the boy, and kept out of his way, and now wants that poor Ellen to have all the blame!'

'You will believe nothing against a girl out of an orphanage!'

'I had rather any day believe Ellen Mole than Ida Morton. There's something about that girl which has always revolted me. I would never trust her farther than I could see her!'

'Prejudice, Birdie; because she is in bad style.'

'You to talk of prejudice, Addie, who hardly knew how to go on living here under the poor stick!'

'Don't, Birdie. He has earned esteem by sheer goodness! Poor man, I don't know what to wish for him when I think of the pang that awaits him.'

'You know what to wish for yourself and Northmoor! Not but that Herbert may come to good if he doesn't come into possession for many a long year.'

'And now I must write to that poor child, Constance. But oh, Bertha, don't condemn hastily!'

'Haven't I had enough of that?'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DARKNESS.

FULL a week later, Frank looked up from his pillow, and said, 'I wonder when it will be safe to have Mite back. Mary, sweet, what is it? I have been sure something was burthening you. Come and tell me. If he has the fever, you must go to him. No!' as she clasped his hand and laid her face down on the pillow.

'Ah, Frank, he does not want us any more!'

'My Mary, my poor Mary, have you been bearing such knowledge about with you? For how long?'

'Since that worst day, yesterday week. Oh! but to see you getting better was the help.'

'Can you tell me?'

She told him, in that low, steady voice, all she knew. It was very little, for she had avoided whatever might break the composure that seemed so needful to his recovery; and he could listen quietly, partly from the lulling effect of weakness, partly

from his anxiety for her ; and the habit of self-restraint, in which all the earlier part of their lives had been passed, made utterance come slowly to them.

‘Life will be different to us henceforth,’ he once said. ‘We have had three years of the most perfect happiness. He gave and He hath taken away. Blessed——’

And there he stopped, for he saw the working of her face. Otherwise they hardly spoke of their loss even to one another. It went down deeper than they could bear to utter, and their hearts and eyes met if their lips did not. Only Lord Northmoor lay too dejected to make the steps expected in the recovery of strength for a few days after the grievous revelation, and on the day when at last he was placed on a couch by the window, his wife collapsed, and, almost unconscious, was carried to her bed.

It was not a severe or alarming attack, and all she wanted was to be let alone ; but there was enough of sore throat and other symptoms to prolong the quarantine, and Lady Adela could no longer be excluded from giving her aid. She went to and fro between the patients, and comforted each with regard to the other, telling the one how her husband’s strength was returning, and keeping the other tranquil by the assurance that what his wife most needed was perfect rest, especially from the necessity of restraining herself. Those eyes showed how many tears were poured forth when they could have their free course. Lady Adela had gone through enough to feel with ready tact what would be least jarring to each. She had persuaded Bertha to go back to London, both to her many avocations and to receive Amice, who must still be kept at a distance for some time.

Lord Northmoor, as soon as he had strength and self-command for it, read poor Mrs. Morton’s letters, and also saw Eden, for whom there was little fear of infection. She managed to tell her history and answer all his questions in detail, but she quite broke down under his kind tone of forgiveness, and assurance that no blame attached to her, and that he was only grateful to her for her tender care of his child, and she went away sobbing pitifully.

Adela came back, after taking her from the room, where Frank was sitting in an easy chair by the window, and looking out on the summer garden, which seemed to be stripped of all its charm and value for him.

‘Poor thing,’ she said, ‘she is quite overcome by your kindness.’

'I do not think anyone is more to be pitied,' said he.

'No, indeed, but she wishes you would have heard what she had to say about the supposing Ida to have gone in that direction.'

'I thought it better not. It would not have exonerated the poor little maid from carelessness, and there is no use in fostering a sense of injury or suspicion, when what is done cannot be undone,' he said wearily.

'Indeed you are quite right,' said Adela earnestly. 'You know how to be in charity with all men. Oh, the needless misery of hasty unjust suspicions!' Then as he looked up at her. 'Do you know our own story?'

'Only the main facts.'

'I think you ought to know it. It accounts for so much!' said she, moved partly by the need of utterance, and partly by the sense that the turn of his thoughts might be good for him. 'You know what a passion for horses there has always been in this family.'

'I know—I could have had it if my life had begun more prosperously.'

'And you have done your best to save Herbert from it. Well, my Arthur had it to a great degree; and so indeed had Bertha. They were brought up to nothing else; Bertha was, I really think, a better judge than her brother, she was not so reckless. They became intimate with a Captain Alder, who was in the barracks at Copington—much the nicest, as I used to think, of the set, though I was not very glad to see an attachment growing up between him and Bertha. There was always such a capacity of goodness in her that I longed to see her in the way of being raised altogether.'

'She has always been most kind to us. There is much to admire in her.'

'Her present life has developed all that is best; but——' She hesitated, wondering whether the good simple man were sensible of that warp in the nature that she had felt. She went on, 'Then she was a masterful, high-spirited girl, to whom it seemed inevitable to come to high words with anyone about whom she cared. And I must say—she and my husband, while they were passionately fond of one another, seemed to have a sort of fascination in provoking one another, not only in words but in deeds. Ah, you can hardly believe it of her! How people get tamed. Well, Arthur bought a horse, a beautiful creature,

but desperately vicious. Captain Alder had been with him when he first saw it, and admired it ; but I do not think he gave an opinion against it. Bertha, however, from the moment she saw its eyes and ears, protested against it in her vehement way. I remember imploring her not to make Arthur defy her ; but really when they got into those moods, I don't think they could stop themselves, and she thought Captain Alder encouraged him. So Arthur went out on that fatal drive in the dog-cart, and no sooner were they out on the Colbeam road than the horse bolted, they came into collision with a hay waggon, and——'

'I know!'

'Captain Alder was thrown on the top of the hay and not hurt. He came to prepare me to receive Arthur, and then went up to the house. Bertha, poor girl, in her wild grief almost flew at him. It was all his doing, she said ; he had egged Arthur on ; she supposed Arthur had bets. In short, she knew not what she said, but he left the house, and never has been near her again.'

'Were they engaged?'

'Not quite formally, but they understood one another, and were waiting for a favourable moment with old Lord Northmoor, who was not easy to deal with ; and it was far from being a good match any way. We all thought, I believe, that the drive was the fault or rather the folly of Captain Alder, and Arthur was too ill to explain—unconscious at first—then not rousing himself. At last he asked for his friend, and then he told me that Captain Alder had done all in his power to prevent his taking the creature out—had told him he had no right to endanger his life ; and when only laughed at, had insisted on going with him, in hopes, I suppose, of averting mischief. I wrote—Lord Northmoor wrote to him at his quarters ; but our letters came back to us. We had kept no watch on the Gazette, and he had retired and left no address with his brother officers. Bertha knew that his parents were dead, and that he had a sister at school at Clifton. I wrote to her, but the mistress sent back my letter ; and we found that he had fetched away his sister and gone. Even his money was taken from Coutts's, as if to cut off any clue.'

'He should not have so attended to a girl in her angry grief.'

'No, but I think there was some self-blame in him, though not about that horse. I believe he thought he might have checked

Arthur more. And he had debts which he seems to have paid on selling out his capital. So, as I have told poor Bertha whenever she would let me, there may have been other reasons besides her stinging words.'

'And it has preyed on her?'

'More than any one would guess who had not known her in old times. I was glad that you secured that child, Cea, to her. She seems to have fastened her affections on her.'

'Alder,' presently repeated Frank. 'Alder—I was thinking how the name had come before me. There were some clients of ours—of Mr. Burford's, I mean—of that name; I think they sold an estate. Some day I will find out whether he knows anything about them, and I shall remember more by-and-by.'

'It would be an immense relief if you could find out anything good about the poor fellow,' said Adela, very glad to have found any topic of interest, and pleased to find that it occupied his thoughts afterwards, when he asked whether she knew the Christian name of *this* young man, without mentioning any antecedent, as if he had been going on with the subject all the time.

In a few days the pair were able to meet, and to take up again the life over which a dark veil had suddenly descended, contrasting with the sunshine of those few last years. To hold up one another, and do their duty on their way to the better world, was evidently the one thought, though they said little.

Still neither was yet in a condition to return to ordinary life, and it was determined that as soon as they were disinfected, they should leave the house to undergo the same process, and spend a few weeks at some health resort. Only Mary shuddered at the notion of hearing the sound of the sea, and Malvern was finally fixed upon. Lady Adela would go with them, and she wrote to beg that Constance, so soon as her term was over, might bring Amice thither, to be in a separate lodging at first, till there had been time to see whether the little girl's company would be a solace or a trial to the bereaved parents.

Bertha, as soon as the chief anxiety was over, joined Mrs. Bury in a mountaineering expedition. She declared that she had never dared to leave Cea before, lest the wretched father, now proved to be a myth, should come and abstract the child.

(To be continued.)

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

V.—WOMEN'S MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA.

BY MRS. FRANK PENNY, AUTHOR OF 'CASTE AND CREED.'

NO profession was opened to women more reluctantly than that of medicine. Only twenty years ago the obstacles placed in the way of the intrepid woman who wished to become that doubtful individual, a lady-doctor, seemed almost insuperable. The majority of men and women looked askance at the strong-minded young person who dared to attack the mysteries of anatomy, or presumed to master the science of medicine and surgery. Public opinion, backed by the personal prejudices of those who stood in a prominent position in the profession, endeavoured to show, firstly:—that women were not fitted by nature to become surgeons, and that it would unsex them; secondly:—that they were not needed, the field being already filled adequately by the men. The first objection has long since been proved fallacious; and we have only to look at India and Burmah to see that the second is equally false.

In our eastern colonies there is an illimitable opening for the lady-doctor. She need have no fear that she is encroaching on the rights of the sterner sex. It is a recognised fact that *medical aid to the women of India can only be given through women*. The whole channel with all its ramifications through which medical aid alone can flow *must be feminine*. If the aid cannot reach the female portion of the population through women it is refused; or administered in such a second-hand way as to render it practically useless. In the presidency towns there are a few, a very few, exceptions to this rule amongst the pariahs. But with the wealthy middle classes and the higher castes, in both town and country, the rule holds rigidly.

Of late years, under the auspices of a philanthropical government, several agencies have been at work to introduce the qualified lady practitioner. The missionary societies were

amongst the first to recognise the importance of such a movement. They sent the lady-doctor to be the pioneer of the minister and catechist. They established dispensaries, at different centres, and made the cure of the body preface the salvation of the soul. But the skilled medical aid thus offered so freely was not always accepted. Close upon the heels of the doctor came the missionary ; and the presence of the latter was not acceptable ; the door of zenana and harem was too often rigorously closed.

This difficulty was recognised by India's rulers ; and attempts were made in three or four centres to give women medical assistance, perfectly free of any religious teaching. The attempts were isolated and dependent on local charity ; but so far as they went, they were successful.

At this juncture Lady Dufferin stepped in with a gigantic scheme—for founding female hospitals and wards all over the empire, where caste women could be treated without violating any of their national prejudices—for providing lecturers to teach native women in India to be doctors, hospital assistants, and nurses ; and for introducing and establishing lady-doctors to attend hospitals, as well as to practise privately. Lady Dufferin's scheme was so practical, so well planned, that its success has been assured from the very beginning. It absorbed or affiliated all other attempts, and spread like a network over the whole country. Native princes, fearing no interference with their jealously guarded religious superstitions, have followed the example thus set ; hospitals have been built by them in their capitals ; lady-practitioners have been invited to become resident physicians, and to form classes for hospital assistants and midwives, and to practise privately amongst the richer portion of the population. Lady Dufferin's Association willingly undertakes to find candidates for any bonâ fide post that the native ruler may wish to fill.

Lady-doctors in India are thus divided into two classes ; (a) those who work from a purely missionary spirit, and who use their profession as a means to a higher end ; (b) those who undertake the work for secular reasons, regarding it solely from a business point of view. Appointments may be heard of (a) by applying to the secretaries of the missionary societies ; and (b) through the Secretary of the National Association for supplying female medical aid to the women of India—in other words, Lady Dufferin's Fund.

Of the twenty examining Boards of the United Kingdom, five confer degrees upon women. These are :—

- (1.) The University of London.
- (2.) The Royal University of Ireland.
- (3.) The King and Queen's College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland (Conjoint).
- (4.) The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow (Conjoint).
- (5.) The Society of Apothecaries of London.

A student must have completed her eighteenth year before she begins to study medicine. She must also have passed the matriculation examination of the University she selects—(1) and (2) Or one of the examinations in Arts recognised by the General Medical Council, (3) (4) (5).

Before commencing the study of medicine she must devote one year to science, a knowledge of its broad principles being of the greatest importance.

Having qualified so far, the student must attend the classes in one of the medical schools, and begin to walk the hospital.

At the London School of Medicine for Women (30, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.), the classes are unmixed, and most of the lecturers are ladies. At Edinburgh the classes are also unmixed, and the lecturers are men and women. At Dublin the sexes are mixed, and the lecturers men.

The time required for completing the medical course is five years at Edinburgh, and seven at the University of London. If the student prefers it, she can study in London, and go to Edinburgh for her examination, thus completing her course in the shortest possible time. But the woman who intends going out to India will do well not to hurry over her studies. It is of the greatest importance that she should be thoroughly proficient in obstetric practice, especially in operative midwifery. Innumerable cases will come before her of patients suffering from the most dangerous conditions incident to maternity ; due to maltreatment by ignorant native practitioners, and the deplorable custom of child-marriage. Extra time devoted to this subject will be well spent.

The hospitals which are open to students, are :—

- (1.) The Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, which is associated with the London School of Medicine for Women.
- (2.) The New Hospital for Women, 144, Euston Road.

(3.) The Alexandra Hospital for Hip Disease, Queen's Square.

(4.) The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

(5.) The Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields.

(6.) The National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street.

(7.) The London Fever Hospital, Liverpool Road.

(8.) Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, Marylebone Road.

(9.) British Lying-in Hospital, Endell Street, W.C.

(10.) Rotunda Lying-in Hospital, Dublin.

(11.) Clapham Maternity Hospital, 74, Jeffry's Road, S.W.

The students at the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women are admitted to the Leith Hospital, which is associated with the school.

A certain course of Lectures must be taken at the hospitals, and attendance at operations, in conjunction with the studies at the schools, is necessary.

The cost of the medical education varies with the degree taken and the school chosen.

The personal expenses of students for board and lodging must of course depend on the requirements of the individual. They usually vary from £1 to £2 a week. The winter and summer sessions together give about thirty-eight weeks.

The minimum fees for the whole course of lectures and of hospital instruction are :—

(1.) London School of Medicine for Women, £105 if paid in one sum ; £115 if paid in instalments.

(2.) Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, £80 if paid in one sum ; £85 if paid in instalments.

(3.) Irish College of Surgeons, £99 15s.

Besides these there are examination fees varying from 10 guineas to £30, according to the Examining Board chosen.

Several scholarships are offered at the Edinburgh and London Schools to students who intend practising in India. Lady Dufferin's Fund recently gave two. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is prepared to give assistance. Other missionary societies offer help on certain conditions, which are generally to the effect that the candidates will undertake to practise in India on the completion of their term of study.

A student should decide beforehand on the diploma or degree that she wishes to take. The rules and requirements differ in each case ; and much valuable time may be lost by indecision. It is also as well to bear in mind that though all registered

practitioners are legally on an equality, the graduates of the University hold a higher professional status than those who take simple qualifications to practise. The examinations are more difficult and the time of study more prolonged, especially in the case of the University of London, the degrees of which may be considered as honours degrees. Requiring skilled doctors as India does, these facts should recommend the University diplomas to ladies intending to go there.

But something else is needed besides the medical qualifications for taking up work in India. A woman must be physically strong, or her health will not bear the strain. The hospitals are necessarily built in the very midst of the people they are intended to benefit. The resident surgeon will find herself obliged to live in the most thickly populated part of the town, where the air is foulest and hottest. The Europeans, if there are any, will be some distance away in cantonments. Her time will be fully employed in seeing patients, diagnosing diseases, performing operations, attending confinements, and in teaching classes of native students. When her hospital duties are over, she will be obliged to pay her visits to patients at private houses. She will drive out in a close carriage through insanitary streets, where the open drains defy the doctor. She will enter the small ill-ventilated rooms to which rich and poor alike cling with fatal perversity ; and she will once more have to combat the disheartening ignorance and obstinacy of those who tend the patient. Still more frequently will she find that she is expected to set right the irreparable damage done by the native midwife. During the hot months of March, April, and May she must stay at her post, whilst her countrywomen, the wives and daughters of the English officers, fly to the hills. It needs a strong constitution to endure such a life with its hard work and comparative loneliness.

A woman also requires tact—the instinctive tact which is the outcome of true nobility of mind. She is brought into close contact with a sensitive, quick-witted people, keenly alive to all the little courtesies of good-breeding, though they may not practise them themselves. She has to deal with prejudice, strong and deeply rooted, prejudice against herself as a foreigner, and against her system ; which is in every detail exactly opposite to the practices of the native doctor. She will see the commonest laws of hygiene systematically disregarded in spite of all she may urge to the contrary. She must keep her temper and be

gentle and tender in the face of obstinate perverseness ; she must be courageous and persevering in the face of exasperating ignorance.

The Englishwoman who goes out to India, whether to work as missionary or as a paid doctor, should always bear in mind that she is in a heathen country. She occupies a responsible position, for she stands as an example of Western civilisation and thought before the eyes of thousands of her Eastern sisters. The Oriental is essentially religious in his character ; and this is especially the case with the women. A contempt is felt for those who have no faith. In the old days, when there were fewer clergymen and ladies in the country, and when Englishmen too often stooped to the level of the Mahomedan and Hindoo in their mode of life, the people were wont to speak contemptuously of the conquering race as 'kaffirs without religion.' Now the tone of society is better ; and, though he may not understand it, the native knows that the Englishman has a religion ; and he respects him for it. Lady Dufferin's Association requests its doctors not to interfere with the religions of their patients ; it asks that the subject may not be mentioned. But it does not require an absence of all religion in the doctor herself ; it does not expect her to set at naught the teaching of her childhood, and extinguish within herself the Christian instincts of generations.

Medical work in India should undoubtedly be taken up from the highest motives, whether the doctor works on purely business lines, or whether she labours conjointly with the missionary. She must possess the enthusiasm of a lover of the science, and also the desire to do good to her fellow-creatures and benefit suffering humanity. For whether she preaches Christianity openly or not, the lady-doctor must of necessity be the pioneer of a higher civilisation, and of a far holier creed than those which now hold India and her millions in their embrace.

THE DECISI.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT PAPERS OF GENERAL
SIR RICHARD CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

THERE lies before me a sheet of paper yellow with age, inscribed with characters and flourishes, somewhat faded but clear and legible enough, which is the Diploma or Commission of a Member of the Secret Society of the Decisi—'Decided Ruffians,' General Church translates their title.

There were many other Secret Societies—the Carbonari, Calderari, Philadelfi, Patrioti Europei—the most ancient and important was the Carbonari, or charcoal-burners, to which the others seem to have been at times affiliated; but with others we have not much to do at present, and it will be sufficient to give some account of the rules and working of the Decisi, founded by Ciro Annichiarico, priest, and chief of assassins.

The Diploma bears in each of the upper corners a death's head, rudely drawn in pen and ink, and in each of the lower ones two marrow-bones crossed and tied together by ribbons of red, yellow, and light blue. It is bordered by three lines of these same colours, red, yellow, light blue, and in each corner above the death's heads, or below the marrow-bones, is a word—Tristezza—Morte—Terrore—Lutto. Near the upper right-hand corner, within a double circle, bearing a wreath of leaves, are two axes, and the Fasces, with the cap of Liberty stuck upon the top; a skull below, and the letters, D. L. A. Δ., of which I can find no explanation. Near the lower right-hand corner is a corresponding circle, with round balls, representing thunderbolts, and zig-zag lines representing lightning striking a royal, an imperial, and a papal crown; the legend is S. D. Del Tuonte. Giove, that is, Società Deciso Del Tuonante Giove. This was the seal of the Society. The Diploma belongs to Gaetano Caffieri, Registrar of the Dead, which signifies that his special duty was to keep a list of all the victims murdered by order of the Society.

It is headed by the following initials in red. L.D.D.T.G.S. A.F.G.C.I.T.D.U.G.S.E.D., which stand for La Decisione del Tuonante Giove spera a fare Guerra contro i Tiranni dell'umane Genere. Salute e Decisione. These letters, and most of the other initials, are written in blood, and the rest of the paper sets forth that Gaetano Caffieri is a Fratello Deciso, and invites all philanthropic societies to help him at need, as he has determined to obtain liberty or death. It is signed by Pietro Gargaro, Grand Master, by Vito de Serio, and Gaetano Caffieri himself. There are four dots beneath the signature of Pietro Gargaro, which indicate his power of passing sentence of death. When the Decisione wrote to any one to extort money, or to issue any command, if these four dots were added, he understood that death would be the consequence of neglecting to obey ; if the dots were not added, some milder punishment, such as burning his house, or laying waste his fields, would ensue.

The number of the Decisi being small, they easily recognised each other. Besides, they had special signs, made by different motions of the fingers, the Parola di Necessità, Segno di Salute, and others. This was the Segno di Salute.

The right hand was to be laid on the breast with the thumb bent underneath ; then the hand was raised to the hat, with the thumb under the brim, the hat was taken off and replaced, and the hand brought down to a level with the thigh.

If you wished to discover whether a stranger was a Fratello or a Pagano, you accosted him thus :

Q. 'From what country are you ?'

A. 'From the world.'

Q. 'Have you brothers ?'

A. 'I have two.'

Q. 'How old are they ?'

A. 'A century.'

At times an unfortunate victim who had in some way offended against their regulations, was dragged, bound and blindfolded, before their court of judgment, called La Decisione. In this case a trumpet was blown four times. At the first blast—lo squillo, it was called—the assassins unsheathed their poniards ; at the second, they aimed them at the victim ; at the third, they closed round him ; at the fourth, they all, beginning with the Director of Funeral Ceremonies, plunged their stilettos into his body.

But death was not always inflicted thus, with decorous solemnity, and to the sound of the trumpet, after sentence

pronounced in the *Decisione*. Often, very often, it was in revenge for some quarrel, or it was the work of a hired assassin, or some individual plunderer, who sheltered himself under the dreaded name of the *Fratelli Decisi*. Sometimes tortures were inflicted or murders committed out of mere wanton cruelty. At one time it was necessary for the Government to make a law, that any *Policinello* found with arms about him should be summarily put to death, because these brigands were in the habit of using this grotesque disguise to enable them to mingle with the country folk at market or merry-making as welcome and unsuspected guests, and then all of a sudden the laughter was turned into shrieks of terror, and the *Policinelli* would rush from the scene, leaving some of the guests wounded or dying. The General tells a gruesome story of how one night there came a knocking at the door of a farmhouse, where a merry party were celebrating the wedding feast of the farmer's only daughter, and how the door opened, and the long nose and gay cap of *Policinello* peeped in, and was greeted with shouts and clapping of hands. They danced, they sang, they drank, they screamed with laughter at his witty sallies and grotesque contortions. Then, all of a sudden, the scene was changed. Unnoticed by the merry throng, other masked figures had silently entered the room and mingled with the guests. Another moment and the men were seized, bound, dragged into one room, the women dragged into another, bound, slashed with stiletos, treated with every indignity—the bride and bridegroom, and her old father killed. Finally the wretches decamped, after drinking all the wine that remained, and carrying off any valuables that they could lay their hands on.

Fortunately this happened after General Church had taken up his command, and he relates with much satisfaction, that within a week the whole band of miscreants had been seized, and, as he expresses it, 'made to grin after another fashion.'

There were various preliminaries to be gone through before a man could become a *Fratello* of the body of the *Decisi*. He must be able to prove that he had committed two murders with his own hand, in cold blood, as has been said before, and he must present a petition for the honour of admittance to the *Decisione*. Here is a translation of a petition which was found by General Church among other papers belonging to the body.

'I, Francesco Perrone, of the city of Taranto, submit myself in everything and for everything that the Society of the *Decisi*

may desire, and as far as my strength will allow of my exact performance. I hope therefore from your goodness, that I may enter and share in your sacred mysteries of the said Society with the peace and satisfaction of all the members composing it ; so that I may give proof of my sincere sentiments, and overthrow the enemies of humanity and the King and Pope.

Salute a Decisione !

I, Francesco Perrone, desire as above.'

The next step was as follows :—

The Fratelli Decisi being assembled together and the petition read, the Grand Master No. 1 was to sound the trumpet and say 'Attend, O Fratelli Decisi, put yourselves in order, with your arms prepared, for the Fazione Morta (the sentinel, who let no one pass without his Diploma) has notified that a Pagan presents this petition. He stands without, desiring to enter ; if it be your will to admit him, well ; if not, speak.' If there was no reply, the Grand Master blew the trumpet again, and the candidate was brought in blindfold. Then followed severe questioning, threats, and bodily tortures, to see what metal he was made of ; and if he still declared stoutly that he was determined to belong to the Order, a last attempt to shake his resolution was tried. The Grand Master cried out with a loud voice, 'So you are determined to be a member of our Society ! Seize him, comrades, and tear him to pieces ; let no vestige of his body be found ; he is a scoundrelly Republican, an enemy to the King. Tremble, O man, who hast had the boldness to declare thy sentiments in our presence ! But this is not enough. In a few hours thou shalt see thy family destroyed, and thy possessions laid waste, and all thy relations shall be infamously put to death.'

If the petitioner still did not flinch from these threats, the Grand Master went on, 'The Pagan braves it out. Draw up in order, comrades, be ready at the sound of the Squillo.' The candidate is then placed in the centre, the Fratelli gather round him, the bandage is taken off his eyes. On all sides he sees dark faces, carbines pointed towards him, a finger is laid on every trigger, the Grand Master stands ready to sound the fatal blast.

This is the last trial. If he remains unconcerned, he is accepted as a worthy member of the band of ruffians, and the Diploma, with its ghastly emblems and characters written in blood, is drawn up and signed, and handed over to him.

As has been said before, the number of the Decisi was small ; they formed a kind of permanent committee, who had the

direction of assassinations all over Apulia. There were many other bands of brigands, and as no one could stir abroad in safety unless he belonged to some one of the secret societies, and had their passwords at command, almost every one was a member of one or the other.

The Carbonari professed Constitutional principles, while the Philadelfi and the Patrioti Europei aimed at an universal Republic.

About the year 1813, the number of the Carbonari had increased beyond all bounds, and its leaders determined to reform the Society. The members who remained, kept the name of Carbonari; those who were expelled, took that of Calderari; there was great hatred between the two sects, and the disorders of the kingdom became worse than ever.

Prince Canosa, Minister of Police, made a wild attempt to mend matters by setting up a rival secret society among the Calderari, bearing the same name. They were to be bound to the King by an oath of passive obedience.

In General Church's own words:—

‘He (Canosa) became Minister of Police, and instituted the Society of Calderari, thinking perhaps that he had at least made a counterpoise for the Carbonari. By their principles man was reduced to abject slavery and ignorance; he was obliged by his oath to be faithful, passive, and subservient whether for right or wrong—the people were made for the King, and the King by Divine right could and ought to do whatever he pleased with the people. Prerogative was everything, and in virtue of this same Divine right all men were considered as blades of grass bound to kiss the earth and never again to rise from it—if it pleased the King to put his foot upon their necks!’ cries the sturdy soldier, who all his life fought for the oppressed people. ‘But,’ he adds, ‘the good sense of the country . . . revolted against the absurd doctrines of the Calderari, and the King himself, with great good sense, set his face against this Society and prohibited it;’ and well it was that he did so, for instead of the other secret societies being in any way checked, the magistrates simply found that they had one more mysterious foe to fight against, and gave up the attempt to keep order and punish offenders in despair—for any such attempt brought them threatening letters, as every malefactor belonged to some such society, and every society was bound to protect its members against every other authority, and under all circumstances.

Let us go back to the petition presented by Francesco Perrone, and see in what manner the Diploma—which, by the way, he only kept for some six months—was gained.

There was a certain old Signor dell' Aglio, a gentleman of Francavilla, whose life had for many years been a burden to him, because of the threats and exactions of the brigands. Again and again had he received letters, and had had to buy his life for such or such a sum of money. Still, he paid the money when it was demanded, with some grumbling no doubt, but with the feeling that while he paid he was under protection, and could walk the streets of the little town, or visit his vineyard or stop to chat with a friend, in tolerable safety—at least as long as it was daylight. But at length he grew tired of these perpetual exactions, and determined to keep his life safe by shutting himself up altogether, and for four years he kept to this resolution, never stirring outside his own house, where he lived with his old sister, her maid, and his manservant. Friends came to visit the old gentleman, doubtless all the gossip of the little town was faithfully retailed by the old servants, but summer or winter, rain or shine, he was not to be persuaded to put his foot outside his door.

Then there came reports of a new secret society, more terrible, more bloodthirsty, more mysterious than any of the old ones had been. Its chief and founder, the Abbate Ciro Annichiarico, was said to be more than mortal. Strange stories were told of his sudden appearances and disappearances; he had been seen here, and in a miraculously short space of time he was heard of miles away—some one had ventured to speak against him in a company of friends, and had never been seen alive again. It was said that though he was chief of the new society of the Decisi, all the other and older bodies owed him some kind of allegiance, and that his spies were everywhere.

When the Signor dell' Aglio heard of these things his heart failed within him. He had new and stronger bolts and bars put to all his doors and windows; and he commanded that as soon as the rim of the sun touched the blue waters of the bay, every shutter should be put up, every window barred, every door locked and bolted fast; no one was to go out or come in from sunset to sunrise in the Casa dell' Aglio. His dearest friend might travel twenty miles to see him, but if he reached that house after sunset no tugging at the ponderous knocker, no clanging at the rusty bell, would be of the least avail. Perhaps if he went on long

enough a voice, shrill or surly, as it happened to belong to the Signor's man or the Signora's maid, might bid him begone and not keep honest folks out of their beds after nightfall ; or in the latter case there might be a little colloquy, 'Perdonate, Signor—ma—impossibile!' 'But, my good woman, you know *me*! Il Signor. . . . your master's old friend!' 'Perdonate, Signor—è impossibile.' 'But I have come far—and the twilight has scarce commenced.' 'Mille perdone, Signor, ma.' And no amount of pleading, or reasoning, or remonstrance would get beyond that 'è impossibile!'

The old gentleman, sitting in his armchair upstairs, enjoyed these conferences hugely. A shrill tone would catch his ear, and he would rub his hands, and say with a chuckle, 'Truly it is grievous to lead so lonely a life, and to refuse my kind friends ; but what would you have? Who was it, Marta?' or 'Giacomo? Ah, how I should have enjoyed a chat! But, pazienza—'tis safer as we are?'

Never but once did the Signor Dell' Aglio depart from the rule which he had laid down—never but once, and that once cost him his life!

We have seen that Francesco Perrone was anxious to become a Fratello Deciso. Now he was a notorious ruffian, who had been concerned in many a murderous fray, but he had not yet managed to find opportunity of committing two murders in cold blood, with his own unaided hand. So he cast about for victims, and why he fixed upon poor old Dell' Aglio it is impossible to say. He certainly can have had no feeling of enmity towards him, for the two men were absolutely unacquainted with each other. One would almost say he was actuated by the spirit of the chase, and determined to hunt down so difficult a prey as poor old Dell' Aglio. 'Indeed these wretches seem to have murdered "de gaieté de cœur,"' says General Church.

For three whole months he haunted about the Casa Dell' Aglio, but the padron never set foot out of doors, and a perfect stranger, like Perrone, had not a chance of getting in. So he changed his tactics, and leaving Francavilla, he travelled to Naples, where dwelt a brother of Dell' Aglio's to whom he was fondly attached. When there Perrone contrived somehow to scrape acquaintance with this brother, to visit at his house, and to obtain specimens of his handwriting.

Some of these Decisi were men of good education, and lived in the towns, apparently leading lives of peaceful citizens, or

following honest trades, and Perrone was soon able to copy the handwriting of his new acquaintance, at least perfectly enough to deceive an old man, half-blind, like Signor Dell' Aglio.

One day there came a letter to Francavilla, purporting to come from Signor Dell' Aglio's brother at Naples, to say that he was seriously ill, quite unable to travel, and that having some very important matters to communicate—matters which he could not venture to trust to the ordinary post—he would send a trusted messenger with a confidential letter to be delivered into his brother's own hands. Furthermore he begged his dear brother, our Signor Dell' Aglio, to write to the enclosed address at Barletta, fixing the time and place where he would see this messenger in private.

The poor old gentleman fell into the trap. How could the most wily fox have suspected there *was* a trap? One is astonished at the amount of trouble, the ingenuity, the time spent in fashioning such a snare!

So one November evening, just a little after sunset—it was some way to Barletta, and a stranger, not knowing the rules of the house, might be excused from being a little late—Perrone knocked at the great door, and with a thrill of triumph heard the great bolts drawn back and the key turned to admit him. The old manservant was not there, but the Signora's old maid let him in, and bade him follow her upstairs, first taking good care that the door was fast bolted and barred behind them. Upstairs sat old Dell' Aglio and his sister, each in a large arm-chair on either side of the cheery wood-fire. A third chair was placed between them for the guest, and a table with refreshments drawn up near the hearth. All looked cosy and homely, a pleasant sight on a November evening, when a drizzling rain beat against the windows, and no moonlight lay fair over the sleeping sea.

The old gentleman and his sister turned to greet their guest, with a pleasant sense of novelty, in seeing a stranger from the world without, and some one who could give them news of their brother, and who brought with him a letter which would explain the former mysterious message. After a little friendly talk, the old Signore asked for his brother's letter, and the stranger rising, delivered him a sealed packet, which Signor Dell' Aglio took, putting on his spectacles, and bending over the light to read it better. But in a moment he lifted his grey head with a perplexed expression. 'Signore,' he said, 'there is some mistake. This

is not my letter,' and he held up the enclosure. It was a blank sheet of paper!

'A mistake? Ay, truly, so it seems. But if the letter is not meant for you, *this* is,' and in a moment the assassin's right hand had plunged a stiletto into the heart of the old gentleman, while his left hand stabbed the old lady in like manner. Then taking a light, he made his way downstairs, opened the door, and left the house to pen the petition which we have already heard of, proudly conscious that by these two lucky strokes he had rendered himself eligible at once for admission into the Brotherhood of the Decisi.

There followed the usual *procès-verbal*, and Perrone was suspected of being the author of the crime, but the terror inspired by the Decisi caused the matter to be hushed up at the time. Then when General Church came on the scene Perrone disappeared.

The General marched about, here and there, going from village to village, making inquiries, hearing complaints. On one occasion, when an old man had been murdered with circumstances of especial barbarity, and the only person who could know anything of the crime, his only son, solemnly swore that he was quite unable to identify the murderers, the General took the course of sending the young man to prison, and bringing him before the Military Tribunal, on a charge of having murdered his own father. People cried out at this, for the two were known to have been devoted to each other, and the young man was both pitied and liked; but the General knew what he was about. The youth begged to be allowed to confess to a priest, and having done so, returned to the court and told all the horrible story clearly and firmly, explaining that in the midst of fearful tortures, the father had bound the son by a oath never to reveal the names of the murderers; this being the only way to save the young man's life. But since the priest had absolved him from this, he was ready to speak freely. But this is by the way.

One uncommonly fine morning in March, 1818, the year following that of Dell' Aglio's murder, General Church and a small body of troops were marching from Francavilla to Ostuni. They were not marching along the high road, for the General much preferred cross-cuts and forest roads, when he was on the look out for this kind of game, and now, after a wild bit of pathway, they came to a walled field, with a gate at each end of

it through which they had to pass. They were in excellent spirits, as gay as the lark which rose up just at their feet, and soared, singing, up into the clear air. The men were in front, the General rode behind, chatting with several gentlemen of the province who had volunteered to be of his company.

They were crossing the field, and had nearly reached the second gate, when somebody noticed a man who suddenly jumped over the wall at a little distance, and stood as if irresolute whether to advance or retreat. Of course to turn and fly would argue guilt, but to walk on was to run the gauntlet of the whole column of soldiery, on the look out for brigands. Nevertheless the second course seemed the safer of the two, so he slouched his hat and moved on, saluting as he passed by, lifting his hand to his hat, but not daring to remove it, lest there should be any one there who should recognise him. Neither did he venture to quicken his pace, but walked on steadily with a would-be careless air, and actually succeeded in reaching the last file of soldiers without detection. He had touched his hat to the General, and was just beginning to quicken his pace, breathing more freely, no doubt, as the danger seemed so nearly over, when the very last man of the file, and, as it happened, the only man who had ever seen Perrone, a sergeant of militia, cried out excitedly, 'È Perrone! Quello che ammazzò il vecchio Dell' Aglio!' (It is Perrone, who killed old Dell' Aglio.) On hearing the cry, Perrone started at a run. But it was too late. A sign, a word from the General, and a couple of mounted gendarmes were in pursuit, and it was but the work of a minute or two ere the wretch was securely bound, and marching off to Ostuni, where he was well known, so that there was no difficulty in identifying him.

A few days later he was hanged before the door of the Casa dell' Aglio.

CHAPTER II.

THE betrayal of any of the secrets of any of the societies was punishable with death.

General Church tells a story which illustrates the inevitableness of this rule.

One day, just about the time when he first took command of pulia, some quarrel took place among a company of brigands—whether of the Decisi or of some other society does not appear—about the division of some plunder, and one of the leading

members of the band considered himself unfairly used. However, he was so entirely in the minority that he had no chance of making good his claim, and he turned away in high dudgeon, fingering his stiletto, and muttering something of being tired of this life, and that more might be got elsewhere, and he knew what he knew, and could speak if he chose, and there were those who would be glad to listen to him, and some had best beware. So he strode off, and went home, and having told his wife of all that had happened, and eaten a good supper, his wrath cooled and he went to bed, having forgotten the quarrel. But though he forgot, there were those who did not forget. At about midnight he was wakened by the peculiar call which was the well-known signal of the band. His ill-humour had passed away, and fancying that his comrades had come to summon him for some plundering expedition, he bade his wife open the door and admit them. There were two rooms in the cottage, both on the ground-floor, the one into which the outer door opened being the bedroom of the pair. The wife did as her lord and master commanded, and brought wine, which she set down in the inner room, the kitchen, and fetched a lamp, and raked together the embers on the hearth, and stood ready to serve the accustomed guests.

To her great surprise—for she was in all their secrets, and accustomed to hear their plans discussed beforehand, and to take charge of the spoil after they returned from the raid—they told her to go back to bed. They had something very special, very private to communicate to her husband, and did not desire her presence. The woman obeyed, but feminine curiosity was not to be balked so easily.

Her bed stood against the wall which divided the sleeping-room from the kitchen, an old wall full of cracks. It was not difficult, by applying her eye to one of these cracks, to see, herself unseen, all that went on in the dimly-lighted chamber beyond, and to hear all that was said among the band. And this was what she heard and saw. There was a preliminary drinking of wine from the great jar which stood on the table, and then she saw the rest of the brigands gather round her husband, and heard them reproach him with having threatened to betray those who were bound by the same oath as himself. It was but the colloquy of a minute. Before he could speak a word of answer or explanation, a dozen stilettos were plunged into his body, and he fell dead without so much as uttering a groan.

The woman, trembling for her own life, had yet presence of mind to lie down in bed, turning her face to the wall, and her back to the door through which the brigands must pass in order to leave the house. She heard them steal through the kitchen on tiptoe, one after another, enter the sleeping-room and halt there, looking towards the bed where she lay. There was a small lamp burning in a corner of the room, which cast their shadows upon the wall against which the bed was placed; and the woman as she lay with half-closed eyes, was thus able to take note of their movements and gestures, as well as to hear their whispered words.

What moments those must have been to the poor creature, as she lay there, in apparent sleep, breathing hard and regularly, yet with every faculty so agonizingly awake! knowing that those who had murdered her husband would not have the slightest scruple in murdering her also. How the horrible scene which she had just witnessed must have been printed on her brain, thrilling with fierce thoughts of vengeance against the assassins, yet forced to lie there, to keep still, to seem to sleep, because there was but a step betwixt her and death!

When they had nearly reached the door, she saw by the shadows on the wall that they made a halt, and then she watched a ghastly pantomime. One made a sign with his dagger that he would step forward and kill her; another shook his head, and signed that she slept; a third took his carbine from his shoulder, crept towards the bed and pointed it at her—and then indeed she thought that her last hour had come, but her courage did not fail, and she lay still and snored louder than before. ‘*Che bella musica!*’ whispered the brigand, and another added with a brutal laugh, ‘Let her alone. Her husband will come and wake her presently.’

‘Best kill her,’ whispered another, but the fellow with the carbine answered—

‘Bah! she is not worth the trouble! Come away.’

Then she heard from two or three, ‘Let us go. It is late,’ and then some one said, ‘Kill her or leave her, it matters not which; but be quick about it. ’Tis too great a risk staying on here.’

‘Let us go—we can settle her any time,’ was the final verdict, and they stalked silently out of the house.

Left alone, the poor woman breathed more freely, yet she dared not move, lest any of the ruffians should be lingering

about, so she lay still through the weary hours of darkness. The last embers died out on the hearth, the lamp which she had set on the kitchen table flickered and went out: perhaps that was better than peeping through the chink in the wall—which had a terrible fascination for her burning eyes—to watch the dark motionless heap on the floor which had been her living husband when the night fell.

A rough, brutal man, a tyrant to her, a robber and a murderer, yet her 'man,' the lover of her youth; and as she lay there she clenched her hands, and lifted her hot tearless eyes in the darkness, and swore a solemn oath that she would have revenge on the murderers of her husband.

Even when in the early morning some workmen, passing by and calling in at the cottage, found the dead body, the wife maintained silence, or rather declared herself ignorant of what had happened. She had been asleep. Her husband had been murdered in the night, but when and by whom, how could she tell? He was always a peaceable man, but there were quarrels. She went her own way—and never troubled her head about the affairs of the men—and there were bad men abroad, doubtless. Alas! alas! she was a desolate widow—she could say no more; and the apron went up to the eyes, and the sturdy shoulders were shaken by sobs, and the magistrate who had questioned her, as in duty bound, had his own life to consider, and knew that ignorance was his best safety. So to the *procès-verbal* was appended the usual verdict: 'Murderers unknown.'

But she was biding her time.

Life went on as usual in the little mountain village—the scanty patches of corn ripened; the figs were gathered in; the goats were driven to their pasture and called home for the milking; the brown-faced children rolled in the dirt and quarrelled and played; the girls lingered by the well, and the lads knew at what hour they should find them there; there was the work and the play, the gossiping on doorsteps, and the preparing of *polenta* within doors—and as for the tragedy which had taken place two months ago, there was no more sign of it in the village life than there was sign of stirring in the village well ten minutes after its surface had been broken by the drawing up of the water which that sad, stern-faced widow carried home to her lonely cottage.

The neighbours pitied her, one and another would give a hand's turn to do her a service, all would have been glad to have

been her confidential interviewers, and to have known something of what had happened on that dark night, but no one could ever get a word from her on that subject, even had they not feared to ask. But if her vengeance was slow, it was all the more sure. She had all the secrets of the band of brigands in her possession, and could afford to wait.

People were talking about this Englishman who was marching through the country. He was a marvellous man, this English General. You could not frighten him, and you could not bribe him, and he would listen to any one who cried for justice, however poor and uninfluential, and he would see that justice was done too. It was said that he had sworn to extirpate the robbers and murderers who infested the country. It was certain that he set about it in a very different manner to the other generals who from time to time had visited the province with this same avowed intention, and after failing to find the brigands, or having a skirmish or two with them, or even catching and putting into prison some minor ruffian, had gone back to Naples, leaving the poor country in much the same state as before. The woman listened to all that was said—said in whispers, and among friends at first, but by degrees more boldly, and in open day—and held her peace.

One day there was great excitement in the little village. The Englishman was coming into their neighbourhood. He was to be at the village of Berberano, not six miles away, that very night. All who could contrive to get so far straightway determined that if they did not go all the way to Berberano itself, they would at any rate meet him and his *gendarmerie* on the way. But the widow went stolidly about her daily work, only her great dark eyes gleamed in their hollow sockets, and the lines of her mouth were drawn into a greater expression of determination than ever. Towards the afternoon she put on her most decent clothing, and left the village. Some one asked her where she was going, but she shook her head and answered nothing.

At the entrance of the village of Berberano that evening a crowd was gathered, with the Sindaco, or chief magistrate, among them, all waiting to receive and welcome the English General. All the gentlemen of the neighbourhood were there, and the peasants of the place stood in groups, curious, somewhat distrustful—for had they not had such promises before? Besides, who could say whether any of the strangers who lounged about,

apparently actuated only by a spirit of peaceful curiosity, might not be brigand spies, wearing concealed poniards beneath their garments? Even the children clung to their mothers and looked, with bright eyes under dark brows, awe-stricken, for something mysterious, they knew not what.

It may be questioned whether the worthy Sindaco even, with all his bustle of deferential welcome, was not looking forward in his heart to the next morning, when this perplexing, irrepresible, worrying stranger would ride away. Nevertheless when the cavalcade of *gendarmerie* appeared, and behind them a small slight man, with sharp features, keen dark blue eyes, and an air of energy and eagerness which somehow did not seem quite to suit the country, the Sindaco hurried forward, with expressions of profoundest respect and joy, to welcome him.

General Church courteously dismounted from his horse to return the greeting, but hardly had he set foot on ground when a tall, gaunt-looking woman, decently though poorly dressed, rushed forward, making her way through the crowd with vigorous shoves and pushes, and throwing herself at his feet, cried loudly—

‘Giustizia, giustizia, Eccellenza, giustizia!’ He raised her from the ground, and bade her be calm. She should be heard, but she must not cry out in that manner. In vain! all efforts to pacify her only resulted in louder cries of ‘Giustizia, giustizia, Eccellenza, giustizia!’

This would never do. The General’s rule invariably was to hear every complaint himself, that he might judge in the first instance of what was the truth of the matter before sending it to the Military Tribunal. But, as he pathetically remarks, ‘To get at the truth two essentials were necessary, namely, time and place’; and in his opinion the public street and a crowd offered neither one nor the other. Besides this, clamour would give alarm to the brigand spies, who were sure to be found in any assembly, and facilitate the escape of the criminals, whoever they might be. So he turned to the Sindaco, and said in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear—

‘She is mad, poor creature! Send her about her business. Or stay——’ and he handed his purse to an aide-de-camp, with a muttered word or two, and remounting, rode off to the house prepared for his quarters for the night, after an invitation to the Sindaco to join him and his officers at dinner.

Of course the crowd followed in the wake of the cavalcade,

and there only remained some two or three, among whom was the aide-de-camp, who, purse in hand, went up to the poor woman, and seemed to be trying to persuade her to go home and to cease wringing her hands and rending the air with her frantic and despairing cries for justice.

After a while he succeeded in gaining her attention, and glancing round, and seeing that they were now alone, he said in a low, meaning voice, laying his finger on his lips—a well-known sign of secrecy and intelligence, which she at once understood, ‘Don’t be afraid. Come to (mentioning a lonely, deserted house on the outskirts of the village) at eight o’clock this evening, and you shall be heard. But keep quiet.’

Then he rode after his comrades, and left her, poor thing, in the midst of her vehement, but low-spoken thanks and assurances of comprehension.

Eight o’clock approached. General Church with some difficulty dismissed the worthy Sindaco and some other guests of the neighbourhood, pleading fatigue, the writing yet to be done that night, the early start on the morrow.

It was a dark, moonless night as he stood at the door to wish them a courteous ‘*Felice notte*,’ which was as courteously returned. Soon after, some half-dozen cloaked figures stumbled along the lanes which led to the lonely house, speaking in low tones, and quite undistinguishable from any other belated travellers. Having reached their destination they pushed open the door, struck a light, and found their way to a room where, in a corner, sat the poor forlorn widow, patiently waiting the time she had looked forward to so long. The notary was there with his pen, ink, and paper, ready to take her deposition, and some of the officers as witnesses, and now, in an encouraging tone, she heard herself addressed by the stranger General, and bidden to tell her story without fear, for she should have the justice she claimed—it was her right. Sitting before them in that dark, lonely, bare hall, with just a table and a bench or two for furniture, and the autumn rain pattering outside, she told her story, with all the vivid turns of expression, and ejaculations and gesticulations of her southern race; and then she went on to a triumphant detail of all she knew of the secrets of the band in the days of former friendship. With gleaming eyes and exulting tones she told their names, and where they dwelt, and where they were most likely to be found. She knew all their haunts; the places where they deposited their plunder, any particulars

about each one of them, all the atrocities they had committed (and they were, without exception, very much 'wanted' by justice!), and their general habits and movements. One consequence of her information was that after a time many persons recovered property which they had lost, and which was discovered packed away in various hidden receptacles. But this is by the way. What concerns us at present is that the General was at once put on the scent of a band of notorious ruffians, and that they all met their deserts before another fortnight was over, some being killed in desperate fighting, some taken and hanged. 'After all,' he remarks, 'the husband only got his just deserts, for he was as great a scoundrel as any of the lot, and his murder by his comrades only anticipated by a few months more or less the sentence of the law.' As to the woman, she had something to answer for too, for she was tried and condemned as a receiver of stolen goods, but in consideration of the service which her information had rendered to justice, the General interceded for her, and the legal sentence of ten years' imprisonment was, in her case, commuted to two. This capture greatly impressed the country people, who began to come out of their sullen silence, as they came to the conclusion that the days of their tyrants were now indeed numbered, and they began to come forward more boldly to give evidence, whereas their idea at first had been to shield the ruffians who had hitherto been considered the real rulers of Apulia.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY C. M. YONGE.

THERE are characters on which it is most difficult to touch. There is often in reading a biography a sense of having done injustice by our opinions during a lifetime, and a revulsion of feeling which converts distrust and antagonism into remorseful admiration. Then the balance adjusts itself, so that the admiration is retained, but is tempered and qualified ; and while some of the old feelings of censure revive, they are toned down by better comprehension of the nature and motives of the man.

Such is especially the case with Charles Kingsley, a man of noble and impetuous nature, but somewhat wanting in delicacy of fibre and perception, and essentially one-sided in the views which he put forward with vehement force, more vehement in youth than when years and experience had had their sobering effect. For instance, contrast the terrible ballad in *Yeast* with the tender irony of his last poem on poor Lorraine. But it was of course these earlier books that formed the general estimation of him. I myself must confess to an erasure of an allusion to 'Elsley Vavasour' in an article in the 'Packet,' because I did not think it expedient to direct attention to one who was viewed as an unwholesome writer ; but I remembered the omission with a smile when I had not only read *Two Years Ago*, but had looked, with Mr. Kingsley, after a lecture from Dr. Carpenter on foraminifera, at the wonderful diagrams of their magnified nests, formed so exquisitely of the spiculæ out of sponges. When I spoke in wonder whether this beauty could delight the minute lifeless beings at the bottom of the sea, I was answered with a Johnsonian 'Madam !' and a rebuke for thinking that any beauty could be wasted, as it were, by the Creator and confer no pleasure on the creature. Again, I heard Mr. Kingsley, with quivering voice and liquid eyes, speak at a S.P.G. meeting of the blessing

of the meeting with a cultivated clergyman to the young colonist, recalling all his best and happiest associations, and bringing a fresh renewal of higher things—spiritual and intellectual—into the life in danger of becoming wholly rough and material.

Whatever Mr. Kingsley did or felt, it was with all his might, and more might than is in most people, and thus pity and indignation often carried him away, and are the explanations of his overstatements ; and, on the other hand, his enthusiasms were sometimes so simple as to be almost blind—as, for instance, his admiration of Henry VIII. on the first appearance of Froude's earlier volumes.

No one can read his sermons without perceiving that he was a thorough devout member and minister of the English Church as he understood her. He was a staunch defender of all her Creeds, a lover of her Liturgy, yes, and of her Catechism. There are sentences both in the *Sermons for the Times* and the *Village Sermons* which dwell in the strongest manner on the benefits of that Catechism, over the neglect of which in the present day, none would have mourned more deeply. In his *Life* likewise letters are to be found, addressed successfully to an unbeliever, which ought to be scattered broadcast among our artisans. His faith was sound and deep, and as strong as everything else in him.

Witness that memorable sentence on the second clause in the *Quicunque vult*, where he shows that he who loses his faith is not so much condemned for that, as that he does deteriorate, and for want of saving faith, does of himself perish everlastingly.

Equally deep was his love. Look at the Village Sermon on the 104th Psalm, and see how his love of God was fostered by his deep and intimate love of and delight in Nature.

‘He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man and bird and beast’

was most true of him.

Irreverences of language we sometimes find—e.g. a thoughtless sentence in *Water Babies* about the children killed by the she-bears*—but they are rather of the lip than the spirit, though decidedly to be regretted and deprecated. Some, too, may have come of the hatred of all that was sham, and a desire to put down whatever did not recommend itself to that sturdy English common-sense which he united to a poetical conception in a curious and unusual degree. For *common-sense* it was, not only

* We think this was omitted in the later edition.

in the best and wisest meaning of the term, but in the lack of comprehension of more delicate and refined opinions. It was this that threw him into such strong opposition to the Oxford movement. He could not enter into those arguments which showed that the ordinarily received sense of the Articles of the Church was not necessarily compulsory on her, only one they would bear, and that they were capable of being accepted by various shades of opinion, as indeed had been held by writers in the last century. However, to him this seemed mere equivocation and shiftiness, and, together with sentences and actions in like manner misunderstood, brought down those vehement accusations of untruthfulness which had the very remarkable effect of eliciting the *Apologia pro sua Vita*, proving that all Dr. Newman's life had been spent in the pursuit of truth, and bringing him and his old friends together as nothing else could have done.

Those who have read the *Fairy Bower*, a story written long previously by Mrs. Thomas Mozley, Newman's sister, may perhaps there see, as in a parable, the difference between the finer and less refined views of truth and duty in the contrast between the Leslies and the Duffs. No. 90, as well as the various efforts in the way of ritual, some mistaken, others imprudent, and all so seeming to him, combined to put Kingsley in opposition to the movement, and to produce utterances sometimes angry, sometimes satirical, which rankled deeply. His real opinion is perhaps best worked out in a sermon preached at Bideford, where he owns the innocence, beauty, and significance of these observances, but hotly blames those who practised them so as to give offence to the people and alienate them from the Church.

On the other hand, he could not but loathe to the utmost the falsehoods of Rome and her tyrannies. He could admire and depict with delightful enthusiasm the lives of hermit saints who communed with God in the wilderness, loved and tamed wild animals and more savage men, and became missionary centres of civilisation, sparks of ever-spreading light in the darkness of the world. His *Lives of Hermit Saints* and his outline of St. Sturmi in the *Roman and Teuton* are thus all that can be wished, but he had a great distrust and detestation of asceticism for what he considered its own sake. The viewing the body as *l'ânesse*, to be beaten, starved, and subdued, as St. Francis did, was in his eyes Manichæism, and never to be sufficiently condemned, especially when the penances were imposed by

spiritual directors, for the sake, as he believed, of manufacturing a saint. This view he worked out in the *Saint's Tragedy*, which by some is thought his greatest performance, but which seems to us the exaggeration of an exaggeration.

Later in life than when Kingsley wrote the *Saint's Tragedy* he seems to have better understood the violence of the reaction from sensuality and luxury, and he would probably have made more allowance for the sense of expiation which (presumptuous as it was) actuated some of the self-mortifications of those mediæval times. St. Elizabeth's history, even in its simplest form, is trying to our modern notions, and only to be accepted with the thought that 'Wisdom is justified of all her children,' and there was no need to impute motives and aspirations to characters whose real feelings we do not understand, and which probably are distorted in the original narration.

The abuse of asceticism in the wild monks of the Thebaid is more justly condemned in *Hypatia*; but though a great work, there is much injustice in it with regard to St. Cyril, and there is a perhaps unavoidable sense of coarseness in the whole picture of Alexandria in the fourth century. There are fine passages, but it is a painful book, in which the one-sided nature and want of delicacy of touch of the author tell considerably, faults which he outgrew as he advanced in life. But, as in the *Roman and Teuton* later, the great fact is brought out most impressively that the Church was the one living power, the one hope of a dying world, the one strand connecting the old with the new; and the lectures above referred to show how, like a magnet, it drew the Teutonic masses to it when the corruptions both of the old Greco-Roman world and of the Church herself, so terribly drawn in *Hypatia* as to offend our taste and our reverence, had had their fearful retribution.

The belief in the *mens sana in corpore sano* was as strong in him as in an ancient Greek, and hence his dislike and disbelief of all the spiritual affections which might be considered as coming from an attenuated physical condition. It was again a want of adjustment and of consideration that a little want of balance on the side of indulgence most assuredly has a deadening effect on the spirit. Muscular Christianity, as it was called in his time, has a tendency to smother Spiritual Christianity. In him, earnest adoration of God, devoted family affection, and charity to all mankind were restraints, but the general tone was the full gratification of all in the human nature that was innocent, not curtailing enjoyment

unless sinful or injurious to the welfare of others. There is scarcely enough consideration of the danger that constant gratification of tastes when they are or appear harmless tends to strengthen the inclination

‘Till the seared taste from foulest wells
Is fain to slake its fire.’

Love to man is his main motive, and to such as he a safe one, leading to grand acts of self-denial, but is it the same to men harder of heart and more obtuse of feeling?

And there comes in that main question—Is the saving of one’s own soul or the ministry of love to others the chief object of life? Are we to attend most to our own soul—‘dirty soul,’ as he puts it in *Westward Ho!*—or to throw ourselves out into service to others, and, as it were, let our soul take care of itself? I believe it is like self-consciousness—a question of temperament.

‘O perfect Pattern from above,
So strengthen us that ne’er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Or works of love from prayer.’

‘Charity covereth the multitude of sins,’ or rather preventeth them, and works higher, looking upward more and more, while the genuine desire for the salvation of one’s own soul must, by sense of duty, expand into love of others.

Westward Ho! Two Years Ago, and *Water Babies*, are the work of Kingsley’s prime, with the most of himself in them. Amyas Leigh is to the full his ideal of the young man, rejoicing in his youth and strength, and following impulses generous and ennobled and refined by the spirit of Christianity, though without much conscious religion. Then comes the warp of revenge, righteous and just indeed, but working an evil influence, and then the climax, baulking him of vengeance indeed, but making him a chastened, and thus still grander, creature all the rest of his life.

Tom, in *Two Years Ago*, gives somewhat of the same idea of the strong physical manhood working towards better things through generous love and human service, but there is conscious unbelief in his composition, and he has not the grace of the stately romance of Elizabethan days to soften the impression he leaves in its intense and painful reality; and we are only allowed to lose sight of him at last and to believe that there was heroism in the end, and likewise the discipline of long trial. The other actors on the scene—the sham poet and his poor little

enthusiastic, disappointed wife, finding what it was to have married a man without gentlemanly instincts, the hard-working clergyman, brave and self-devoted as the layman, but on principle—are admirable, though we are not so sure of the school-mistress. The lesson to use means as well as to pray, not only to ‘trust in God,’ but to ‘keep your powder dry,’ was never more fully impressed.

Hereward is a man of the same mould as Amyas and Tom, but roughened and hardened according to the rudeness of the time, and the tale is lengthy, so that we are not surprised to find in the memoir that it was task work, not enjoyed in the writing, like the more spontaneous stories.

There is never any guessing how the *Water Babies* will appear to any given person—whether they will be the most delightful of tales, all the more delightful for the under-current of half-developed allegory, or whether they will seem nonsensical and somewhat wearisome, if not irreverent. Yet who can fail to be charmed with the story of the nation of the ‘Do-as-you-likes,’ who ended in the being who lived in a tree, tried to say, ‘Am I not a man and a brother?’ but had forgotten how, and so M. du Chaillu shot him? Who has not laughed at the Mayor of Plymouth and his lobster, or at the nice distinction of having a hippopotamus in one’s brain, dividing between man and monkey? Some of this satire belongs to the earlier developments of Darwinism, but the substance of the book is of all times, and there is little equal in charm to the description of the park in the early summer morning, or of the voyage down to the sea and all the encounters by the way with salmon, otter, and poor Lady Caddis. Altogether it is the king of modern Märchen.

The descriptions of nature are exquisite, and it is in these that Kingsley is at his very best. The pine wood in the *Idylls*, the sea coast in *Glaucus*, the scenery in *Westward Ho!* (imagined, not seen, and depicted in *At Last*), the outline scenery in *Madam How and Lady Why*—all these are perfect of their kind, true prose poetry.

How he enjoyed each lovely thing around—bird, beast, fish, insect, flower—and felt the full delight and exhilaration of each unfolding of their mysteries! And more than all did his great tender heart embrace the human kind. That socialism which alarmed us all in the days of *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* was the outcome of his longing to raise and ameliorate the lot of the suffering, and there is no doubt that his burning words had their

effect in strenuous endeavours on the part of many of the upper classes to improve the dwellings of the poor and find outlets for energy wasted. And from humanity in general, the nearer circles were drawn of his own flock, his own friends, his own family, and above all gathering up in her who had been the joy and guiding star of his whole life. Nothing is more touching and more telling in 'the statue of his life,' than the fact that his recovery from his last illness was, to all appearance, prevented by his premature despair of her restoration.

We cannot end better than by quoting Professor Max Müller's description of the great and sad throng at his funeral, in the preface to the *Roman and the Teuton* :—

'There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of the Eversley Common, who used to call him their *patricio rai*—their priest-king. There was the old squire of the village, and the labourers, young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies, officers and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey. There were the leading Non-conformists of the neighbourhood and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and outside the churchyard the horses and the hounds and the huntsman in pink, for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman too, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling. All that he had loved and all that loved him were there ; and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own yellow gravel bed, the old trees which he had planted and cared for waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal men.'

One more sentence from the Professor, and we have finished this imperfect sketch :—' Compared with a good work done, with a good word spoken, with a grasp of the hand from a young man he had saved from mischief, or with a "Thank you, sir," from a poor woman to whom he had been a comfort, he would have despised what people call glory, like incense curling away in smoke.'

NEAR BATTICALOA, CEYLON.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

IN the autumn of 1873 I had the privilege of accompanying the late Bishop of Colombo * and his daughter on a very extensive journey to some of the remote districts of his diocese. Starting from Colombo, on the western coast, we travelled inland *vid* Ratnapura, 'the City of Gems,' to Badulla, the beautifully-situated capital of the province of Uva, which is perhaps the loveliest, and certainly has hitherto been the most neglected, part of the isle. It lies to the south-east of the central province, which is altogether built up with mountain ridges and elevated table-lands, the latter affording delightfully cool climates as sanatoriums for sufferers from tropical heat.

Leaving the mountainous region, we travelled north-east across the region known as the Park Country—a great tract partly of forest, partly of open grass country and of swampy rice-lands, but all intersected by vast picturesque hill-ranges. This was formerly the finest district for sportsmen, and indeed is still the haunt of a multitude of wild animals, though the stillness is in some measure disturbed by the singular method of cultivation known as 'Chena farming,' which is a system of nomadic farming involving perpetual locomotion, inasmuch as the same ground is never occupied for more than two years at a time, and is then left to itself for fifteen years. This strange custom has been adhered to for upwards of two thousand years; so it follows that 'primæval forest' is non-existent.

The inhabitants of a district having obtained sanction from the Government agent proceed to fell and burn a tract of two or three hundred acres of forest. This is then fenced and apportioned to the number of families concerned, each of whom erects a temporary hut. In these they live in a cheery sort of gipsy

* Hugh W. Jermyn, D.D., now Bishop of Brechin and Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland.

fashion, some making and baking earthenware vessels, and others spinning thread or rearing poultry, while waiting for the growth of the crops they have sown.

In a few months the newly-reclaimed land is rich with cotton-plants, sugar-cane, Indian corn, pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, millet, yams, melons, and other vegetables. Some of these are ready for the market within four months, so they are gathered and fresh seed is sown for a second [crop, which is ready four months later (the cultivators all the while keeping sentinels posted in little huts, ceaselessly watching day and night to ward off incursions of thievish beasts and birds).

In the second year the company divides, some remaining to guard and gather the cotton, which does not come to maturity for two years, the others proceeding to clear new ground, by felling and burning more forest when the cotton crop is gathered. Then the last farm is abandoned, and luxuriant natural growths rapidly form fresh jungle.

A marked characteristic of all land which has thus been suffered to relapse is the dense growth of lantana, which was introduced about fifty years ago, by the wife of one of the Governors, as an ornamental shrub. It is a pretty plant, covered with little bunches of orange- and rose-coloured flowers, or small dark berries; the latter find great favour with birds, who carry the seed in every direction, so that from the sea-level up to a height of three thousand feet, thousands of acres are covered with impenetrable thickets of this too luxuriant colonist. Naturally all cultivators consider it an intolerable nuisance, and rue the day of its introduction to Ceylon; but, nevertheless, the lantana has its own useful mission to perform, in renovating the soil and preparing it afresh for the service of ungrateful humanity.

We were now on the southern verge of the country haunted (I can scarcely say inhabited) by the Veddahs, the most strangely primitive race, supposed to be descendants of the aborigines who, upwards of two thousand years ago, retreated to these wilds when the Singhalese conquerors arrived here from Bengal, and have ever since maintained their isolation from all contact with civilisation; at all events the Rock Veddahs have done so, concealing themselves in the caves and forests among the foot-hills at the base of the great mountain centre—a region known as 'Bintenne,'—which describes broken country at the base of the highlands answering to the 'Terrai' at the base of the Himalayas. It used to be so pestilential that even camping

there generally resulted in jungle fever; but now its character in that respect has improved, owing to considerable clearings of forest.

These shy wild beings live on forest fruits, roots and honey, and on the flesh of all manner of beasts and birds, with the exception, strange to say, of elephants, buffaloes, or bears, which they occasionally shoot with their bows and arrows, but never eat, whereas squirrels, mongooses and tortoises, kites and crows, owls, rats and bats are highly esteemed, while a roast monkey or a huge lizard (the kobragoya or iguana) is an ideal dainty. They also catch fish in the rivers and neglected tanks, but their chief store is deer's flesh cut in long strips and dried on sticks laid over a fire. It is then securely packed in bark and stowed away in hollow trees, with a top-dressing of honey to exclude the air.

When, as too often happens, they are short of food, they appease hunger by chewing bark, which also supplies their clothing, after being soaked and beaten until it becomes pliable, when it is stitched together with fibres of the jungle vines which hang so ready for use in all the forests. Now, however, they so far condescend to contact with civilisation that they barter beeswax, deer's horns and flesh, and occasionally an elephant's tusk for a certain amount of calico, as well as a supply of hatchets, arrow-heads and earthenware 'chatties,' which are supplied by Moormen, as the Mahommedan traders are called.

But lucifer matches have not yet superseded the ancient way of obtaining fire, by rapidly twirling a long pointed stick in a hole made in a piece of dry old wood, held by the feet. Atoms of dry wood are thrown in as tinder, and after a few minutes of hard work a spark appears, and fire is kindled.

The language of this strange race seems to consist of a very limited range of guttural sounds, quite incomprehensible to the Singhalese; and, as regards religion, they have literally none, having no worship whatever.

These really wild Rock Veddahs are now few in number and rarely seen. They are described as small and insignificant in stature and remarkably ugly, with wide nostrils, large jaws, and projecting mouth and teeth, while their long, uncombed beard and mass of shaggy black hair make their heads seem too large in proportion to their ill-shaped limbs. And yet the Singhalese, with their intense reverence for high position and ancient blood, acknowledge these gentlest of savages as of very high caste,

ranking next to the Vellales, or cultivators, who rank highest of all.

The Village Veddahs, with whom we had several interviews, are a stronger, more manly-looking race, but are not of pure blood, having frequently intermarried with Kandyans and Singhalese, whose language (in a very corrupt form) they have adopted. The Coast Veddahs, who work to a certain extent with the Tamil fishers, speak a Tamil *patois*. These support themselves by fishing and by weaving mats and baskets.

The total number of Veddahs is estimated at about two thousand, but I need scarcely say that Rock Veddahs do not furnish census statistics. Even the Village Veddahs have a gipsy-like love of migration, and think little of money; their frail homes being simply constructed of mud, reeds, and palm-leaves. Efforts have, however, been made to induce them to settle, by allotments of land for cultivation; wells were dug for them, cocoa-palms and bread-fruit trees planted, rice-fields prepared, and seed and agricultural implements provided for them, with the result that a considerable number of them are becoming reconciled to a stationary life with some simple comforts around them.

In 1838 the Wesleyan missionaries at Batticaloa began to try teaching them, and have continued the effort ever since, with very fair success, a considerable number having embraced Christianity.

Many of those who were formerly scattered along the sea coast were persuaded to congregate in villages prepared for them in forest clearings near the shores of beautiful Vendeloos Bay, to the north of Batticaloa. At one of these villages the Bishop had in the previous year opened a school for Veddah children, and to inspect this was one of his objects.

So we started at early dawn from the bungalow of a cocoa-palm planter, who had hospitably entertained us for some days, and we rowed up a beautiful palm-fringed river till we reached the village, where many Veddahs had assembled to welcome the Bishop on his return, and the women came forward very shyly to see their white sisters (possibly the first who had visited them).

First the Bishop examined the school children, and some of the most advanced wrote sentences for us in Tamil on the 'ola,' or strips of prepared palmyra-leaf which form the substitute for paper, and not only for copy-books but for precious manuscripts,

though the talipot palm is preferred for the most valuable books.

Then we all squatted beneath a white awning which was suspended from the trees, and the native clergyman read service in Tamil, selecting Genesis i. and St. Mark i. as the lessons. Then the Bishop spoke on these, Mr. Samonader interpreting.

After service, we begged for an illustration of the far-famed skill of the Veddahs as archers, in the use of their little bows ; but this proved a remarkable failure, which I am told is generally the case, their success in bringing down game being rather due to their extreme caution in creeping close to their quarry ere hazarding an arrow. We had heard of bows six feet long, strung with twisted bark, and arrows in proportion, but they only carry those when in pursuit of big game.

In the afternoon the Bishop, being ill and very tired, was obliged to rest, so the native clergyman offered to row Miss Jermyn and me up the river in a small boat, to a Veddah village of palm-leaf and mud huts overshadowed by tall palms and other trees. Some of the men's huts were like those erected in the fields for the sentinels watching the crops, namely, platforms one above the other, raised on a scaffolding of tall rough-hewn poles, and shaded by a light thatch.

The people were quite friendly, but shy. When we had gone round one village we rowed on a little further to another, and saw the people making mats, grinding grain, etc. We thought to win a mother's heart by admiring her baby, but found we had done quite the wrong thing, as admiration implies covetousness and involves great danger of the 'evil eye,' a baneful influence which is as sorely dreaded in Ceylon as in Italy, or indeed most countries, including even Scotland.* (Certainly, judging from such verses as Mark vii. 22, and Proverbs xxviii. 22, the 'evil eye' must have suggested some very definite ill to the Jewish mind.)

In almost all Eastern countries some device is resorted to to draw aside this malign influence : children are loaded with jewels, or they are purposely left with dirty faces ; the trappings of camels and horses are adorned with cowrie shells ; Mahommedans suspend ostrich eggs from the ceilings of their rooms ; and here in Ceylon earthenware jars daubed with white paint are conspicuously

* For example, see 'In the Hebrides,' p. 261, by C. F. Gordon Cumming ; published by Chatto & Windus.

stuck on the roof, to attract the eye which might cast the dreaded glamour on the home.

As evening drew on, we started on our homeward row down the river, the native clergyman, as before, taking the oars, till, as we passed a village, the headman came and remonstrated on his doing so, he being a 'high-caste' man! The argument was evidently effective, for the worthy man appeared quite perplexed, evidently fearing to lose influence with his flock; so, to solve the difficulty (though perhaps establishing a bad precedent), I took the oars myself, and rowed home—an easy task, being down-stream.

Though 'caste' distinctions are by no means so obtrusive in Ceylon as on the mainland of India, they are nevertheless sufficiently marked to be the occasion of many difficulties, especially in the formation of missionary schools, where almost naked little brown brats of high caste begin by displaying the most amusing spirit of contempt and persecution towards those of lower caste. It is also a grave drawback that so many of the good, earnest Bible-women are of low caste, and consequently have difficulty in gaining admission to the houses of the women of higher standing.

In nothing is the triumph of Christianity more marked than in the assembling on equal terms of large congregations of Christian people, the residents occasionally providing cooked rice, etc., for those who come from afar; and a man or woman must have overcome a perfect mountain of prejudice before he or she would eat of food prepared, or even touched, by one of lower caste.

Herein, however, I speak specially of the Tamils, the descendants of conquerors from the coast of Malabar, and also of that large body of immigrants from the mainland who come to work as coolies on the plantations.

The Singhalese (as worshippers of Buddha, who entirely condemned caste distinctions) ought to be free from these, but practically they make as much of them as any Hindoo, which is perhaps not to be wondered at, seeing that they are descended from Brahminical conquerors who, under the leadership of Wijayo, came from Bengal about the year B.C. 543, and overran Ceylon.

Then it was that the aborigines fled for refuge to the forests and caves of the interior and to the outlying isles of the north. The former (who are supposed to be the ancestors of the

Veddahs) were thenceforward known as Yakkas, or demons, because their sole religion consisted in propitiating powers of evil. The others, who rendered special worship to the Cobra, were named, accordingly, the Nagas, and the northern part of the isle was called Naga-dipo, 'the Isle of Serpents.' (On one at least of the small isles near Jaffna, there is still a temple where live cobras are reverently tended by priests and priestesses, and receive devout worship.)

To this day, as we have seen, the Singhalese recognise the hideous and filthy Veddahs to be worthy of all honour as being of very high caste ; so much so, that it would be no disgrace for a woman of good social position to marry one of them, should her strange taste incline her so to do. But, on the other hand, the most cruel and indelible disgrace that could possibly be inflicted on a high-caste woman was to give her in marriage to a Rodiya (or Rodilla), a singularly beautiful race (at least, both men and women are so in youth), who nevertheless have ever been regarded as the lowest scum (their name even being derived from *rod*da, 'filth').

Under the Kandyan kings every phase of ignominy that could be devised was heaped upon these poor people, who are said to have been degraded for ever and ever, because one of their ancestors, having failed in procuring venison for the king's table, supplied the lack with human flesh, of which his majesty partook with much relish. But the crime was discovered, and the whole clan of the miscreant shared in his disgrace. Thenceforward they were forbidden to enter a Buddhist temple or any village, they might not till the soil, or draw water from a well, or even cross a ferry ; men and women alike were forbidden to wear any clothing below the knee or above the waist ; and they might not even build a decent cottage with a wall on each side, but only hovels constructed of palm-leaf hurdles leaning against a back wall of mud. A curious instance of petty but very real persecution, was the prohibition to divide their burden into two bundles hanging from each end of the pingo or yoke, as is done by all other natives. The Rodiyas could only carry one bundle, and so lost all balance.

They might only earn their bread by guarding the crops from the ravages of wild beasts, or by burying the carcasses of dead cattle, of whose hides they manufactured ropes ; also they might kill monkeys and prepare their skins for covering native drums. For a member of another caste to touch a Rodiya was accounted

such pollution, that when, in the early days of British domination, it was necessary to arrest some of them on a charge of murder, the native police refused to lay hands on them, but offered to shoot them down from a distance.

Of course, under British rule, caste distinctions are nominally ignored, so the Rodiyas now have better houses and some home comforts ; some even own small farms and a few heads of cattle ; but the old influence asserts itself, and their proud Kandyan neighbours make them mark their cattle by hanging round their necks a cocoa-nut shell fastened with a strip of leather, and in many ways contrive to remind them of their inferiority.

Strange to say, low in the social scale as these poor people rank, two castes rank so much lower that the Rodiyas refuse to have anything to say to them. These are the Hanomoreyos, of Uva (manufacturers of betel-boxes), and the Ambetteyos, or barbers. What they can have done worse than inveigling a king to eat human flesh, no one can imagine. Just fancy entrusting your face and head to be shaved by a man whose very touch at other times would be polluting ! The village 'dhobies,' or washermen, here as in India, are another example of how the highest castes depend on the outcasts for their cleansing and beautifying. Strange to say, all castes, even the lowest, employ the dhobie, and would consider it quite wrong to do their own washing.

All these of which I have spoken are of the Singhalese race. We were now on our way to Batticaloa, on the east coast, where a very large proportion of the people are Tamils, and some of these have recently furnished a very distressing illustration of how caste persecution can be carried on systematically even under the shadow of the Union Jack.

As I have already said, we travelled across the isle, riding sometimes by difficult jungle paths, perhaps following the slow footsteps of some stately village headman, who was proud to act as the Bishop's guide. Sometimes we followed the course of beautiful rivers overshadowed by magnificent trees, but in the month of September the streams were well-nigh dry, and we were able to ford them without inconvenience. Here and there we halted in green glades where flights of butterflies of gorgeous colour were apparently holding a festive assembly, floating on their fairy wings in ceaseless dances.

Whenever we were to halt for the night, the headman of the dhobies, or washermen, had prepared temporary bungalows for our reception, lightly constructed of reeds and plaited palm-

leaves on a framework of wood, and the interior all hung with white calico. This is called 'the honour of the white cloth,' which is accorded to all persons to whom special honour is due. At first I marvelled how so much white calico could be obtained in the heart of the forest, but we soon discovered that each strip was the spare garment of some villager. The village washerman knows exactly who is possessed of such extra property, and he goes round borrowing, and so the temporary 'guest house' looks delightfully cool and clean to welcome the tired travellers.

When travelling with the Governor I have seen quite a village of such forest bungalows provided for all the suite, probably to be occupied for one night only—two or three at most. Had we returned an hour after our farewell, we should have found all the white cloths restored to their proper owners (probably with an infinitesimal share of the 'vale' bestowed on the dhobie), and the huts in process of rapid demolition. Sometimes, indeed, mischievous monkeys begin that work without waiting for the departure of the travellers.

I remember one day coming back to our grass-thatched house on the embankment of one of the great tanks where we halted for some days, and finding a whole troop of monkeys on the roof, in wildest glee, tearing up all the thatch!

Of course in such a hut the floor is simply dry earth, but your luggage includes a roll of talipot palm-leaf mats, on which you can rest till the coolie arrives with your bundle of simple bedding. It must be confessed that after a while the daily routine of marching is apt to become somewhat tedious, almost every morning having to be up and ready soon after 5 A.M., packing, swallowing a hurried breakfast, and then starting on a march which rarely exceeds twelve or fifteen miles, but which is necessarily so slow that it is probably past ten ere you reach your destination, by which time the sun is pouring down in scorching heat, and you are thankful indeed for the shadow of the palm-leaf hut, or any other rough-and-ready rest-house.

Half the coolies always march at night, starting as soon as you have dined and the cook and table servant can get the cooking pots and dishes packed, so that you find your real breakfast ready on arriving, and right welcome it is. By the time you have fed and washed you are so tired that you generally are thankful for an hour's sleep, that you may be fresh for the afternoon work or ramble, as the case may be.

One thing which we often found very trying was the stern

prohibition never to drink a drop of water till it had been boiled and filtered. In some places it was so obviously impure that obedience was comparatively easy ; but where it looked clear and sparkling, and we were parched with thirst, we were sometimes sorely tempted, though well aware of the necessity of strict obedience, bad water being the prolific cause of divers diseases.

The natives purify it for their own use by rubbing the inside of the earthen water-vessel with certain seeds which have the virtue of attracting to themselves all noxious properties, and in five minutes all impurities sink to the bottom, leaving the water clear. One of these seeds is a small nut called Ambu-prasa-dana. The other is the fruit of a large forest tree, the Ingenni-gedia. It is a gelatinous berry in a woody outer case.

Certainly Nature is very kind in providing things for these her simple children. You ask for a bit of string or a pin, and straightway a man dives into the forest and reappears with a packet of long hard thorns, with which you can pin up anything, from a torn dress to a stout canvas ; and as to strings, why he has found ' lianas ' as thin as thread, and quite as pliant, hanging without a twist or a knot from the top of the tallest trees. Did I require a string for my hair, I had only to draw up a water-lily stalk and squeeze out its juice, thus obtaining a smooth, pliable ribbon !

But of all marvellous boons to mankind, in the vegetable kingdom, none can compare with the precious cocoa-palm, and when we neared the sea-coast we found ourselves in the very heart of the palm plantations. We halted at various estates ; some of the old school, where all the husks and fibre were burnt because there was no machinery to convert them into coir, and others where all the latest improvements were so fully carried out that the estate was all irrigated by the aid of steam-power.

I cannot say much for the beauty of a well-cared-for cocoa-nut plantation, with the wearisome sameness of its endless rows of tall trees all alike, extending for miles and miles and miles as far as the eye can see, and much farther, and all growing out of the arid sand. But where the trees grow at their own will by the brink of some lake, the young ones like huge clumps of ferns growing cupwise (after awhile they resemble tree-ferns), the others in every stage of growth, and the shore carpeted with greenest Guinea grass, I know no richer vegetation, and when by moon-

light you come on a group of huge fires, made of palm-leaves and the outer husks of the nuts, round which the estate cattle are picketed as a protection against leopards, and the tall palms glow red in the firelight, while a silver shimmer edges those in the dark background, the scene is one to delight the artistic eye. Each leaf is like a great fern, and those on a well-grown tree, ten or eleven years old, measure from twenty to twenty-five feet in length.

Every morning the great elephant-cart goes round the estate, collecting such cocoa-nuts as have fallen during the night, and by midday a huge pile has accumulated. These nuts, being fully ripe, are broken up wholesale, either to be dried in the sun as 'copera' for curry stuff, or sent off to the oil-mill ; and, by-the-way, the simple native oil-mill turned by bullocks is one of the most picturesque things in the island.

I suppose there is no tree so thoroughly domesticated as the cocoa-palm. Where the wild ones are found I know not, but the Singhalese have a proverb that the tree cannot flourish out of sound of the human voice, and certainly, in all our travels through the parched jungle, we invariably hailed a distant palm tree as a sure proof that there must be human beings, and consequently a well, not far off. The growth of the tree is always graceful, bending towards the nearest water, and this, in contrast with the upright growth of the areca palm, gives rise to another proverb, namely, that he who can find a crooked areca, a straight cocoa palm, or a white crow, shall never die.

No wonder that the Singhalese loves his beautiful palms. There is nothing that they will not supply—food, drink, shelter, and timber for building, leaves for thatch. Of the bark he makes shelves for his house, of the leaf-stalks a fence for his garden. From the husk of the nut (cocoa-nut fibre) he makes ropes and cordage, which rather improve from the action of salt water ; also rude nets of coir string wherewith to catch his fish and cradle his baby, whose food is scraped cocoa-nut, eaten off a dish of plaited green leaves, with a spoon of nut-shell, and cooked at a fire of broken shells and husks.

Those torches which we saw moving so rapidly through the forest, or which light the fisherman in his night excursions, are just a bundle of dried cocoa-leaves. His canoe is a hollowed palm trunk. His mugs are all made of nut, so is the lamp which he feeds with cocoa-nut oil, wherewith he also anoints his body and his hair, and which he burns in Buddha's temple. He

makes cocoa-nut sugar and cocoa-nut curry. He eats it raw and cooked. He drinks its fresh milk, or distils it, till it becomes vinegar, or toddy, or arrack at his will. At his birth or at his burial, at his marriage, and at every festival, a bunch of its creamy blossoms is hung over his door, his bed, or his grave, to keep away evil spirits. The said blossom is one of the loveliest things you can imagine. It lies folded in a long green sheath which grows upright, and when it bursts open reveals a large bunch of blossoms resembling gigantic ears of wheat carved in purest ivory, and dotted all over with tiny ivory nuts no larger than filberts, which, if left to develop in peace, will eventually become cocoa-nuts.

The average produce of a wild tree is about thirty nuts in a season, but when cultivated it will yield upwards of a hundred ; the average yield on a good estate is sixty nuts per tree.

It is, however, of slow growth, and it is many years before a new plantation becomes remunerative ; as we know too well, one of our nearest and dearest having tried the experiment, and spent the best years of his life defending his 'topes' from divers enemies—white ants, white worms, beetles, monkeys, wild hogs, and more especially wild elephants, which make dire havoc on their foraging expeditions, calmly uprooting a whole tree in order to get at the crown of leaves and nuts, but which are punished for their marauding by having their bones converted into manure for the trees they would fain have destroyed.

When after long weary years the plantation was grown up, and promised a perfect mine of oil and soap and candles, then came the discovery of petroleum and other mineral oils, and cocoa-nut oil was comparatively nowhere. You can imagine what loss that would entail on an island which grows 250,000,000 cocoa-nut trees, were it not that there are so many other uses for every bit of the tree.

Unfortunately an ever-increasing use is the manufacture of 'toddy,' the paternal Government having so vigorously pushed the sale of arrack that it has succeeded in greatly extending the consumption of the fiery spirit from which it derives so large a revenue. It is a sore subject, that whereas Hindoo, Mahomedan, and Buddhist conquerors have ever abstained from deriving any revenue from the intoxicating spirits which are forbidden by each of these religions, a Christian government should so ruthlessly place temptation at every corner, both in Ceylon and in India, where (as has been publicly stated by an Archdeacon

of Bombay) the British Government has created a hundred drunkards for each convert won by Christian missionaries.

The method by which the cocoa and palmyra palms are tortured into yielding their good sap for this purpose is as follows: The toddy-drawers, who are marvellously expert climbers, ascend to the crown of leaves, beneath which, each cradled in a solid sheath, are the bunches of blossom and the embryo nuts.

Each spathe having been tightly bound to prevent its expansion, is ruthlessly beaten every morning with a heavy wooden mallet till the immature flower within, instead of developing into a thing of loveliness, is reduced to pulp, but without injuring its outer cover. After about a week of this maltreatment the sap begins to flow, attracting swarms of insects, which in their turn attract a crowd of insectivorous birds, and these prove tempting to such creatures as palm-cats; so the beautiful crown of the palm-tree becomes a battle-field where so many seek their prey.

The toddy-drawer, having cut off the tip of the spathe to allow the sap to drip, lays a small clay chattie or gourd beneath each bleeding blossom, and thenceforward every morning for about five months he ascends the tree at early dawn to collect the sap, emptying each little chattie into one suspended at his waist. Then he cuts a thin slice off the poor bruised flower to make it bleed afresh. Each tree yields on an average about three quarts a day.

Only once in three years are these tortured trees allowed to ripen their fruit, in order to save their lives, as otherwise they would die under this unnatural treatment.

When first drawn, in the early morning, the sap is a rather pleasant cool drink, but it rapidly ferments, and is then slightly intoxicating, in which stage it is known as toddy. By exposure to the sun this becomes vinegar, and (in the case of the Palmyra and also the Kitool palm) this, being mixed with lime and boiled, produces a thick brown sugar known as Jaggary sugar.

To produce the highly intoxicating spirit called arrack, the sap is poured into copper stills and distilled three times over. A considerable amount of arrack is exported from Ceylon to Madras, to be served as rations to the troops there.

The work of collecting the sap is both toilsome and dangerous, and, although these experts climb with monkey-like agility, it

would be impossible for any one to go up and down a hundred trees every morning ; therefore about a dozen trees are connected at the top by ropes, along which the toddy-drawer passes from one to the other. Sometimes a second set of ropes is added some feet higher, to give some extra security ; but even with these, many frightful accidents happen, and each year from 200 to 400 deaths are reported as due to falls from trees, most of which have occurred in this manner, often by the ropes breaking. Of course, besides the fatal accidents a very great number of persons are seriously injured.

The men engaged in this work are of very low caste, and in too many cases their hardly earned wages return to the toddy-merchant. On the other hand, now as of old, some of the brightest Christian converts have been found in this despised class, as I shall presently show.

On our last day's march before reaching Batticaloa, we camped in the neighbourhood of the Rukum tank, one of those numerous great lakes artificially constructed for the purposes of irrigation in this isle, which, strange to say, has not one natural inland lake. For many long years these have lain neglected, their sluices and embankments broken down, and only a marshy, fever-breeding expanse remaining, in districts deserted by human beings and wholly abandoned to wild beasts.

Such spots were intensely interesting to naturalists and sportsmen, but, happily for the inhabitants of the land, successive Governors have in the last twenty years worked energetically for the renovation of these magnificent reservoirs, and to such good purpose that a very large number have now been restored, and an abundant water-supply has thus been secured, transforming the thirsty desert into verdant rice-fields.

The aforesaid Rukum tank is one of those which has been thus restored, and we profited thereby, as a fisherman cast his net for our benefit, and captured a multitude of fishes whereon our whole company feasted.

The neighbourhood of Batticaloa affords a very remarkable example of the formation of those strange lagoons, some brackish, some fresh water, and some simply labyrinthine arms of the sea, which form so singular a feature of many parts of the east, west, and north coasts of Ceylon. (A glance at the map will well repay the trouble.)

The existence of these is attributed to the fact that the numerous rivers have so short a course to run in their rapid

descent from the mountains that they are still surcharged with earth and sand when they reach the sea, and meet a strong counter current which throws back their freight, forming a deposit which in course of time blocks up the mouth of the river, which, being no longer able to enter the sea, overflows the neighbouring country and forms back-waters wherever the levels allow it to flow, till perhaps at length it finds a new outlet to the ocean.

The Dutch, with their keen eye for utility, cut canals connecting many of these sea lakes, and so secured a safe channel for traffic on either side of the isle and right up to the far north. It would be difficult to imagine more delightful boating than is to be obtained on these calm streams and lakes, amid most beautiful and varied scenery. Here, however, the numerous rivers meandering through the flat, sandy place have formed a natural net-work of quiet water-ways, fringed with dense thickets of mangrove with curiously arched roots grown from under water.

The lake of Batticaloa is formed by the confluence of several rivers as they enter the sea. It is only about two miles in width, but about forty in length, ending in a swampy marsh haunted by many wild fowl. It is protected by a harbour-bar which effectually forbids the entrance of any vessel ; a bar which is often the occasion of very grave inconvenience to the inhabitants, for when a strong sea-breeze is blowing, the waves dash upon it so tumultuously that no boat can face the raging breakers. In that comparatively tideless sea, high and low tide afford very slight variation in the depth of water on the bar, which in the spring months is sometimes barely three feet. Moreover, owing to the usual deposit of silt, the mouth of the river is growing gradually narrower, notwithstanding the strong current that sweeps the shore.

Happily the singular regularity in the variation of the direction of the wind affords some security, as the boatmen well know that the sea-breeze will attain its height shortly before noon, when the bar will probably be impassable. But at night the land breeze sets in, and quiets the tumult, so that by morning there is comparative calm, and from dawn till about 9 A.M. the bar can generally be crossed in safety. But, of course, it is not always that a steamer can lie in the open roadstead to await these possibilities, and so it occasionally happens that passengers and cargo cannot get on board, while other passengers and cargo

cannot be put ashore. At other times the transit is effected at the cost of an hour's hard rowing and a general soaking.

But those who do not wish to cross the bar fully appreciate its influence in securing a dead calm sea-lake, in which lie faultlessly mirrored all the ranges of blue distant hills and wooded headlands. After watching the gorgeous sunset from the ramparts of the old Dutch fort—when earth, and lake, and sky seemed transformed to glowing gold—we rowed in the quiet moonlight to listen to the faint notes of the far-famed 'musical shell-fish,' which are only to be heard in the dry season, so we were fortunate in the time of our visit. When the lake is swollen by the rains, the depth of the water deadens the faint submarine chorus.

That night there was not a breath of wind nor the least ripple to disturb the dead calm, and we distinctly heard the tiny voices, each apparently producing a succession of notes, as if you gently tapped a tumbler with a steel knitting-pin, and the combination of these producing faint, melodious thrills, just like the vibration when you rub the rim of a finger-glass with a wet finger.

We rowed very gently, halting at different points where alone the sounds were audible, whence we inferred that the musicians live in colonies. The Tamil fishermen attribute the notes to the inhabitants of a small pointed shell,* which they call *oorie coolooroe cradoe*, 'the crying shell;' but this shell is found in other lagoons, where it shows no talent for singing, and in truth no one seems able to identify this little minstrel of the Batticaloa lake.

Less pleasant inhabitants of the lake are the crocodiles, which are large and numerous, ranging from six inches to twenty feet in length. The former, of course, are the newly-hatched babies. My brother told me he had frequently killed mother crocodiles while guarding the mound in which they had concealed their eggs, and that he had afterwards dug out and destroyed the said eggs, numbering from fifty to sixty! Imagine what a terrible brood to hatch!

We were much interested in watching the fishers shooting fish by fire-light. Certainly they proved far better marksmen than the Veddahs. They go out at sunset, and, having kindled a bright fire in a brazier in the centre of their boat, they stand at the prow with a large bow and arrow, the latter attached to a long string, whereby they draw in the silvery fish, which, moth-

* *Cerithium Palustre*.

like, have been attracted to their doom by the glare on the dark waters. The strangely-shaped boats and dark brown figures, and the reflections of these moving fires, with the bright moonlight just silvering the tall dark palms, presented a succession of very striking scenes.

The name of Batticaloa is said to be derived from the Tamil words *Matta Kalappa* meaning 'mud-lake,' and the little isle on which the Portuguese built their town and fort is called Poelian-tivo, or 'The Isle of the Tamarind trees.' This they did in 1627 without permission of the king of Kandy, who thereupon invoked the aid of the Dutch, who in 1638 arrived in force from Java with six ships of war, captured and destroyed the fort, and then proceeded to build one for themselves, which remains to this day, with the invariable uncompromisingly plain chapel within its precincts.

Here the Bishop held service in English for the general community of Britons and burghers, and afterwards in Tamil for the converts of that race, assisted by their own native clergyman. The latter had the happiness of telling him of the remarkable—and, in Ceylon, quite unique—conversion of all the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, that is to say, that all had resolved *en masse* to give up the worship of the Tamil (Hindoo) gods and to become the faithful servants of the one true God. They had already given substantial proof of being thoroughly in earnest; for although very poor people—only despised toddy-drawers—they had, quite of their own accord, subscribed so liberally that they had raised sufficient money to buy a piece of land as the site for their village church, and had already built a temporary house in which to meet for service.

These earnest converts now craved Christian baptism, and the native clergyman requested the Bishop to go to their village and admit thirty men to that holy sacrament. About 130 women and children were kept back for fuller instruction.

The village of Navacooda—or Navatkuda as it is now spelt (i.e. the Bay of the Jambu trees or rose apples,* a waxy, pink fruit, which tastes like rose-leaves)—lies on the shores of the lake about two miles from Batticaloa, and thither we proceeded by boat one lovely afternoon—September 10th, 1873. It was a most picturesque scene, as the 160 men and women who had resolved on this great step assembled on the grassy palm-fringed shore of the clear blue lake to receive the servant of their newly-found

* The Malay Apple, *Eugenia Malaccensis*.

Master—brown men with large turbans and waist-cloths of bright-coloured calico, and brown women and children with glossy black hair, and brilliant drapery, and of course, however poor, adorned with some sort of metal bracelets and anklets. They were a very nice-looking lot, and all reverently escorted the Bishop to their temporary little chapel, which was hung with white calico ('the honours of the white cloth') and prettily decorated with palm-leaves in the native style.

Nothing could have been more impressive than the baptismal service which followed, and all listened with the deepest and most reverent attention to the Bishop's address, charging one and all to stand steadfast unto the end in the face of whatever difficulties might await them. Then, as the sun set, we bade them farewell, and rowed back to Batticaloa in the quiet gloaming, watching the gleaming reflections of many boat-fires as the fishers started for their evening sport.

Very shortly after this the Bishop's health became so seriously affected that he was obliged to resign his charge in Ceylon and return to Britain; and though the remembrance of the scene on the shores of the lake has often come back to me, it is only quite recently that I have obtained details of the grievous and pitiless persecution which (albeit under protection of the Union Jack) these our fellow subjects and fellow Christians have endured during all these long years, for no other reason than that, being of very low caste, toddy-drawers, they had presumed to support a resident schoolmaster, and they and their children had obtained a little rudimentary education. For religious teaching they were dependent on the visits of a Catechist and occasionally of a Tamil clergyman, the Rev. A. Vethacan. Some had actually ventured to carry umbrellas to shelter them from the blazing sun, and from the time of their conversion they had declined to carry wood to the idol temples. They also abstain from Sunday work, except the necessary collection of the sap in the early morning.

These are the sole offences of which they have been guilty and for which they have repeatedly been cruelly beaten and insulted by unneighbourly neighbours of the Fisher-caste, who, taking advantage of their sometimes prolonged absence at different cocoa-nut plantations where they have been employed in the dangerous work of toddy-drawing, have again and again maliciously destroyed their poor palm-leaf and mud huts, so that on their return they have found their homes all wrecked.

The persecution can scarcely be ascribed to envy of any

advantages conferred on these poor Christians by their profession of faith, for they do not seem to have received any sympathy or support from the large Christian community in Batticaloa, and they have never yet been able to improve on their original rude school-chapel, though years ago they collected a heap of bricks, hoping soon to be able to build a simple church.

In this effort they were encouraged by the present Bishop,* who visited them in 1889, and, being deeply touched by the manifest proof of their genuine Christianity, earnestly commended their work to the sympathy of the church in Batticaloa. But beyond the collection of a small sum of money by the Bishop himself, nothing seems to have been done; and probably the very fact of the Bishop's visit† stirred up the jealousy of the Fishers, for on January 6th, 1890, they commenced a most unprovoked series of attacks on the poor Christians, two of whom were so seriously wounded that they had to be carried to the hospital at Batticaloa; their assailants proceeding to burn the school-chapel with its benches and simple furnishings, and totally destroy the village.

Nevertheless, on the following Sunday the Catechist assembled his congregation as usual, and held service beneath the shadow of the trees, beside the calm lake.

Of course, as in duty bound, the Rev. A. Vethacan reported this disgraceful business to the magistrate and Government agent, and, the ringleaders having been secured, several were deservedly sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. None of the Christians were found to be at fault, having acted solely in self-defence.

As they did not dare to return to rebuild their village on the former site, the Government agent determined at first to provide for them a new settlement on Government land in another part of the district. But, believing that after the leader of the aggressors had been committed to prison all would be peaceful, he resolved to erect new huts on the old site, and, having done so, invited the Christians to return. This they were afraid to do, and the headman whose duty it was to bring them back asked Mr. Vethacan to come over and persuade them to do so.

Bound on this peaceful errand to his sorely tried flock, the good old clergyman started, as he had so often done, to cross the

* The Right Rev. R. S. Copleston, D.D.

† Perhaps combined with a somewhat general revival of caste distinctions, owing to their very unfortunate recent formal recognition by the British Government.

calm lake to Navatkuda, and on December 1st, 1890, at 7.30 A.M., he landed on the grassy shore expecting to find the head-man waiting for him. That official was late, but Mr. Vethacan perceived a man coming towards him brandishing a sword, and recognised one of the most bitter aggressors, and one moreover who had been hurt by one of the Christians in self-defence, as had been proved before the court.

On seeing this truculent-looking person approach, Mr. Vethacan returned to his boat and shoved off from the land; whereupon the assailant began pelting him with stones, and ordered the boatman to return, which the cowardly fellow, being in mortal terror, did. The miscreant then fell on Mr. Vethacan with his sword, wounding him very severely and then went off, leaving him on the ground half dead.

There he lay in the blazing sun for about two hours before any one came to his assistance, his boatman having gone off to Batticaloa to inform the Government agent of the assault. The latter started at once, but met another boat in which the victim was being brought to the hospital, his clothes all saturated with blood. He was found to have received several severe wounds on the arms, the first finger of the left hand had been cut off, and several others were severely injured, and he had lost so much blood and received so grave a shock, that at first it was feared his life was in danger.

Happily, however, all went on well, and with good care and nursing he has made a good recovery, and after five months was able to resume his duties. What punishment was awarded to his cowardly assailant, I have not heard, but it is surely time that some mark of special sympathy should be shown to these long-suffering and very poor Christians, and the Bishop earnestly hopes that funds may be placed in his hands to enable him to build the church for which they provided a site so many years ago, and also to secure the salary of at least a resident Catechist who may endeavour to turn the hearts of the persecutors, and win them also to the knowledge and love of Christ.

Any donations for this object will be gladly received by Mrs. Copleston, 16, Denmark Place, Brighton.

THE NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

‘A Nation’s Health is the Nation’s Wealth.’

THE health of the community is a subject that should commend itself to all, but especially to women, since it is to them that we chiefly look for its maintenance. The management of the house, with its regulations for cleanliness, ventilation, and cooking, is their province, while the nursing of the sick is almost entirely given up to them. The readers of the ‘Monthly Packet’ may therefore be interested in a short account of the work that is being done on a rapidly increasing scale by the National Health Society.

Hygiene, as at present understood, was a science still in its infancy twenty years ago ; and although ‘Prevention is better than cure’ is an old proverb, it had only occurred to a few individuals that this prevention was worthy of careful study. In 1871, some of these few started a Society bearing the above proverb as its motto, ‘for the Diffusion of the Knowledge of the Laws of Health amongst all classes of society.’ It had a very small beginning, and even in the fourth year of its existence had an income under £100 a year. Nevertheless, its work was begun. Lectures were already being given to ladies and working women on health and cookery ; meetings were held monthly ; papers and leaflets of a simple and instructive kind were printed in large numbers ; prizes were given in schools. During the next few years, deputations and memorials were sent to the House of Commons, the Home Secretary, and various public bodies, on the Condition of Water Supply, the maintaining of open spaces, and such topics connected with sanitation ; playgrounds were opened, seats erected in public thoroughfares ; committees were appointed to deal with the questions of Smoke Abatement, Dust Removal, and House Sanitation. At the International Health Exhibition, in 1884, the Society held a

conference on School Hygiene, and had a stall for the sale and distribution of its publications ; the Society became incorporated, and received a Diploma of Honour from the Jurors of the Exhibition.

Since that day, useful work has gone on with increasing rapidity in every branch, and especially in that one most interesting to ladies—the lectures by which the Society is best known to them. These are given in training colleges, drawing-rooms, and elsewhere, and consist of three courses :— I. Domestic hygiene ; II. Nursing the sick ; III. First aid to the injured and sick.*

Each course consists of six lectures, delivered by a competent lecturer (one of the medical practitioners or trained nurses attached to the Society), and illustrated in a very complete manner by diagrams, models, and specimens. After each course an examination is held, and certificates are awarded to those candidates who pass successfully ; while for those who hold the three certificates, a further examination is given for the medal of the Society. During the past year 2500 ladies have attended these lectures ; of these, 450 have gained certificates, and ten medals. These honours were presented to those who had gained them by the Duchess of Westminster at the large and crowded annual meeting of the Society. The Duke is President of the Society, and takes a great interest in it, allowing the meeting to take place in the beautiful Rubens Gallery of Grosvenor House. He opened the meeting by giving a short account of the Society's work during the past year, which he said had been furnished him by the able and indefatigable Secretary, Miss F. Lankester.

Two important new departures had been taken during the year, one being the opening of a new Department of Physical Education. The work of this department was further explained later by its Chairman (Mr. Treves, F.R.C.S.). Health, as he said, is often injured by over-study, and the best corrective to this is exercise judiciously taken ; but gymnastics often become a source of danger if carried on without teachers or under incompetent ones. To supply competent ones is the object of the department, which offers diplomas to 'such teachers of Gymnastics, Calisthenics, and Physical Exercises, as have fulfilled the necessary Curriculum, and have passed the required Examinations.' This examination is a rather stiff one, and demands a knowledge of—

* It must not be forgotten that in teaching this subject, S. John's Ambulance Society led the way, and is still holding its valuable classes.

I. The elementary anatomy of the bones, joints, and muscles ;
II. The physiology of bodily exercise ; III. The practical details of physical training, and the various appliances and exercises concerned therein.

The candidates are required to give proof of their fitness for the post of instructor by conducting a class before the examiner.

Three ladies took the diploma under the above conditions, and it will hardly be believed that they are the first in England who have attained such a position, as no other recognised society gives such certificates.

The importance of this department will be at once seen by mothers who, having sent their children to the fashionable gymnastic classes, have found out too late that more harm than good has resulted from practice under ignorant teachers.

The other important move of the year was the extension of the lectures—which have chiefly hitherto been confined to London and its environs—to the provinces. Devonshire has led the way ; its County Council having voted £1500 for technical education, they wisely instituted lectures on health, and twelve lecturers were demanded and furnished at once by the N. H. S. There can be little doubt that other counties will rapidly follow such an excellent example, and in this way the clear and simple instructions given will penetrate to all parts of the kingdom, and we may hope to see some improvement in cleanliness, ventilation, and food preparation. As a means of seconding these lectures, and carrying their easiest teaching into a class where it is still more needed, 500 popular lectures, known as ‘Homely Talks,’ were given last year to mothers’ meetings, girls’ clubs, soldiers’ wives, etc. These offer a wide field for any ladies who, by qualifying themselves, might give the greatest help in passing on their lessons in this manner. A Society that is spreading so rapidly is of course always in want of new recruits in all its branches ; and while it gives scope for those who can afford to minister to the needs of others, it also gives numerous well-paid appointments to those able to undertake this branch of woman’s work.

The ceremony of presenting the medals and certificates, which followed the Duke’s speech, was an interesting one. The greater part of the 450 candidates attended personally, and received their certificates from the hands of the Duchess, while she pinned on the silver medal, with its red ribbon and cross, for the fortunate ten, who received much applause, as did several ladies who had earned ‘distinction,’ and even ‘special distinction,’ in the various

classes. One of the most interesting classes who attended consisted of girls in the Post Office Savings Bank. They had passed remarkably well, a large number having gained distinction ; and this was especially creditable in their case, as they are engaged all day with their own work, and can only find time in the evening for extra studies ; a class of Board School children, girls and boys, had also passed at a high standard.

Some of the work done, and some few of the ends and aims of the National Health Society, have been shown in this account ; and it is a great boon to know that there is such a central organisation whence help and advice may be obtained ; but a much greater space would be necessary to give any adequate idea of the methods and projects of all those interested in it. If these few words can possibly have added to that number, further information would, no doubt, be readily given by the secretaries. The Society's headquarters are at 53, Berners Street, W., until their funds permit them to build a suitable home for so great a mission.

MARY R. PRIDHAM

(Medalist of the N. H. S.).

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXIX. ;

1700-1727.

PHILOSOPHY IN SEEDTIME.

IT is not easy to say what was meant by philosophy as understood in the eighteenth century. Love of wisdom is simple enough as a definition, and the philosophy of the ancient Greek was without doubt what St. Paul described as the endeavour to find out God 'if haply they might feel after Him,' like a blind man groping in the dark. Later, philosophy came to mean all researches into the causes and constitution of things Divine and human, the foundation of morality, the endeavour to find out hidden things, whether of the human mind or of Nature ; and when the eighteenth century came in, it had begun to signify reasoning upon ethics and morals in general, on systems not necessarily founded on religion. Thus while resignation to vexations, because 'it will be all the same a hundred years hence,' has been jocosely called 'philosophy,' and the inquiry into the constitution and laws by which stars and planets, animals and plants are governed is more correctly termed philosophy, the term came to mean in general, reasoning on the eternal principles of justice and morality, apart from what is disclosed to us by revelation.

The more theology became narrowed in popular teaching, as by Calvinism on the one hand and Jesuitism on the other, the more the 'commandments of men,' were taught as 'doctrines,' and obedience to them tyrannically enforced, and the more superstition was encouraged, so much the more were speculative minds inclined to recur to those first principles of right, and to throw over their connection with the Divine will. It was not always so, some were eminently Christian philosophers, but there were others who left religion entirely out of their systems. However, as they in general considered their views as esoteric,

and compliance with the observances of the country, the government, and the vulgar, to be desirable, they did not come into conflict with the hierarchy, and thus while the devoted Jansenists and Huguenots were persecuted, the deist and atheist could safely publish their speculations under the shield of outward conformity.

In England, even during the rebellion, Pym had been one who had cast off faith, but he does not seem to have been more than an ungodly man solely occupied with material things, and not attempting philosophy.

John Locke, a student of Christchurch, Oxford, was by no means sceptical, though his opinions were what are now called broad. He was a Somersetshire man, and lived from 1632 to 1704. He was a great friend of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who even employed him in choosing a wife for his son. He followed his patron into exile, and only returned to England on the death of that nobleman, but he was obliged to flee once more on a suspicion of being implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, and James II. illegally deprived him of his studentship. Penn offered to get a pardon for him, but, as he had never been guilty, he refused the offer. Nor, though he returned to England after the Revolution, could he obtain restoration at Oxford, though he had a situation on the Board of Trade. He spent his later days at Oates, the house of Sir Francis Masham, and died while Lady Masham (not Queen Anne's friend) was reading the Psalms to him. His great works were the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and the 'Treatise on Education,' both of which had an immense and increasing influence on opinion both in England and France, the first on metaphysical thought, the last on education.

Sir Isaac Newton, the giant of physical science, was a sincere believer, though not orthodox, but Lord Bolingbroke, in his levity and shallowness, was an unbeliever. The great Bishop, Joseph Butler, was the Christian philosopher of his day in England, and his grand 'Analogy of Nature and Revelation' has been a valuable study and text book ever since.

In France, however, destructive reasoning was less adequately met, for persecution crushed independent thought in theology, and besides, the attacks on faith were less open. Bayle, who wavered between Protestantism and Catholicism, and Descartes had both been metaphysical writers of much repute, but not sceptical; and the Baron de Montesquieu, bred to the Law and

holding office in the Parliament of Bordeaux, was a very powerful and original thinker, though chiefly on practical matters. His 'Lettres Persannes,' which were the supposed correspondence of two Persians visiting Paris, and describing the manners and the whole corrupt system, made a great impression and the style was much admired. There was a good deal of satire on the evils in the Church, which caused much objection to be made to his election as a member of the Academy, but he was not an unbeliever, and was an earnest man, who really thought for the good of his country. A very different person was coming on the scene.

François Marie Arouet was born in 1694, and was son to a notary at Paris. He was educated at the college of Louis le Grand, by the Jesuit fathers, who were viewed as the best of teachers, intellectually as well as religiously. They already saw through the lad. His irreverence made one of the teachers spring from his desk, take him by the collar, and say, 'Unhappy boy, one day you will be the standard of deism in France.' And another, who was his confessor, said, 'That boy is devoured by thirst for celebrity.'

His cleverness, however, won him distinction, and when his snuffbox was confiscated because he handed it about in class, he sent in such a droll lamentation in verse that it was restored.

He declared that literature should be his profession, though his father told him that it was that of a man who was 'useless to society, a burthen to his friends, and sure to be starved to death,' and forced him to study the law, or rather, to pretend to do so, for he led a dissipated life among noblemen who were diverted by his satirical verses.

At last an insolent poem on the Regent caused him to be exiled to Sully-sur-Loire, where he found congenial friends, and amused himself till he thought it worth while to write another epistle in verse to the Regent, which brought him back, but only to offend again.

'M. Arouet,' said the Duke, 'I am going to give you a sight that you have never seen.'

'What, monseigneur?'

'The Bastille.'

And there he was in two days' time, and stayed there a month, beginning a poem on the Wars of the League which he finished later, and called 'The Henriade.' When he came out he was ordered to stay at a little estate named Chatenay, and he decided

on calling himself Voltaire, instead of Arouet, after another part of the property.

He began to write tragedies and comedies with varying success, and interspersed with sneers at the Church, the clergy, and government, and made friends with Bolingbroke, a congenial spirit ; but just at this juncture an adventure befel him, like that of Dryden with the Duke of Buckingham. It was the brutal custom of the nobility, when affronted by a person not of high birth enough to be challenged, to cause their bravos to seize and beat him.

‘What would become of us if poets had not shoulders?’ said Caumartin, the unworthy Bishop of Blois.

Voltaire and the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot had a sharp quarrel at the Opera. A day or two after, as the former was leaving a dinner-party at the Duke of Sully’s, he was set upon by two men, was belaboured furiously, the Chevalier looking on and calling out—

‘Do not hit him on the head, something good may come from it.’

The victim stumbled back into the house half dead, and sought for means of retribution, sending a challenge to his enemy ; but the day before the encounter he was seized upon by the police and again thrown into the Bastille! When released, he was conducted to Calais, having asked as a favour to be allowed to visit England. Actually he instantly rushed back to Paris to seek his enemy, who was not to be found. So he accomplished his English visit and was introduced by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope and Swift. He stayed in England three years, during which he wrote several plays, and his best work, the ‘History of Charles XII. of Sweden.’ He published these on his return to France, and likewise his ‘Philosophical Letters upon England,’ a book full of light mockery, often quizzing the English, but always giving the preference to their institutions over the French, extolling Locke above Descartes, and, moreover, full of attacks upon religion, somewhat veiled, but enough to put Cardinal Fleury on his guard, and the book was burnt, while Voltaire took refuge at Basle.

He had begun to be considered the leader of free thought in Europe, and the young Frederick, the heir of Prussia, was his enthusiastic admirer, while the stern old drill sergeant of a King, Frederick William I., regarded alike with horror, freethinking and effeminacy. His son’s flute and his French books were equally

abhorrent to him, and his only notion of a cure was by almost savage severity. To find 'Fritz' reading or writing with his sister Wilhelmina was an offence requited with blows and coarse abuse, and the whole family, Queen, princesses, and all, lived in a state of terror of the rude, brutal father.

At seventeen, Frederick, with his friend Captain Katt, could bear it no longer and tried to escape to some foreign country, but his plans were betrayed, and they were pursued and brought back to Potsdam. Frederick stood before his father, covering his face with his hands, and not speaking. The King flew at him, struck him on the face, pulled out his hair, and reviled him as a deserter devoid of honour.

'I have as much honour as yourself,' returned Frederick. 'You would have done like me, if you had been treated in the same way.'

On this the King drew his sword, and was barely restrained from killing him on the spot. The two lads were tried by court martial as deserters, and Katt was condemned, though the officers would not sentence the heir-apparent. Frederick was shut up in a fortress, and held by force at the window by four grenadiers that he might see his friend shot in the court below. They signed their leave-taking, the muskets were fired and Katt fell. Frederick, in consequence, fell violently ill, and would neither eat nor swallow medicine till he was persuaded to do so for the sake of his mother and sister. Nothing but religious books were allowed him during his imprisonment, which lasted for a year, and his only visitors were pastors who tried to argue with him. On their favourable report, his father suddenly released him, and brought him back to Potsdam in the midst of the festivities for his sister's marriage with the Markgraf of Baireuth, when, without the least warning, his mother found him standing behind her chair and almost fainted away. Wilhelmina was dancing, when the Prime Minister Grumkow came up to her saying, 'Madame, one would think you were bitten by a tarantula. Do you not see those strangers.'

After this 'the rascal Fritz,' was allowed a little more freedom of action. The old King's violence had not brought religion into favour with him, it had only taught him to avoid giving offence, and he lived in a world of his own, imitating the French as much as he dared, and keeping up a secret correspondence with the object of his hero-worship. Voltaire had, however, returned to France, and was living at Cirey, with the

Marquise Emilie des Châtelet, a clever, lively, conceited woman, whom he had fascinated to the oblivion of all duty and propriety. There metaphysics were talked, tales and plays written; he even dedicated one called *Mahomet* to the Pope, by way of cover to its audacity, and Benedict XIV. accepted it, probably without knowing much about it. He did not form one of the many systems of philosophy, but cast darts at religion on the wings of wit and irony—and these told the more from his being a perfect master of his own language, and likewise of no mean power as a historian—in the memoirs of Charles XII., of Peter the Great, and his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

Montesquieu had gone to visit various countries, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and finally spent two years in England, greatly admiring her constitution, and declaring in his journal that the French ambassadors understood it no better than a child of six months old, and that England was the most free country in the world. He published letters upon it, going as far in its praise as was any way prudent, and then wrote another study, '*Sur la Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*,' dwelling of course on the liberty of Rome in its prime. Lastly he applied himself to a grand study and work which occupied him for twenty years, '*L'Esprit des Lois*,' going deep into the principles of society and justice. The motto was *Prolem sine matre creatam* (an offspring created without a mother). When asked the meaning of this, he replied, 'When a considerable book is written, genius is the father, and liberty the mother. Therefore I wrote on my title-page, *Prolem sine matre creatam*.' And as the book would never have escaped the censorship of the press in France, he printed it at Geneva; but it was not finished till 1750.

Here then were the earlier stages of the great revolt against the tyranny over all expression of thought which had been established in France. The forces were pent up but were indestructible, and smouldered on, gaining strength and development through two successive generations till the fearful outbreak at the close of the century.

TWILIGHT.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

CHAPTER III.

'I HAVE SEEN YOU BEFORE'

'Matters not in deserts old
What was born and waxed and yearned!
 Year to year its meaning told.
 I am come—its depths are learned
 * * * *

Come,—but there is nought to say——'—J. INGELOW.

PERHAPS Mr. Lorimer had not played a part for ten years for nothing, and certainly he had no lack of a certain kind of courage. Alick Rutherford felt a stern satisfaction in the comparative coolness with which he faced round from the picture he was pretending to scrutinise, and forced his pale lips into some commonplace answer.

The man was neither a coward nor a fool, then! He had betrayed himself quite sufficiently to eyes that knew what to look for; but he had not made a scene, and Alick did not desire a scene, though some malign spirit had moved him very near to provoking one.

It seemed to him that he had better be going, lest he should say what might afterwards prove to have been injudicious; and as he made his adieus he saw a very perceptible look of relief on the other's face.

All the more was he surprised therefore when, before he had traversed the short stretch of lane between the Hall and the Vicarage, he heard the sound of rapid wheels behind, that stopped as they overtook him, and Mr. Lorimer's voice said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Rutherford; may I speak to you?'

Alick turned his head, making no other answer, and the speaker leaned down from his high dog-cart and went on in an undertone—

‘I have—a good deal to say. May I speak to you alone—in some place where we shall not be disturbed?’

‘My cousin’s study is quite at your service, Mr. Lorimer,’ said Alick, in a strictly neutral tone; and he passed on and opened the gate of the vicarage garden, and called the vicarage ‘odd man’ to take charge of the horse, without showing any of the surprise he felt.

When they found themselves alone together in the study, Louis Lorimer sat silent at first, in the chair that Alick had drawn forward for him, as if waiting for some word or question that should make it possible for him to begin.

None such came, however. Alick stood leaning against the fireplace, with grave, compressed lips and expectant eyes, that gave little outward sign of the wrathful impatience that filled his soul. And at last the other looked up and spoke, slowly but without hesitation.

‘Mr. Rutherford, we have met more than once, before to-day?’

‘I believe so,’ assented Alick, still neutrally.

‘And therefore I must tell you more of my story than I have told to any one hereabouts, lest you should do me an injustice. You saw me in London in company with a woman and a child. The child is mine, but the woman is not my wife.’

‘A man of the world might say, “So much the better for you, Mr. Lorimer.” But I cannot say so, nor, I think, would—others!’

‘Again you do me an injustice. The child’s mother was my wife, but she is dead. That woman is my wife’s sister. She came back with me from Australia to take charge of the child, and I shall provide amply for her now that I am able to do so. But I claim the right to make my own future, unshackled by a past that is dead and gone and can harm no one.’

‘If you can undo what the past has wrought, Mr. Lorimer, you are more fortunate than most men.’

‘Fate has done that,’ said Louis Lorimer, almost dreamily, leaning back in his chair and letting his eyes stray away from that keen face that watched him so intently. ‘Never, when I dreamed of home and of *her*, did I hope to find her so unchanged—to be received without one doubt or one reproach—to begin again where we left off ten years ago.’

‘I doubt whether you will find that possible after all, Mr. Lorimer,’ said Alick Rutherford, coldly and carelessly, caring, in

fact, very little whether he offended his companion or not. 'In the meantime, can you feel that you deserve so happy a state of things?'

'Hear my story, and *then* judge,' said the other quickly. 'Perhaps I am not altogether so undeserving as you think. If I have been to blame, I do not go unpunished. Unless you think me made of stone, you may guess how deeply unconscious reproaches cut sometimes. But it is not entirely for my own sake that I am silent; and I am going to tell you all, in the hope that you will see it your duty, knowing all, to be silent too.'

Alick did not answer otherwise than by taking a chair—and a patient, listening attitude; but something in his silence, perhaps, stung Mr. Lorimer into unvarnished curtness of speech.

'I must begin at the beginning, I fear, and trouble you with a good deal of my family history. Of course you do not believe a word of the story that I have told to my good neighbours here to account for my long absence. Perhaps you will not believe what I tell you now, but it is the truth nevertheless.'

His face burned, as he spoke, with a youthful, indignant blush that made Alick involuntarily pay him the compliment of believing that he intended at least to speak the truth.

'At the time when I was looking forward to—ten years ago, when Katrine Lyndhurst and I were engaged to be married—my father had exerted all his influence to procure an appointment for me in the—— Well, I need not inflict details upon you! If you know that I had an examination to pass, and that that year was the latest in which I should be eligible to compete, you will understand my position. . . . It was supposed that I had passed, and Mr. Lyndhurst agreed to our immediate marriage on that understanding. I don't know how the impression got about, but I found out presently that even my father shared it. And I—I was so sure that I *should* pass, that I took no trouble to contradict the report. The talk of my marriage, so young, had set all the wiseacres croaking about youth and uncertain prospects. I did not think myself bound to gratify them by explaining *how* uncertain those prospects were, and indeed I did not know it myself until, one morning, very near our wedding day, I heard that I had *failed*!'

He laughed, that grim, unmirthful laugh with which men allude to a disappointment too keen to be ever quite unfelt, and paused, while Alick's silence seemed to be holding his judgment still in reserve.

‘I go back to all this because, though in itself it was not everything, it had a great deal to do with what came after. If I had not felt myself to be a failure—doubly a failure because I had been supposed to be a success—I should have acted very differently later. . . . I dared not tell my father. People, thought, because they saw me wilful and apparently independent, that I was a much-indulged and favourite son. I knew better. I knew how far I might go, and that all my acts of covert rebellion were being laid up for me against a day of reckoning. . . . I was going to stay with a friend before my wedding, and was to start that day. I determined to put off my confession till I returned. *Then*, I thought, my wedding would be so near that it could not in decency be broken off, and my father would be, in a manner, *obliged* to provide for me in some other way. . . . Well, it was a forlorn hope at best, and I started in no very holiday humour, as you may guess.

‘Perhaps that was why I lingered on the way, and foregathered with a man I met at a wayside station ; a man whom I knew by sight and not by name, having talked with him once before at an autumn race-meeting. I had long to wait for the train I should have gone on by, and he offered to drive me—where I hardly knew or cared—somewhere in the direction in which I had to travel. I was in a reckless mood, I suppose ; glad to be with strangers, and careless as to the delay of my journey ; and I started with this stranger in a dog-cart which he hired from the little inn near the station. I believe he had been drinking at this inn, for he drove very wildly, through a country that seemed as strange to him as to me. Night had nearly overtaken us, when we met with an accident—somewhere at the foot of a long hill, where a bridge crossed a narrow stream. I know no more of the place than that, for I have never seen it before or since, and I never knew exactly what happened. I was thrown on my head, and stunned ; and when I came to myself I was lying in the one bedroom of a little pot-house standing beside a lonely road, about five miles from the place where we came to grief. Nearly four and twenty hours had passed while I lay there. My companion had brought me there, unconscious ; and had played the good Samaritan with a difference. He had told the people of the house that I was drunk, and in helping to put me to bed had emptied my pockets of all but a few shillings. My pocket-book and even my cards he took away with him ; so that he knew my name, though I have never known his. And I have often

thought that the fact that I was not afterwards traced out against my will, may have been due to the guilty care with which he hid all traces of our movements on that night.'

Mr. Lorimer had been telling his story very quietly and coherently, with something of that inalienable satisfaction in talking about oneself that the hardest discipline will not quite destroy. But as he looked up, as if for some sign of agreement with his theory, the curt dry tone of Alick's 'Very probably,' seemed to recall what he would gladly have forgotten.

He sat up and drew himself together, biting his lip and hurrying on with what he had to say, with a sudden desire to get it over.

'I—would not write to anyone, not even to my friend! I was too much ashamed of the plight to which I had brought myself. Indeed for some time I *could* not have written; for I had had a nasty blow on the head, and was seriously ill. And so I lay there in that dull little room, and was nursed by the daughter of the house. She was very beautiful, and I—was a boy, with a boy's passion and a boy's inconstancy. Nay! I will do myself justice; even such as I was then, I would not have cared for her if she had been what her surroundings might have made her—if she had been coarse and rude and vulgar in soul. She was my wife, and the mother of my child, and she is dead. If I ruined myself for her, it was no fault of hers.'

Again he paused, with lips compressed and eyes dreaming over the past; and Alick Rutherford sat silent, thinking of the man who

'threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe.'

and whether *this* was not he, who had possessed Katrine Lyndhurst's love, and had flung it away for that of a village beauty whom he had known for a week!

'I loved her, and I told her so,' went on Louis Lorimer. 'And she told me the same. We were like two children—we never dreamed that anything could come of it. And then her parents stepped in and told me that I had won her affections—that the neighbours were talking—and that I ought to marry her. It seemed to me too that I ought—that I owed it to such love as hers and mine. I could not go back and face Katrine, knowing that I had given away the heart that should have been hers. I could not face my father, knowing that I had failed, and that he would believe that I had deceived him. But I *could* give up everything else for Lizzie, and I did. I married her as soon

as the banns could be published at the village church,—*not* under my own name—and then I began to consider what we must do. It seemed to me that those at home would think me dead ; and that this was the best I could hope for. I would never go back to them with my pitiful story, and my low-born wife, of whom they would have been ashamed. When I thought of Katrine it seemed better for her that she should think me dead than so faithless ; and as for my father, I knew that he would never forgive me. So as soon as we could scrape together the necessary sum we left the country, quietly and secretly, as a working man and his wife, and went to Australia, where I have been almost ever since.'

The pause was definite this time, as if the tale was ended ; and after a moment Alick inquired, stiffly and reluctantly—

'Have you any objection to explain what brought you back?'

'I was home-sick, I suppose, as any man in my place might have been!' said the other, flushing hotly, as if he detected a covert taunt in the question. 'And I heard, indirectly, that my father was dead. It seemed worth while to come back and find out how my brother might be disposed towards me ; though we had never agreed very well. I came back, and heard an account of his health that made me resolve to wait. I could not hope for a reconciliation, and I did not wish to harass his last days by an unlooked-for return and a half explanation. So I hid myself again, in London, and waited.'

'And during that time you paid a visit to Hatherston.'

'I did. I wanted to see something—to hear something—to find out how things had gone in my absence, especially with *one* person. What I had fancied a mere boy-and-girl love had avenged itself upon me by that time ; and what I heard, at once struck me with remorse and filled me with a kind of terrified hope. Only I was afraid to speak, and afraid to be known—dreading the effect upon *her*, and determined not to risk it until my position was less uncertain. And so I had to act a part when I met you ; though I said to myself, afterwards, that it would not have been possible that you should have found me out, even if I had answered you honestly.'

'Being where you were, I should probably have guessed your identity in any case,' said Alick imperturbably.

'Fate would have it so, it seems,' said Louis Lorimer, in a tone less light than that in which men usually call in Fate to account for the unaccountable. 'And you came upon me again in

London, and I had to try again to deceive you, though I felt at the time that I was not succeeding. And so my secret is in your hands.'

'I can readily understand that you wish me to keep it. But it remains for you to show cause why I should accept so grave a responsibility.'

'I have come back as a stranger here among those I used to know best. You must excuse me if I misunderstand your position as regards the Lyndhursts. As I hear, you have not known them long. You would be quite justified in simply leaving them to settle their own affairs with me, without feeling any responsibility in the matter. But if you regard yourself as a friend of the family——'

'I do, if I may be allowed to say so on so short an acquaintance!' said Alick, in ominously quiet tones, as he hesitated.

'*Then* you cannot fail to see the difficulty of my position; how impossible I find it to be open and honest, even if I would. Katrine's state of feeling—her oblivion of the past—is at once my greatest boon and my bitterest punishment. I dare not ask her to forgive me, though I only can *hope* that she forgives. I *think* that she believes I was only absent from her for a very little while—for a trifling matter not worth explaining—but I dare not ask her what she thinks, and she asks me nothing. They tell me that she has only come back to as much of her old self as I see now since my return. By degrees I hope she will come to a full understanding of the time that has passed and all the changes it may have brought; and then I may be able to tell her my story, and she may forgive me. Women do forgive, even such things——'

'*They do!*' said Alick in his heart, with bitterness, but he did not say it aloud.

'But if the knowledge were suddenly thrust upon her that I had been for years the husband of another woman—and the child, another woman's child—to force upon her the perception of the years that are gone, heaven knows what might be the result! Lyndhurst sees it in that light, and will not say one word before *her*, whatever he may think of me for his own part.'

'Does he know this story of your marriage?'

'No! What he knows his wife knows, and what those two knew would never be kept a secret long!'

'Then you propose to renew your engagement with Miss Lyndhurst, if she consents and her friends permit?'

‘Ay! And not only that, but to marry her as soon as it can possibly be arranged, and so begin life again, with a better chance to forget and ignore ten lost, accursed, mistaken years than ever man had in this world before!’

‘Few men have such a chance at all!’

‘I suppose not. There are times, when I am with her, when I feel as Adam might have felt if he had dreamed, there in Eden, of the snake, and the sin, and the fiery sword, and the exile, and the thorns and thistles of the world outside, and had awakened to find it *only* a dream!’

He was speaking more to himself than to his companion; but Alick Rutherford’s heart, that was steeled against him, softened for the moment with a pang of pity.

‘It cannot be,’ he was thinking, ‘cannot be! It is contrary to the course of nature. Paradise is the dream, if he did but know it; and exile, in some form or another, the reality. And, after all, who is Louis Lorimer that he should expect to eat his cake and have it too—expect Time to stand still, “like Joshua’s moon in Ajalon,” to give him back what he flung away.’

‘There are other considerations,’ Mr. Lorimer went on. ‘Even if I did not care for her, I should be in duty bound to do my best to atone to her for my former conduct. Those who know that I left her must know that I seek her again; and to be received by the Lyndhursts is my only chance of being recognised by the world I intend henceforth to belong to.’

Alick had met with men before who could be at once selfishly practical and powerfully moved by what some would call mere sentiment. He knew very well that the one was probably quite as genuine as the other; but, all the same, Mr. Lorimer’s ‘other considerations’ did not incline him to lend a favourable ear to what this man had to ask of him.

‘And so,’ he said drily, ‘you wish me to hold my tongue as to what I have seen, at least until after your marriage?’

‘Certainly! If you would promise to keep silence for ever, it would be the kindest and wisest thing you could do.’

‘I am not sure as to that. At any rate, I am no lover of unconditional promises. *This* however. I will promise—not to chatter.’

‘I hardly understand you,’ said Louis Lorimer, looking up at the Scotchman’s thin, clear-cut features, which now looked somewhat hard and rigid in the setting of the lips, and certainly not suggestive of anything like chattering.

‘I will not mention anything concerning you to any one but those principally concerned, and not to them unless it seems to me to be necessary. If it seems to be best for *her* to remain in ignorance, you may be sure that I shall never speak. But of that I must have time and opportunity to judge. I am sorry to keep this knowledge hanging over you like a sword, that after all I may decide not to use ; but it cannot be helped. I cannot bind myself by any more definite promise.’

If Mr. Lorimer was not both angry and disappointed, his looks belied him. But apparently he knew, as *Rob Roy* would have said, ‘how to turn the buckle of his belt behind him,’ when it seemed unadvisable to draw the sword.

‘I would not wish you to make any promise contrary to your better judgment,’ he said stiffly.

There was silence for a moment or two, which he broke by getting up to take leave.

‘I have trespassed a long while on your patience,’ he said, ‘and have, I fear, not made you altogether understand me. But I have confidence in your discretion, and I am sure, on thinking it over, you will see that your silence will be the best thing for all parties.’

He bowed, not offering a hand which he perhaps thought might not be accepted, and went away, leaving Alick more at the mercy of conflicting passions than he had been for many a long year.

The uppermost feeling was something very like a good old-fashioned hatred for the man who had just left him. Alick Rutherford had rightly supposed himself to be of a very broad and catholic friendliness, extending to many people who could not be considered very deserving ; and he had forgiven many a one who had slighted his kindness and encroached on his generosity, and even imposed on his credulity, which, as every philanthropist knows, comes near to being *the* unpardonable sin. But never till now had anyone touched the inmost private treasure of his heart—those inner feelings of which he had been more jealous than most men ; and even though the wrong to himself had been done unconsciously, the conscious wrong that had been done to another was part of the same offence, and harder far to forgive.

The woman he loved had needed help for many a day, and no one had helped her ; she had suffered, and might have to suffer more yet ! And it was not possible to avenge her by one bold

stroke. The man who had wronged her, being punished, *might* have been forgiven. But he could not be punished, lest the hand that struck him should wound her too.

So there was nothing to be done but to hold one's tongue, and possess one's soul in patience, and keep wrath warm in inaction—not a difficult matter to the descendant of those grim old Borderers who avenged themselves with a swift hand where it was possible, but, where it was *not*, kept a stone in their pockets for twice seven years till it found its mark at last.

So Louis Lorimer heard with relief that Mr. Rutherford was gone back to town; and shortly after, with less satisfaction, that he was down in Hatherston again, arranging country quarters for some of his London acquaintance. The weather had broken up, and seemed like the beginning of winter, and Mr. Lorimer felt that this was only a pretext for getting down again into the neighbourhood and keeping watch upon his affairs. So it was, to a certain extent; but Alick was not unmindful of his poor friends' comfort, and knew that St. Luke's, or even St. Martin's summer, might see them very happy in the country yet.

His arrangements being concluded, what could be more natural than that he should walk across to see his friends at the Manor; and if it happened to be an afternoon when Mr. and Mrs. Lyndhurst were both out, and Mr. Lorimer elsewhere, and Miss Lyndhurst and the children spending a quiet afternoon in the morning-room—that may merely be taken as an instance of the good fortune that awaits men who know how to observe and combine.

Alick had taken the precaution to bring two of his little cousins with him, and the elves of the Manor danced to meet him and them with delighted excitement.

'Come and look! Do come and look!' they cried in chorus. 'Aunt Katrine is making the wicked fairies!'

'Making *what*?' asked Alick; as Miss Lyndhurst sat down again, after her smiling greeting as to an old friend, and went on with her delicate handiwork.

'Wicked fairies! See! Guess!—can you guess what they are made of?'

'No! he can't *never* guess!' cried Muriel, enraptured by the expression of their visitor's face. 'Oh! *aren't* they nice?'

'What is it?' he asked in tones of horror that delighted even the grave 'Philosopher.' 'A witch! with a red cloak and a

crutch!—and one even more alarming with a broomstick!—and what are these? Goblin babies? Take them away! they are far worse than the ogres I have met with in these parts! Miss Lyndhurst, are you responsible for these shocking spectacles?’

‘Partly! The babies are *too* shocking, I confess, but these children *will* have them! The most characteristic part of their small persons you have often seen before.’

‘Ah! I seem to recognise a familiar vegetable product, though I don’t remember at this moment what flower it belongs to. No, Muriel, I *don’t* think them nice! Put them out of my sight, or I shall say that is what *you* were like when you were a baby.’

‘That was a long time ago,’ said Muriel doubtfully, bending her little flower-face over the tiny grotesque visages of the goblin babies, that had not been so very far from flowers once themselves. ‘Aunt Katrine, was I?’

Alick listened for the answer with keen covert interest and even anxiety. He had noticed before that any question about the past, however slight, seemed to perplex and distress Miss Lyndhurst, unless she could pass it over without notice or reply. But now she smiled in answering, looking across at little Dresden-china Muriel as if really comparing her with the snap-dragon infants.

‘No! I don’t think you were. And I ought to know, for I believe I was the first person that held you in arms after you were dressed.’

‘Were you little then like me, Aunt Katrine?’

‘No! I was as tall then as I am now——’

She checked herself as if with a sudden thought, her eyes grew wider, and her breath came quickly between her parted lips. Did a certain discrepancy in her recollections suddenly confront and startle her?

By a politic movement Alick drew off the children’s attention, and left her to settle the point with herself.

‘I’ve got something to tell you, Muriel,’ he said, as she perched herself on his knee. ‘A story—about a poor man who had something dreadful happen to him.’

(Great satisfaction on the part of the children.)

‘Well! one day he was walking along a road, all by himself, and thinking no evil, when suddenly he heard a noise, and over the wall came flying a Goblin baby—a great deal larger than those, and much heavier—and very nearly hit him on the nose!’

The others laughed ; but Muriel looked exceedingly serious, and the speaker's tone was gravity itself.

'As soon as he had a little got over his fright, he went to pick it up. It appeared to be of wood. It had two arms, one thick and one thin, one very high up and one very low down. It had a round head, and a mouth that seemed to have been made by one blow from a hatchet! In fact he would have taken it for part of the root of a tree, only that he remembered to have seen a little girl playing with it and calling it her baby ; and, indeed, it had on something like a frock at that moment.'

'I know! It was my dear G'rilla-baby!' cried Muriel, who had been listening with the utmost suspense. 'Oh! what did he do with her?'

'Why *G'rilla* ?'

'Someone told her it was like a Gorilla, and the name took her fancy!' said Aunt Katrine, whose attention seemed to have returned to the present.

'Oh! I see. And what brought Miss G'rilla flying over a five-foot wall, to the danger of harmless passers by.'

'I got tired of her, and *threwed* her away,' said Muriel guiltily. 'And then I was sorry, and wanted her back. But I couldn't find her.'

'Human nature, I suppose! And now, do you ever expect to see her again?'

There was a pause, and Muriel laid her little soft cheek coaxingly against his sleeve.

'If it was *you* picked her up,' she whispered, 'I wonder what you did *wif* her?'

'Ah, that's the question! What do you say, Miss Lyndhurst? Should a person who has wilfully flung a thing away, be allowed to have it back again?'

'It would depend on how sorry she was!'

'Something also on how old she was,' said Alick, with half-absent tenderness, drawing the tiny slim figure a little closer. 'Any one of Muriel's age! But if a *man* did so—flung his treasure away, and then wanted it back again—missed his chance, and expected to have it still—would not Time and Fate only mock at him?'

'Would it not depend, again, on how sorry he was?' said Katrine gently. And Muriel's little hands stole round Alick's wrist.

The old woman prosed on somewhat regretfully. Her ideas of good breeding would not permit her to question the gentleman too closely ; but she had gone as near to pumping him as she thought fit, hoping that he might let drop something about those mysterious wanderings 'in foreign parts' that had kept Mr. Lorimer away so long. And Alick did not hear the conclusion of her speech. He was frowning thoughtfully over an idea that had just occurred to him, as he absently counted the tall, spindling geraniums in the little cottage window.

'A strange woman and child at Wychwood? Louis Lorimer is a bold man, if it is as I think! Anyway, my promise to him does not bind me not to try and find out in my own person, though I must not ask this good dame if she has any further information.'

His business being concluded he took his perplexities away with him ; and in the village met Mrs. Lyndhurst, whom he was not at that moment anxious to see. Apparently she did not share his feeling, for she stopped him with evident satisfaction in the meeting.

'I am glad to have the chance of a word with you alone,' she said ; 'we have not met since that day when you so kindly helped and advised me in my perplexities, and you must have thought it odd not to have a word of explanation since.'

'Explanation I have no right to expect,' said Alick kindly. 'But naturally, after taking ever so small part in such a drama, one wishes to know the sequel, and takes an added interest in the actors.'

'You would think that *we* had a right to expect an explanation, would you not?' she asked with some bitterness. 'But we have had none! These strange contradictory stories that are going about—no one seems to know how much of them stands on his authority, or *who* has had anything directly from him. Another man in his position might have made up a story for himself, but *he* has been clever enough to make others invent for him! And with us he presumes on his position as regards Katrine. She has accepted him as though he had never been away, and he knows that my husband dares not enlighten her and will not oppose her in any way. If I had *my* will——'

'What would you do?' asked Alick, as she paused, suggestively.

'I would set detectives to rake up Mr. Lorimer's past! I am sure he has been doing something disgraceful—his conduct

proves it. And I would speak the truth to Katrine! It is my belief that she is just as sane as other people now; but that she has been taken in by some plausible story that no one else would believe, and that she is wilfully shutting her eyes to what other people must think and say. But my husband won't have Katrine spoken to; and as for detectives, I suppose a *woman* could hardly employ them?'

'Does Mr. Lyndhurst not incline towards the detective plan, then?'

'He says that it would do more harm than good to enquire into the man's past, when we can't hinder Katrine from taking him, and daren't try. But I say that under certain circumstances we might *have* to try. Why, he may have a wife and half-a-dozen children somewhere, for all we know.'

'I suppose he wishes to marry Miss Lyndhurst, and I quite think he has an affection for her that would prevent his wishing to draw her into an illegal marriage.'

Alick spoke with an effort that made his words unusually weighty, and Mrs. Lyndhurst was suitably impressed. But she shook her pretty head with a very doubtful expression.

'If he loves her, the temptation is all the stronger. And I don't like him. I don't trust him, and never did. . . . I have been wondering, since you have been so good and have taken so much interest, whether *you* could find out anything about him for us?'

Like other self-engrossed people, Mrs. Lyndhurst was apt at times to make somewhat unreasonable and extraordinary requests. Alick was used to being asked to do extraordinary things; but this particular request made him somewhat angry, and all the more because he was asked to do what he had himself wished and partly intended.

Was it only a natural spirit of contradiction that immediately convinced him that there was nothing to be discovered concerning Louis Lorimer's past beyond what he already knew, and that to set detectives upon a returning prodigal was hardly a justifiable proceeding?

Certainly he felt jealous of Mrs. Lyndhurst's interference with her sister-in-law, and more than anxious as to what the effect of her injudicious handling might be upon Katrine.

However, on this one point Mr. Lyndhurst seemed to exercise some control over his wife, and there seemed nothing for it but to leave it to him, though Alick could not regard either of these as fit to be trusted with Katrine's happiness—perhaps even her

reason and her life. The detective idea he could at any rate discourage, as far as it depended upon his co-operation, and he promptly did so, smiling as though the lady had made some extravagant proposition to which, of course, she did not expect a serious answer.

‘I am afraid I have no acquaintance among detectives,’ he said. ‘And, except in novels, I am afraid they are usually too clumsy to be trusted with this kind of business. I should say, if I might presume to advise, that the only thing to be done is to delay Miss Lyndhurst’s marriage with Mr. Lorimer as long as possible. You will have time on your side, then ; and if Mr. Lorimer *has* done what he should not, he has probably enemies enough who will assist in bringing it to light.’

Mrs. Lyndhurst was evidently not satisfied ; but she did not press the matter any further, and they went their way, she perhaps to worry her already sufficiently worried husband, and Alick to despatch some of the hundred-and-one little matters of business that his restless energy had brought upon him, and to meditate a visit to Wychwood.

It was not surprising that he should come to the conclusion that common sense as well as curiosity demanded that he should satisfy himself as to the identity of this woman and child whom Mr. Lorimer had established so near him. But before it was possible to do so, he must attend to the business that had ostensibly brought him to Hatherston ; meet his poor friend from Curtain Road, Shoreditch, at the station in the little country town, and see him comfortably settled in his new quarters.

That took up the whole afternoon, and, after all, in spite of his impatience, Alick could not feel that the time had been ill bestowed. The man, a broken-down furniture-maker, had been country bred, and had not seen anything to call real country for twenty years. His delight in the mournful, tranquil beauty of the autumn landscape was at once very pleasant and very sad to see ; and Alick drove his cousin’s little pony-cart slowly through the quiet lanes, where the gold and crimson leaves, loosened by last night’s storms, were dropping slowly through the still, warm air, and the widening pools were blue under the blue sky, and the patches of woodland wore a soft and chastened splendour, and thought of those

‘to whom the common light and air
Were banned and barred, forbidden fare,’

with a sympathy that did him good.

There seemed to be every prospect of a little summer, the credit of which S. Luke and S. Martin might divide between them, and Alick was glad of it, for the sake of his poor friend, whom he saw the next day creeping blissfully up and down the village street, basking in the mellow sunshine, and watching all the life of the quiet old world place with a wistful delight as in the sights and sounds of home. But in the afternoon, when he at last made time to go over to Wychwood, he found that the summer-like beauty of the day had indirectly brought about consequences for which he was not at all prepared.

From the highway, a long gravelled drive wound up to Wychwood Court, between open fields dotted with elms. A quarter of a mile nearer to Hatherston, along the same high-road, a less stately approach might be found, in the shape of a wooden stile and a narrow footpath, that skirted the gardens of the court, passed by the back offices and the few cottages that stood near the house, and so led on to the next village. Considering that his business was not by any means at the Court itself, Alick chose this way—at once more public and more secluded—and walked on beside the yellowing hedgerows, leaving it to fate to decide how he was to find what he came to seek.

There were voices in front of him, just out of sight round a bend of the path; and turning the corner, he came upon the speakers, so suddenly that they had seen him as soon as he saw them, and before he had time to think whether it would not be better to avoid the meeting.

Louis Lorimer, Mrs. Lyndhurst, and Katrine; walking together through the sunny quiet fields, as if it were a matter of course that they should be there together, and as though no dark background of waiting and suspense, mystery and absence, had been left behind—for two of them—before they emerged into this peaceful home-scene, this sweet tranquillity.

Yet not quite that, either; for as Alick joined them—having no choice but to do so—it seemed to him that Louis Lorimer looked elated but nervous, as if he had succeeded in something he had wished to do, but knew that he risked something even in his success; and Mrs. Lyndhurst seemed a little put out, as though she had been carried along in his triumph against her will. Her look recalled to Alick her words when last they met, '*I don't like him—I don't trust him,*' and it seemed to him that she was not there by any means as a friend to the owner of the fair estate through which they were passing. Even Katrine was

a shade less serene than usual ; indeed, she had looked happy, but never quite serene, since the day of her awaking. Perhaps, with some recovered powers of perception, she was studying the changed world in which she found herself, for her fair brow and eyes seemed always weighted with some important consideration, pondering some grave matter upon which she had not yet come to a decision.

Mr. Lorimer was evidently telling her something, and they went on speaking in an undertone, after greetings had passed between them and the newcomer, while Mrs. Lyndhurst seemed to feel it incumbent upon her to explain to him their presence there.

‘It is such a lovely day for a walk,’ she said, very clearly and with manifest intention. ‘Mr. Lorimer beguiled us out for a walk, and then persuaded us to come on and see his sister-in-law. She has not felt able to see many of her friends before, and she is going away to-morrow.’

She evidently wished not only Alick but the other two to understand in what light this expedition was to be regarded ; but Alick listened with some amused bitterness, recognising the significance of the visit, and that it mattered little enough how Mrs. Lyndhurst chose to look upon it. It was natural that Louis Lorimer should wish his future wife to visit the home that they were to share together ; and probably with Katrine he had found it necessary to suggest it less directly than he would have done with any other woman ; but the matter had been managed somehow, it seemed, and here she was.

Did she really forget ? It seemed hard to believe so, and yet how bright she looked, even gay, looking round her on the soft brilliant tints of earth and sky with something of the same keen enjoyment that Alick had noticed the day before in his poor friend from the slums—the joy of one who has not seen such things for many a year.

What was she saying to her new-old lover, in that sweet half-mocking tone ?

‘To whom do all these fields belong—my lord the Marquis of Carabbas ? You have been studying the children’s fairy-book, I believe, and brought us this way that we may admire your beautiful fields and trees, and the Court standing up there like the Ogre’s castle.’

‘At any rate I am bringing the princess with me in the orthodox fashion,’ he answered.

‘But I fear there is no puss in boots to warn the reapers to own you for their master. And indeed you are too late altogether ; the harvest is over, and the reapers are gone, and there is no one left to speak for you !’

Did the light, nonsense-talk grate a little upon the ears of this man, who had nearly been too late for every good thing that life had for him ? At all events his answer came somewhat slowly, and was interrupted, ere he had well begun, by a little exclamation from Katrine.

‘Ah ! there is some one at last ; a woman and a child ! Shall we speak to them, my lord marquis ? Indeed, we *must* speak to them, for they seem to be in trouble. The child is crying !’

Alick had been watching Louis Lorimer’s face, and now the sudden change in it, the fear and the recoil, told him who was there before he looked to see.

Another turn in the winding path had brought them without warning upon the little group—a child, who was sitting upon the bank by the bole of a big ash-tree, and a woman who stood beside her, bending down, apparently trying in vain to console her.

The woman looked up and saw them, and over Mrs. Lyndhurst’s shoulder Mr. Lorimer gave her an angry frown, and pointed towards the house with an impatient gesture. Alick could guess by what an effort the impatience was kept out of his voice as he whispered aside to Mrs. Lyndhurst, hastily turning his back upon the strangers—

‘Excuse me, I have dropped something. I shall follow you directly.’

He vanished, hurrying back round the bend of the path before the child caught sight of him, and Katrine did not seem to notice his departure. Indeed, a child in trouble was a magnet that had always the power to draw all her thoughts and attention, and she was questioning this little one with coaxing tenderness.

‘I don’t know what’s amiss with her, and I don’t think she knows herself,’ said the woman, not roughly, but in the tone of one whose patience is somewhat tried. ‘She says she’s so tired and her legs ache so ; but she oughtn’t to cry like a baby for that, ought she, miss ? She hasn’t been really well since we came here, and I brought her out for a bit of a walk to-day, thinking it would do her good. But she’ll neither go on nor go back ; and I don’t know what anyone’s to do with her if she’ll do nothing but cry.’

Part of this speech was evidently directed at the child herself ; but the woman was only half thinking of what she was saying. She was looking down the path by which Mr. Lorimer had disappeared, with perplexed, angry looks not unmixed with fear.

Katrine had sat down on the bank beside the child, and drawn the little slight creature on to her lap. With the freemasonry that exists between children and those who love them, they seemed to be old acquaintances already, and the little girl gave a favourable hearing to the coaxing, consoling words whispered in her ear. Indeed, surprise and admiration of the beautiful lady had partly frightened away her aches and pains for the time.

Louis Lorimer's child in Katrine Lyndhurst's arms !

How strange it seemed to the only person present who knew how things really were ! And what was *he* thinking, who was principally concerned, but who dare not draw near ?—who must let this crisis of his fate be decided in his absence ?

‘Do you live near here ?’ asked Katrine, looking up.

‘We live—not far,’ answered the woman guardedly. ‘I wouldn't have brought the child out a long way, and she not well——’

She looked up and caught sight of Mr. Rutherford, and stopped short, looking fixedly at him as if trying to piece together a fragmentary recollection. Suddenly her eyes flashed, as if she had found what she was looking for, and she opened her lips to speak, then checked herself again.

Katrine had turned to the child again, and Mrs. Lyndhurst was fussing over them both, hinting to Katrine that she ought not to hold a strange child so close, and trying to persuade the child herself that she wanted to get up and walk home.

Alick moved a little nearer to the woman, and spoke in an undertone.

‘I have seen you before,’ he said. ‘I see you remember it ! Take the child home, and be silent, as you have been told. I will see you again before long.’

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

ANNE MOZLEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is but a short time ago that we ventured our humble words upon the great Cardinal, and now we are dwelling on the loss of the able and wise friend to whom he committed the presentment of his Anglican days.

The loss, we say advisedly, though it is seldom that at four score and two, a person leaves a blank in power and intellectual work, above all, when the last few years have been spent in blindness; but Anne Mozley's delicately and sympathetically accomplished work, both on this biography and that of her own brother James, prove her to have been in full vigour of judgment to the last.

It was this remarkable power of discernment and selection that specially characterised her. Our elder readers no doubt recollect with affection the 'Magazine for the Young'—the 'pink mag.,' as it was tenderly called—one of the first ventures of the lovers of the Church in the way of popularising their teaching. After the first two or three years, Anne Mozley was the editor, and no one can turn over one of its many volumes without being impressed by the tone, perfectly simple but always of a refined order and never puerile, which pervades it. This was due to her wonderful instinct for adaptation and selection, and choice of contributors. There were hardly any articles of her own in it—I only know of two little essays, one on cleanliness, one on spending money—but in each there were memorable thoughts that I remember to this day. Nothing weak, twaddling, ultra or ill-judged could find a home there, and, as my own earliest ventures were made there, I can speak most gratefully of her deft touches of criticism, and of the kind appreciation that I always so much valued. Mr. Rickard's Bird-Keeping Boy, almost an idyll, Miss Sarah Donkin's poetry, some of Miss Peard's earlier writings gave the little twopenny pink book a special charm, and many a constant admirer grieved when it retired from the field occupied by more ornamental periodicals.

Miss Mozley's conversation had the same indefinable charm. There was always some quaint original remark that took hold of the memory, but made with an entire feminine simplicity, so that it was only upon thinking it over that one felt that one had been talking to a remarkable woman.

Three collections of choice poetry old and new were also due to Miss Mozley, also a number of admirable critiques, but the secret of the authorship was carefully kept, as she thought that the discovery of the female hand might be injurious. Her great works of editorship of precious remains came to her late in the day.

It was a quiet uneventful life, as one of a numerous family, but a family of unusual ability and excellence, and through the Oxonian brothers, bringing her intercourse with some of the highest intellects of the day. At Derby, while her mother lived, at Barrow-on-Trent afterwards, and finally at Derby on the death of the companion sister, passed, in quiet ordinary unostentatious good works, and family affections, the life of one of the ablest women of her day—an almost hidden life, yet which has left its mark.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

III. BRITOMARTIS, THE CHAMPION OF CHASTITY.

PART I.

Now we are in the very heart of Faery Land, and there is hardly clear space enough to set up a finger post. It is difficult to find the beginning of the path, and even Spenser himself does not conduct us to the end.

Preface. The adventure with which the third book is occupied, as proposed on the third day of the feast at Cleopolis, is the deliverance of *Amoret* from the wicked enchanter *Busyrane*, who has her in his power. Her lover, *Sir Scudamour*, undertakes the quest, but he never succeeds in fulfilling it, and the real hero is the maiden *Britomart*, whose story connects this and the two succeeding books of the poem. This third book contains the story of the rescue of a perfectly faithful wife by a perfectly pure-hearted champion. For the virtue which it illustrates is not merely a negative one; but includes the pure and faithful love for the one beloved, which can never be shaken by trials, changed by time or absence, or defiled by 'the sinful lusts of the flesh.' It is the preparation for, and the necessary condition, and also another aspect, of the virtue called 'Friendship' in the next book.

The scenery and the incidents of this book are full of mystical meaning, and the various characters exemplify different aspects of the virtue, or of its reverse; but the simpler, more formal allegory of the two former books has disappeared, and we no longer meet with mere abstractions and personifications. We do not encounter Faithfulness and Purity—but pure and faithful people. Just as we found that all the aids of Religion were needed by the champion of Temperance, so we shall find that Holiness, Self-control, and that sense of balance and proportion which we found to be essential to Temperance, go to the maintenance of the noble ideal portrayed in this third book.

The story begins far away from the splendid court of Gloriana, in the wild country of Deheubath, or South Wales.

Book III. King Ryence possessed a magic mirror, made for him by the enchanter Merlin, in which he might see reflected 'Whatever thing was in the world contained,' and so be prepared for the plots and plans of his
Canto II.
 18.

enemies. His one fair daughter, *Britomart*, coming one day into her father's closet, looked into the enchanted mirror and at first beheld only her own beautiful face, till, bethinking her of the magic properties of the crystal, she thought, as many maidens have done, that she would like to see the face of her future husband, and presently there appeared the figure of a most magnificent knight in splendid armour, on which was written, 'Achilles' armes which *Arthegall* did win.' Britomart admired him very much ; but being young and hitherto fancy free, and moreover of a high-spirited and independent temper, was not at first aware of the ideal passion which had seized on her, and, when she felt its sting, struggled hard against it. But she was so unhappy that she could neither eat nor sleep, and her loving old nurse, *Glaucè*, discovered her melancholy, and implored her to tell her the cause. (Observe that all the magic, and extravagant romance, do not in the least detract from the sweet naturalness of the relations between the old nurse and her darling.) Britomart with much shame confessed the origin of her trouble. Glaucè kissed her, comforted her, and promised remedies. First they went to church, but Britomart said her prayers 'with great devotion, but with little zeal,' her thoughts were elsewhere. Then Glaucè tried a love-charm—all in vain, and at last resolved to seek out the great Merlin himself in the cave where he had been confined by the Lady of the Lake.

II. 24.

II. 25.

II. 30.

II. 31.

II. 42.

II. 52.

Merlin laughed heartily at their disguise, and recognised at once the blushing and embarrassed Britomart. He then told her, that Eternal Providence had guided her to the sight of the noble Arthegall, and that she must submit to her fate and cease to struggle against it. Arthegall was a noble British knight stolen away to Faery Land, and Merlin gave a sketch (somewhat, one would think, premature) of all his descendants down to Elizabeth herself, at which point he (conveniently) fell into an ecstasy, and could not proceed. But he instructed Glaucè and Britomart as to what they were to do, and they decided to go forth and seek for Arthegall (not, notice, to indulge a selfish passion, but to fulfil the Divine decree which ordained the union of the pair). As Britomart, like Rosalind, was 'more than common tall,' Glaucè proposed that she should disguise herself as a warrior, and not only dressed her in the golden armour which had belonged to Angela, a warlike Saxon queen ; giving her a magic spear made by King Bladud, but herself put on a coat of mail and followed as her squire. (We see afterwards that the poor old lady did not find bearing arms either congenial or comfortable.)

Canto III. 7.

III. 19.

III. 24.

III. 49.

III. 51.

III. 52.

III. 58.

They rode away in secret to Faery Land, and there met with Sir Guyon and Prince Arthur riding together after the destruction of Acrasia. Seeing a young knight advancing, Guyon rushed at him with spear in rest (the approved way of making acquaintance), but, to his great surprise and chagrin, was overthrown by the magic spear. Peace was, however, made by Guyon's wise Palmer, and the three warriors rode on

Canto I. 5.

together through a wild and gloomy country, full of bulls, lions, and bears.

I. 15. Suddenly, on a milk-white palfrey, a fair, white-faced maiden, golden-haired, and in golden garments, fled past them, pursued by a savage 'forster,' or forester.

I. 18. The Prince and Guyon at once rode after the lovely lady, while Arthur's squire *Timias* (note *both* these points of departure) pursued the forester. Britomart, less interested in the maiden than were the two young men, after waiting some time for their return, pursued her course till she came to a stately castle, in front of which six knights were attacking one. Britomart hurried to the rescue, and the solitary knight, who was no other than St. George, said that the six knights were trying to make him forsake his one true love for another. Said Britomart—

'Then beene ye six to blame ;
* * * *

Better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
I. 25. Than losse of love to him that loves but one :
Ne may love be compelled by maistry ;
For, soone as maistry comes, sweet love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.'

The six, however, declared that the Lady of the Castle demanded of her servants either to give up their own ladies or to prove them fairer than herself.

I. 31. 'Love have I sure,' said Britomart, 'but lady none.' She and the Redcrosse knight conquered four of their assailants, and the other two yielded, and conducted them into *Castle Joyous*, the sensual beauty of which was devised to tempt unwary knights to desert their own ladies and to win them to the service of *Malecasta*, the Lady of Delight. Deceived in Britomart's sex, this lady paid court to the maiden, who is forced to declare herself. (It should be observed that while to the other champions evil is tempting, to the absolutely innocent Britomart it is either indifferent or loathsome.)

Canto II. 4. Having, together with St. George, cast the dust of the evil place from off her feet, the Redcrosse knight (Guyon's name here is manifestly a slip), asked her the cause of her disguise. Britomart, blushing and trembling, explained that she had always loved 'to toss the spear and shield,' and longed for 'honour and for high regard.' She loathed 'to finger the fine needle and nice thread,' and wanted to seek adventures. But a knight called Arthegall had done her a discourtesy which she would like to revenge. (Note the little feminine wiles of the warlike maiden.) St. George declared discourtesy impossible to Arthegall, and the secretly delighted Britomart made him describe to her the features which she already knew so well (here follows the story of Britomart's love already given), until, after much pleasing discourse, their ways parted, and she rode on alone with her squire, her love renewed and

intensified by the words of St. George, until she came to the sea shore, where she sat sorrowfully down to rest, and, as far as her courage permitted, indulged her grief.* Here a young knight galloped up to her and tried to stop her way, but after a fierce struggle she threw him senseless on the sand and went her way, untempted by the pearls that strewed the shore, in search of Arthegall and her destiny. Canto III. 62.
Canto IV. 6.
IV. 17.

We shall hear no more of her until *Canto IX.* 12, and must trace the events which lead to the adventure preparing for her, which we reach by a path with many loops and angles. In the episode of *Marinell*, whom Britomart has overthrown, the poem seems 'to suffer a sea-change.' He is the son of a sea nymph, who bears him to her bower beneath the ocean. (*Canto IV.* 19 to 44.)

Prince Arthur and Guyon, leaving Timias struggling with the forester, ride separate ways after the white maiden. Arthur meets her Dwarf, who tells him that her name is *Florimell*, and that she is in love with a sea nymph's son, *Marinell*, who cares nothing for her. Arthur promises to seek for her, and so engaged, and grieving for his lost squire, we leave him for the present. (*Canto IV.* 46, to *V.* 12. This is the first part of the episode of *Florimell*.) IV. 46.

Timias, meanwhile, having put the forester and two others to flight, lay desperately wounded in the very wood where dwelt Belphebe, who had fled from Braggadocchio when he had stolen Sir Guyon's horse. The huntress maid, seeing the fair youth in such evil plight, succoured him tenderly, and, with her maidens, conveyed him to a pleasant glade in the midst of the green wood, and there, while his bodily wounds were healed, his heart was pierced by a reverent and ideal passion for Belphebe (hopeless enough to be a gratifying compliment to Elizabeth on the part of his prototype Raleigh). The lady never guessed why his strength was so slow in returning, and tended him all the more carefully, and for a long time he remained in the forest under her care. Canto V. 13.
V. 26.
V. 29.
V. 40.
V. 49.

This bright and kind Belphebe was the twin daughter of a nymph, Chrysogone, and had been taken by Diana herself to be brought up in 'perfect maydenhed.' But Venus took her twin sister *Amoretta* far away to be brought up in 'goodly womanhed.' She brought her to her favourite dwelling-place, *The Garden of Adonis*, where was continual spring, laughing blossoms, joyous birds, and where were to be seen the forms and patterns (the *Ideas*, we suppose), of all created things. This was Mother Nature's nursery, and here Amoret was given over to the care of Psyche to be brought up Canto VI. 28.
VI. 29.
VI. 42.

'In all the lore of love and goodly womanhed,' until 'she to perfect ripeness grew;' where (as *Sir Scudamour* afterwards relates) her predestined husband found her, in the 'Temple of Venus, beneath the image of the goddess, in the lap of Womanhood, in the midst of Shamefastnesse, Cherefulnessse, Modestie, Courtesie, Silence and Book IV.
Canto X.
49-52.

* *Marinell*.

Obedience. Venus smiled upon the true lover, and he was permitted to lead sweet Amoret away. Sir Scudamour proved his right to his bride by carrying her away from twenty knights, who would have torn her from him; but on her wedding-day a vile enchanter, *Busyran*, carried her off, and hid her in his castle, where she languished for seven weary months, while Sir Scudamour was seeking her in vain, while her twin sister Belphebe was tending Prince Arthur's squire, wounded in defence of Florimell, while Prince Arthur himself was vainly seeking that snow-white lady, while the half merman Marinell lay wounded under the sea, until Britomart, who had struck him down, found herself on a wild and stormy night, before the locked gate of a castle.

(Florimell's own adventures occupy Cantos IX. and X., and are most picturesque and romantic, ending in her being carried away by Proteus and imprisoned in his bower at the bottom of the sea. The story is complicated by the creation, by a wicked witch, of a false Florimell with a form of snow and the soul of a demon, to deceive the knights who were seeking to deliver fair Florimell herself. These included Sir Satyrane, whom we last heard of as protecting Una from the Satyrs, a youth who called himself the *Squyre of Dames*, and a certain *Sir Paridel*, who had come from Cleopolis to look for the lost Florimell.)

- IX. 1. These three found themselves, on the stormy night before mentioned, in front of a castle which refused to open to their summons, because, as the 'Squyre of Dames' explained, it belonged to a 'cancred, crabbed carle,' *Malbecco*, who had married a lovely girl, *Hellenore*, much younger than himself, and who was so jealous that he would admit no visitors.
- IX. 11. Their knocking and calling being all in vain, and a great hail-storm coming on, they took shelter in a little shed by the gate (in fact the pig-stye), where Britomart joined them. When at last they won an
- IX. 13. entrance, and she let down her long garments and her golden hair, she stood confessed—

'The fairest woman wight that ever eie did see.'

(The episode of Malbecco, Hellenore and the Squire of Dames occupies from this point to the end of Canto X., and deals with frivolous inconstancy and with jealousy. Their adventures may, as well be passed over.)

- Canto XI. 3. Britomart, and Sir Satyrane rode away from Malbecco's Castle on the next morning, and presently beheld a youth fleeing from a horrible giant (Ollyphant, from whom the Squyre of Dames had previously been delivered by Satyrane). The monster fled at the approach of Britomart,
- XI. 7. and she, vainly following him, came upon a young knight lying face downwards on the grass, his armour cast aside, his shield, on which the winged boy (Cupid) was painted, thrown to a distance, as he gave way to
- XI. 8. passionate tears and sobs. As Britomart stood by in pitying silence

he began to pray aloud, and to complain of the wrongs that his dear love Amoret was suffering at the hands of the cruel enchanter Busyran, who had penned her in a dungeon far from the light of day, and tormented her because she would not take him for her lover, instead of her own husband, *Scudamour*, the unhappy man, who could only weep for her, and could not help her. Britomart, who was not given to useless lamentation, suggested that they should try to save her, and offered to help.

XI. 18.

Scudamour replied mournfully that—

‘One is enough to dy.’

‘Life is not lost,’ said she, ‘for which is bought
Endlesse renowne; that, more than death, is to be sought.’

Having thus encouraged the somewhat faint-hearted champion, Britomart accompanied him to a castle, the entrance of which was barred by sulphurous smoke and flame. She despised foolhardiness and needless risk, and asked Scudamour how he thought they had best proceed. But he fell into despair again, and could only suggest dying on the spot. ‘Perdy, not so!’ said Britomart, and throwing her shield before her face, she, sword in hand, flashed through the yielding flame and disappeared within. But Scudamour, whether from lack of courage, or of that invincible purity which protected the maiden, fell back cruelly burnt, and once more threw himself, despairing, on the ground.

XI. 21.

Meanwhile, Britomart found herself alone in the enchanted castle. On all the walls, in tapestry of silk and gold, in utmost beauty of design and colour, were portrayed the triumphs of that lawless, unhallowed passion which was working Amoret’s woe, all legends redounding to the glory of the little God of Love in his lower aspect. (The *contrast* to this evil place is of course the Temple of pure Love and Friendship in which Scudamour found Amoret, and which belongs to the next book.) Cupid’s own image stood on an altar at the end glittering with gold, and with the changing wings of the peacock. (This is of course the equivalent to *Lucifera* in the first book and *Philotime* in the second, the evil that is to be conquered in its full power and charm.) A dragon lay at the feet of this ‘victor of the gods,’ and round him lay hosts of idolatrous worshippers. Britomart was amazed, she looked round, and over the door of the room was written ‘*Be bold*,’ and on she went into the next room, where, instead of tapestry, the evil triumphs of Cupid were wrought in gold; but all was solemn silence and solitude, only ‘*Be bold, Be bold*,’ was written everywhere, but at the upper end over an iron door, ‘*Be not too bold*.’ Britomart could not understand; but she waited till eventide, her earnest mind set on understanding her next step, armed from head to foot, and watching. (Observe again, that Britomart is in no way *tempted*; she is awestruck, but not attracted by the evil.)

XI. 27.

XI. 47.

XI. 56.

Canto XII. With the darkness of night there came before her a strange vision,
1. a Masque of the followers of the wicked Cupid, beginning with *Ease*,
Fancy and *Desire*, and ending, after a long train, with *Repentance*,
XII. 27. *Shame*, and *Death*. They filled the room and passed through the iron door, which closed after them.

All the next day Britomart waited, armed and alone, till the Masque
XII. 29. appeared again, and she went through the open door, amid the mystic train. Behold they vanished away, and she found herself before the captive lady, bound to a brazen pillar with iron bands round her slender waist, the blood streaming from a wound in her faithful breast, and before her, Busyran working evil charms to bend her to his will.

XII. 32. When he saw the virgin knight, he hid his wicked books and rushed upon her with his knife; but Britomart, though wounded, overthrew him and would have slain him, but that Amoret called out that he, and only he, could undo the charm that bound her, and he, in terror, read over
XII. 36. backwards his frightful spells, till Britomart's hair stiffened with horror, though she stood firm.

Then the house shook, the pillar fell, the chains burst, and faithful Amoret, her sore trial over, fell whole and unharmed at Britomart's feet.

XII. 42. All the evil beauty, all the sulphurous flame had vanished, the enchanter was left bound in Amoret's chain, and the two ladies went out in safety together.

XII. 45. But alas! Scudamour, despairing of the life of either, had gone away, taking Britomart's old Glaucè with him.

So the Book now ends; but in the first edition sweet Amoret's faithful endurance is at once rewarded. Scudamour awaits her, and

‘No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
 But like two senseless stocks in long embracements melt.’

This seems the right ending, but Scudamour had certainly not proved himself worthy, and we can hardly regret what gives space for the lovely picture of the friendship of Britomart and Amoret in the next book.

It may be well to repeat here that the method by which Spenser emphasises the lofty triumphs of his champions, is by showing in full the power, the lurid magnificence, of the evil which they combat. Never are we allowed to feel that their fight is easy, or that they strive with shadows. The Prince of Darkness is a mighty foe. And yet to the brave, pure, healthy-minded Britomart, the sinful knights ‘but as shadowes beene.’ She exemplifies the elevating power of high romance, and indeed, her heroism, the faithful love of Amoret, the maiden freedom of Belphebe, form the chief charm of this book. As to Belphebe, she is of course a classical type. We do not find in the English poet of the

Reformation and Renaissance, exactly the mediæval ideal which inspired Sir Galahad.

The character-interest in this book is the strongest; but we stand on the border-land of wide, wild spheres of old philosophy and mystic lore, compared to which Faery Land is near at hand, and lighted by the sun of every day.

The Garden of Adonis is indeed an enchanted spot, where we would willingly linger. (Compare with the account of it, Book II. Canto XII. 47.)

The story and characters are all continued in the next book, with the exception of Guyon and St. George, whose story, alas! is for ever 'left half-told.'

Questions.

9. Relate the story of Florimell.
10. Mention any historical allusions in this book.
11. Explain as far as you can the meaning and origin of the term 'Genius,' as used by Spenser.
12. Mention any great ideas you have found in these three Books.

Answers to be sent to Miss C. R. Coleridge, Cheyne, Torquay, before the 1st of the ensuing month.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

Class List for July.

Class I.

Jon 38	Jessamine 34	Lisle 32
Alexandra 37	Robin 32	Moonraker 30

Class II.

Aphrodite 29	H. T. 29	Alice Winham 26
	Amathes 28	

For comment, see end of Church History Paper, page 352.

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

Class List in October.

**EXTRA WORKS RECOMMENDED FOR THE AUGUST AND
SEPTEMBER SUBJECT.**

Those who have access to good libraries will find useful, *The Doctrine of the Real Presence from the Fathers*, by Dr. Pusey (Parker); *The Theological Defence of the Bishop of Brechin* (Masters). See also the Expositions of Bishop Forbes and Bishop Harold Browne on Article XXVIII. in their works on the Thirty-nine Articles.

Class I.

Class II.

Class III.

† Two answers only.

21. The contrast between Franciscan and Dominican is best worked out by *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Sycorax*. *Onward* should not call the Friars, Monks. *Agatha*: A 'contemplative Order' is one not engaged in active life, but wholly given to prayer; this the Franciscans never were. *Papaver* and *Fidelia*: St. Dominic did not found his Order in Spain, but in Languedoc. *Water Wagtail*: Yes; the Dominicans boast that they have never needed a Reformation. It is so far true, that they never produced a Reformed Order—the Jacobins being merely their French name, from St. Dominic's famous convent in Rue St. Jaques, Paris, which finally gave its name to one of the worst parties in the Revolution. That they *have* needed a Reformation no one who has read the lives of Savonarola and Lacordaire can doubt. *Fidelia*: The very first Inquisitors were Cistercians. *Decima*: Is it not rather hard to call St. Dominic unrelenting to heretics? He never approved of the cruelty of the Inquisition, regarding it as an engine for the

conversion, not the murder, of heretics ; and on more than one occasion delivered a heretic from the flames. And the man who could say God had granted him whatever he prayed for, did not lack wholly the 'simplicity of the dove.' With regard to the riches of the Mendicant Orders, this must have been comparative. At the English Reformation, Henry VIII. did not gain much by spoiling their Houses.

22. Of those who chose the Life of St. Francis, *Etheldreda*, *Andromache*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, and *De Maura* have done best ; while *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Papaver* have dealt best with St. Dominic. St. Francis was not, as *North Wind* says, the first founder of nuns, who had existed since the days of St. Anthony. *Verena* omits his dispute with his Father, and his foundation of the Second Order under St. Clara, his mission to the Moors, and reception of the Stigmata. *Decima* and *Agatha* omit the founding of the Second and Third Orders. *Meniza* avoids the Stigmata altogether. With regard to this 'Prerogative of the Wounds,' which several Members ask about, Bog-Oak confesses it a difficult point. For the *fact* of the wounds there is absolutely overwhelming contemporary evidence. We must reject the idea that they were self-impressed. This would have been distinct fraud ; for, however unwillingly, St. Francis revealed his vision, Bog-Oak entirely agrees with Archbishop Trench's view, that intense love of the Passion, acting through a highly sensitive mind on an extremely delicate body, did actually cause this conformity to our Lord's sufferings. There have been, he says, numerous parallel cases where no fraud was possible, and more than one such case has of late years been carefully examined by medical men. This view does not explain the difficulty, for we know so little of the relation of mind to matter, but it avoids belief in a doubtful miracle, or in the fraud of a Saint. No one has done justice to the Rosary, the Manual of the uneducated, believed to have been invented or adapted from the Moors by St. Dominic. It is not a servile repetition of so many *Paters* or *Aves*. The fifteen large beads represent in order the Five joyful Mysteries, the Five sorrowful Mysteries, and the Five glorious Mysteries. For each Mystery an 'Our Father' and ten 'Hail Mary's' are said, and meditation is made by those who can. Another method of repeating it substitutes ejaculations to our Lord for the *Ave*. This devotion was instituted in honour of the Incarnation, despised by the Albigenses.

23. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Andromache*, *Honeysuckle*, and *De Maura* give the fullest and best-chosen lists of Mendicant Saints. *Hermione* and *Papaver* : Bog-Oak believes Albertus Magnus was never canonised, but he may pass muster as a great and good Dominican Doctor of the Church. *Decima* : Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde was *not* a Saint. *Veritas*, and *North Wind* give no Art emblems ; *Verena* very few ; yet all she names have them. All should have given to Anthony of Padua the Infant Christ on a book ; to St. Clara, the Pyx ; and to St. Caterina of Siena, the Crown of Thorns. *Verena* puts Savonarola 200 years too soon. No History of St. Elizabeth of Hungary should fail to mention her Director, Conrad of Marburg.

24. *Hermione*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, and *Ierne* best describe the coming of the Friars to England. *Etheldreda*, and others : Of the two dates, 1219 and 1221, given by Perry and Jessop for the Dominicans' arrival, the latter seems more correct, for Milman says England was not represented in the Chapter of 1220, but was in that of 1221. As, however, St. Dominic died in August, that month is too late. Possibly they came in August, 1220. *Etheldreda* : Alas ! Kilwardby was a Dominican ; it was Archbishop Peccham who was a Franciscan. Bog-Oak warned the Members not to follow Dr. Jessop servilely. He just reverses them. Perry, Green, or Trench would have corrected this. *Cratægus* : The Franciscans outshone the Dominicans at Oxford. Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and Ockham belonged to the former, not the latter. All should have noted that the great work of the Friars was regaining the *Towns* in England to the Church. Alienated

by the Interdict, and by the want of learned and spiritual priests, they were well-nigh lost. The Friars came and did what the secular Clergy had left undone. Afterwards, when at the Universities, the Mendicants had educated the Parish Clergy, and when they had brought back the Laity in the parishes, the Friars were found to be (and often were) in the way. It is instructive to watch the measure of success and then of failure in each grand army who went forth conquering and to conquer—Hermits, Monks, Seculars, Friars, Scholars. Truly 'the work was not of men, but of God,' who uses each as long as He needs it. And we should take comfort, seeing that the failures were only of the instrument, not of the Church. And so now, if the many Societies by which we strive to work may only do the Master's will for this time, what matters whether they will last all time, or how soon our pet schemes are laid aside.

COMMENT ON PAPERS SENT IN ON THE FIRST BOOK OF THE 'FAERY QUEENE.'

The ten papers sent in contain exceedingly good and careful work.

The Passages of Poetry are very well chosen. 'Una and the Lion' and the 'Cave of Despair' have the most votes. I am glad that the forest trees and the description of Prince Arthur have not been forgotten. In some of the comments too much attention has been paid to the meaning of the verses selected, in comparison to the beauty of the wording and construction. *Jessamine* avoids this mistake. *Jon* will, I think, find explanations of the serpent in the cup in Mrs. Jameson's 'Legends of the Saints.' The Cave of Despair and House of Holiness are described so as to show full appreciation of the original.

I do not agree with the remark that Spenser used classical allusions from 'a sense of duty.' I think he luxuriated in the new beauty of which his generation was made free; nor do I think it is true that he used the heathen gods as a substitute for ecclesiastical devils, the rest of the poem does not bear this out. I think he felt himself free to express Christian aspirations under classical forms, and that the fresh vivid faith of that strong Elizabethan age was capable of assimilating all ideas, however incongruous. None of the 'good tunes' were 'to be given over to the devil.' (It is not perhaps exactly to the point, but it is an interesting fact in this connection, that Imogen who, with unusual historical propriety, prays to the Roman gods, is by far the most religious of Shakespeare's heroines. She has a real sense of unseen guidance.) The scenery of the 'Faery Queene' is delightfully open and free. It is thoroughly countrified country, 'Britain' was not then suburban. Little birds were numerous. Dragons and Lions, though, as *H. T.* remarks, 'indigenous,' were comparatively rare. The habitations were of an exceedingly casual character, and remind us of Mr. Wemmick's well-known saying, 'Hallo, here's a church, let's go in!' 'Hallo, here's a castle, let's attack it!' flippantly expresses a frequent sentiment of Spenser's heroes.

A correspondent asks me to call attention to the fact that Dean Kitchen's excellent notes only deal with the two first books of the 'Faery Queene.' Hence these papers. After Book II. we must all fly with our own wings and make allowances for each other. There are no manuals in Faery Land.

C. R. COLERIDGE.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.
BLUE CHINA.
DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it desirable to give the franchise to Women ?

The Female Franchise will certainly come. The majority of the Debaters have decided in its favour. Oh ! shades of our Fore-mothers, and still more of our Fore-aunts. What will you say ?

There is a certain difficulty in conducting a discussion, when the difference of opinion seems to leave no common ground. For instance, *Veritas* thinks women have no public conscience at all, and *Black Rabbit* thinks that women would vote on principle when men would not.

Chelsea China is not sure that the possession of a vote would affect the depths of her womanhood either way as much as is commonly supposed. She thinks it might be possible to give a vote, as well as to *ask* for one, with feminine propriety, and, also, with feminine folly. She certainly should not have thought that Radical politicians could have logically withheld the franchise from women had she not heard an advanced Radical calmly reply to such arguments as those put forward by *Pellegrina*, *A. P. S.*, and *Róisín Dubh*: 'Yes, that is all very true ; but still, they are *women*,' as if that left nothing more to say. She will conclude with a short anecdote.

Long ago, an enthusiastic maiden was arguing in favour of the Female Franchise, and the ground she took was the entire independence of the female mind. 'Women,' she said, 'were as capable of judging for themselves as men, and would *never* be swayed by personal considerations.'

'And if you had a vote, what would you do with it ?' asked her friend.

'I should go to Mr. A.,' said the young lady, mentioning a great light of her neighbourhood, who had held some interesting classes which she had attended, 'and ask him to tell me who I ought to give it to.'

The Muffin Man and *Nemo* are the most in favour of restrictions on the privilege, *The Muffin Man* excluding wives, and daughters at home. *Black Rabbit* strong in favour, as also *Pellegrina*, in a most interesting and reasonable paper. But as space is limited, Chelsea China this time gives the preference to a brilliant new lance, *Róisín Dubh*. *A. P. S.* very good also.

It is desirable to give the franchise to duly-qualified women, because, first of all, 'it is always expedient to be just.' The franchise is claimed for those women who are taxed in the manner and proportion that give to men the right of voting. Now, ever since Pitt said it, 'Taxation without Representation is Tyranny' has been received as a constitutional English maxim. This is the A B C of the matter. But the franchise (for women) is desirable on other grounds besides those of justice : for example, advocates of women's franchise say, that it is deplorable that adults who bear the burdens of citizenship should be 'outside the pale of the Constitution,'—otherwise, un-

enfranchised. It is worth notice that the classes of adults under this stigma are criminals, idiots, lunatics, *and women!* Women also suffer indirectly through their exclusion from rolls of voters, for they are unwelcome, as tenants, to many landlords, and are evicted on the death of father or husband,—even though they have previously done the whole of the work of shop or farm,—merely because they do not strengthen the landlord's band of voters in election-times. The right to vote should be precious in the eyes of all earnest women, because it is *a great power for good*. What made Mary Carpenter labour in the cause of women's suffrage? The knowledge that she was powerless effectively to help forward her own good work among the Bristol children because she could not act through her Parliamentary representative. She was not a voter. She had *no right* to the ear of a Member! What determined Frances Power Cobbe also to toil for women's suffrage? The very same thing that had weighed with Mary Carpenter: the sense of helplessness in her work, owing to the want of a vote! Every one will admit that domestic affairs are well within the province of women; and it is equally acknowledged that legislation tends, ever more and more, to deal with home concerns. Should not women have their say as to who should be the law-makers on vaccination, and marriage with a deceased wife's sister; this big question of free education; the housing of the poor? Is not the greatest authority on London Tenement Houses a woman—Octavia Hill? Is it not anomalous that *she* should not have direct political power? Some will say: Influence is stronger than the vote. Yes; to be sure it sometimes is! But is influence lost when the vote is accorded? Why, the old commonplace of electioneering belies this gratuitous assumption! People were always asked for their '*vote and interest!*' Temperance is a question of the deepest importance to women; and the Poor Laws and condition of workhouses; and the educational question in all its many ramifications; and sanitation interest us *nearly*—not to speak of affairs which are distinctly our own, such as the limitation of women's hours of work in factories. Surely, we women should be allowed a voice in electing the men who are to decide these matters! As Madame Condorcet said to Napoleon when he growled, 'I hate women who meddle in politics!' 'Sire, politics sometimes cut off our heads, and we women have a natural desire to know what it is all about!' We must remember that Parliament is as sensitive to the electorate as mercury is to the weather.' Old Members aver that the House tends to become more and more an assembly of delegates. Members come up pledged to further the interests of those who have made them what they are. There is consequently no time for the business of the unrepresented! If any high-toned woman doubts whether the franchise is worth having, let her read Governor Hoyt's testimony to the work done by women-voters in his State of Wyoming, and then let her ask herself: Can I not trust my English sisters to use their votes as judiciously and as efficiently for the suppression of gambling, drinking, and other evils, as did those good women in Western America?

RÓISÍN DUBH.

Politically and socially it would be a national disaster. It is very probable that manhood suffrage will soon be established. Is it likely that in that case only those women who are qualified thereto by paying certain rates and taxes, will be enfranchised? The same inequality which is so distressing to the advance guard of 'women's rights,' would then be again present as it is now, to right which, fresh agitations would have to be made, to obtain *universal* suffrage. As women form the majority of the population, the affairs of the country would be practically conducted by women, to our own detriment, and our loss of prestige in the eyes of other nations. Although there are many exceptional cases, and educated women may sometimes have the advantage of uneducated men; taken as a sex, women are not so well qualified to exercise their votes, or take part in political affairs as men. They are more apt to be guided by their emotions, and this is by no means

derogatory to them. An emotional side to society is as necessary as it is to each individual character. What a barren wilderness the world would be if it were peopled only by manly, prudent, calculating natures, and nothing was done with loving impulse and emotional tenderness. The sexes have been supplied with different qualities to be the complement of each other, and as a consequence are not equally well fitted for the same duties and occupations.

Women do well to instruct themselves in, and form their opinions on political matters, but the advantages of having their possessions represented by a vote, are not sufficient to compensate for the evils of female suffrage.

KIRKEE.

Veritas sends a long paper strongly against the female franchise. Chelsea China does not think that the Queen owes her influence to the fact that she is a link in a chain of ancestors, and she hopes that we do not owe all our refinement to our seclusion. *Kirkee's* paper would, she thinks, be more readily accepted by those opposed to women's suffrage, as expressing their views, without begging the questions involved, and so it is here given.

Excellent papers from *A. P. S.* in favour, *Sunflower* and *Anchor* against, have reached Chelsea China (owing to the Bank Holiday) too late to be properly considered this month. *Blackbird's* must be deferred for the same reason, but will appear in October.

SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Is it reasonable to expect more pleasure in middle-age than in youth?

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,

OR

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

Eva Vickers, 3; *Mary Carmichael*, 1; *Jean Bruce*, 1; *Isabella Hanbury*, 1. No one has been first four times out of the six, but *Eva Vickers* is clearly the prize holder. Will she kindly send her name and address to Chelsea China? It has *not been* found possible to publish a list of the letters received, but besides the above names, *Geraldine Glasgon*, *G. Powell*, and *Gertrude Moxhay* have often taken very good seconds.

NEW SERIES.

FIRST COMPLICATION.

It is a proof of the life-like character of the governess and the nurse in the First Competition that nearly all the mothers have signed themselves *Cadogan*, but it makes the comments a little confusing. Chelsea China thinks that the greatest tact is certainly shown in avoiding the need of telling the nurse that Miss Vickers has complained of her. *Honora Guest* also skilfully brings in the children, and on the whole Chelsea China thinks the letter she publishes is the most likely to secure the future peace of that much-tried household. Will *Honora Guest* also send her name and address? Thirteen other letters have been received, mostly very good ones. *Geraldine Cadogan* enters skilfully into the feelings of Miss Vickers (as Chelsea China suspects she has a very good right to do). *Dorothy Forster*, *Clarice Cadogan*, and *Gertrude F. Moxhay* are all suitable to the purpose.

SECOND COMPLICATION.

A young lady has taken a violent fancy to one somewhat older, and

makes herself a bore. The elder lady, not wishing to reject her affection, but to regulate it, writes her a letter.

Rue des trois Angles, Biarritz.

MY DEAR NURSE,—

I was so glad to get your nice letter telling all about my darlings. It is such a comfort to me to think I can leave Tottie and Baby in your kind hands with such perfect confidence.

I hope soon to hear that Clara and Johnny are behaving as beautifully as possible, and giving Miss Vickers no trouble. I dare say they find it a little hard at first to leave the nursery and become regular 'schoolroom children,' but they are really too big to remain babies now, and I am very anxious they should get on with their lessons and try to surprise me on my return by the progress they have made.

I am sure, dear Nurse, that you, truly loving the children as I know you do, will see that it is really for their good not to be spoilt and over indulged, and I trust to you to do your best to enforce obedience to Miss Vickers, and to uphold her authority. Her position is a difficult one as she is *comparatively* a stranger in the house, and unless the children are good and loving to her, and you kind and thoughtful, I fear she must sometimes be very uncomfortable.

I want both you and them to recollect that *I* placed her in the post she now holds, and that in obeying *her* wishes you obey *mine* also.

I am delighted to hear of Tottie's having grown, and am longing to hear Baby say his new words. Give them both a great many kisses from 'Mamma'; and tell Tottie the ones she sends me are so sweet and travel beautifully.

I hope the Doctor will let us come home in a month or six weeks, and I am simply counting the days till my return.

Believe me, dear Nurse,

Your affectionate mistress and friend,

HONORA GUEST.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

Prize List.

Chelsea China prints the marks of all who have sent in five sets of answers. She has accepted all corrections offered her by guessers, including those of *Theodora* and *M. R. Awdrey*. Answers have sometimes failed to be credited through arriving in Bedford Street, either on the second of the month or late on the first. The parcel is sent to Chelsea China on the morning of the first. She thinks if answers came in by the 25th, much less disappointment would occur.

The Prize is taken by *Rule of Three (Twenty-five marks)*. Will she please send her name and address to Chelsea China. *The Muffin Man*, 21; *Cedar*, 20; *L. N. V.*, 20; *Kate Anstey*, 19; *M. Halliday*, 19; *Innisfail*, 18; *Nemo*, 18; *Margaretta*, 17; *Theodora*, 16; *White Cat*, 15; *Magdalen Millard*, 14; *Proud Maisie*, 12.

ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

1. The Water Rat in Calverley's Poem of 'Shelter.'

'By the wide lake's margin I marked her hie,
A fair young thing with a *soft shy eye*,

Whither now will retreat those *fairy feet*?'

2. The principal Duck in the Poultry Yard.

'Who came of Spanish blood.'

HANS ANDERSEN, '*Ugly Duckling*.'

3. The Jay, Eagle, and Kite in the Message of Aulus to the Latines in Macaulay's Battle of Lake Regillus.

'Once the Jays sent a message, unto the Eagle's nest,
Now yield thee up thy eyrie unto the Carrion Kite.'

4. Chaucer's Prioress, who spoke French.

'After the School of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.'

5. Francis, the¹Drawer.—Henry the Fourth, I. ii. 4.

6. The Blessed Damozel and her Lover.

'The Blessed Damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven.'

D. G. ROSSETTI.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Chelsea China would wish to point out that the form in which the question is put suggests one particular answer. Oliver Goldsmith will not *quite* do, nor various soft-eyed heroines, nor certainly the multitude of lovers separated for want of fortune. She thinks, however, that the *expression* in Locksley Hall justified the choice.

'All the doors were *barred with gold* and opened but to *golden keys*.'

Half marks are given for this answer, and for Barnaby Rudge's red handkerchief. Marks on the new principle.

Olwen, 30; *Child of the Mist*, 6; *G. Festing*, 24; *Marcia*, 18; *Jessamine*, 12; *Halliday*, 24; *Hileg*, 6; *Black Rabbit*, 12; *Scotch Mist*, 6; *Only Herself*, 6; *K. Anstey*, 18; *Three Rock*, 30; *Sandford and Merton*, 24; *Rule of Three*, 30; *The Cousins*, 12; *Primrose*, 6; *Theodora*, 9; *Old Maid*, 36; *Cedar*, 30; *Ali Baba*, 6; *Nemo*, 9; *The Muffin Man*, 18; *L. N. V.*, 9; *Magnet*, 30; *Unsigned*, 33; *Swansey China*, 18; *Proud Maisie*, 6; *Wood Sorrel*, 6; *Jacopilus*, 12; *Helga*, 12; *Innisfail*, 15; *Magdalen Millard*, 12.

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. What was the end of the riddle a kind but fussy old gentleman could never remember?

2. When did the delay of a letter through fear of infection bring about fatal consequences?

3. What bird once sat upon Pallas' head?

4. How do we know that Queen Mab liked junket?

5. For what dish did a whole party keep a corner in vain?

6. Whose solitude was cheered, respectively, by a cat, a toad, a spider, and a flower?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Mai will be much obliged if any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' can inform her where she can get the poem containing the words—

'To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.'

Three Rock would be much obliged if any one would give her the names of some books that would interest boys from twelve to fourteen.

She would like to get some true accounts of missionaries or explorers, or books about natural history. Can any one tell her the author or publisher of an account of the 'Voyage of the Fox in search of Sir John Franklin'? A book she remembers in her own childhood.

And is there not a child's 'Life of Bishop Hannington?'—Yes, called 'Lion Heart,' with delightful facsimiles of some of his pen and ink sketches. 'Black and White,' and 'Black Ivory'; 'Our Fellow Soldier' (S. P. C. K.); 'The Ocean of Air,' by Miss Giberne; 'Mr. Mygale,' and others (S. P. C. K.). Is the 'Fairy Land of Science,' by Buckley, suitable for children?—Yes.

'DEATH OF HENRY III.'

Where can this poem be found? The following lines are in it:—

'But when an ancient father dies,
Our tears pour forth like rain—
Once from high Heaven is a father given,
Once—but oh! never again.'

Also can any one lend me, or tell me where to get, an old child's book, published about fifty years ago, called 'Madame Fortescue and her Cat'; it is very clever and amusing, and would do well for recitation.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

The poem is S. M.'s.—i.e. 'Menella Smedley,' and was published by Burns in 'Lays and Ballads of English History,' out of print, but *Arachne* thinks, republished with Miss Smedley's poems.

A writer who has had some success is anxious to enter into an arrangement with an author of experience willing to help in the elaboration of a story already definitely sketched out.

Kindly explain the allusion to the 'Cock Lane Ghost,' in Macaulay's Essay on Addison; or tell me where I can find an explanation of it.

ROSEMARY.

The 'Cock Lane Ghost' was an imposture which caused an excitement in London.

It is to be found in Southey's 'Life of Wesley.'

In answer to *Bronwen*, Miss Money has published a collection of songs in connection with the G. F. S. They may be heard of at a dépôt, or from Wells Gardiner. There are also some by the Rev. F. Langbridge.

Wanted some competent person who would correct a letter or short essay in Italian once a fortnight during the coming autumn, for a moderate sum. Can you help me?

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

LAMBDA.

ANSWERS.

In answer to *Gondolier*, Chelsea China says that she cannot conceive how any one could divest her mind of other opinions once heard or read. By all means reproduce them if you really agree with them and see the force of them, after studying the novels for yourself, not unless.

MADAM,—

In reference to *Alexandra's* query in the 'Monthly Packet' for August as to a French magazine corresponding to the 'Monthly Packet,' may I suggest her writing to Mademoiselle Lantz, 61, Avenue Wagram, Paris. This lady edits a magazine which seems to me to correspond to the 'Monthly Packet.' I think it is called 'Amaranth.'

M. F. F.

The story for which *Feodora* enquires in the 'Monthly Packet' for August is 'The Boys and I,' by Miss Molesworth. It was originally published in 'Little Wide-awake.'

F. F.

Emma recommends 'Grannie's Chapters,' by Lady Mary Ross, to *Bee* in place of 'Peep of Day,' etc.

As to the last verse of the 'croodlin' Doo,' I do not know what you may regard as 'modern.' But full seventy years ago my Scotch grandmother used to sing it to me as follows :—

'And what did the little wee doggie then,—
My little wee croodlin' Doo?
Oh! he stretched out his legs and his tail and he died,
And so maun I, mammy, noo!'

L. B. COURTENAY.

Mosaic.—The discovery of the etymology of a word is in truth the history of its derivation, which may thus be gleaned and epitomized from Derlangé.

Rome was celebrated for its tessellated pavements, but the Greek artists at Byzantium conceived the idea of adorning the walls of rooms in a similar manner, introducing the use of glass instead of stone and marble. Such work was designated 'mousaion,' and Latinized as 'musivum,' from 'mousa,' lat. 'musa.' As the muses were regarded as patronesses of the arts, the word was equivalent to artistic or elegant, or as we might say now 'æsthetic.' But it seems there was another form of the Greek, slightly differing from the above 'mousaios,' which in later Greek degenerated into 'mousaïcos.' The accent being taken off the first syllable in pronunciation, it became short *u* or short *o*—'mosaic.' We have another instance of the same degeneracy of a word with which we are familiar, viz., 'archaic,' from *archaios* = *archaïcos*.

J. S. L. S.

In answer to *Greta's* enquiry in the May number, *Water Wagtail* can only suggest that the 'Story of Damaris,' as given by Mr. Myers in his poem of Paul, is due to his own imagination, working out what may be a probable supposition. No doubt he refers to the Damaris mentioned in Acts xvii. 34, as one of S. Paul's converts at Athens. Of this lady nothing is really known, as may be seen by reference to her name in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. Chupostone supposes her to have been the wife of Dimysius the Arcopapil. Very possibly she may have gone through the mental trials and struggles described in the poem, but of course this is only a poet's fancy. I think there is no doubt the lines *Greta* quotes refer to Hercules.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

Please may I write a plea for the new use of the word 'level'? Of course, as *Bird of Ages* states, level means flat, smooth, horizontal, or in the same plane, but if we make our flat, smooth, horizontal, or in the same plane line perfection, and then strive to work up to that perfection, I take it we do our 'level best.' We cannot do more, for we have attained our level, and it is our own fault if our level is not good.

LEWISHAM LOAM.

Two interesting letters, for which there is no space, have arrived for *Lettice* from *E. D.* and *Maro* both urging her not to proselytize; Chelsea China agrees with them, but she thinks that Lettice's difficulty is quite a real one, and much complicated by the fact that so many people are neither one thing nor the other. If the children of so-called *Church* people have strayed to dissenting schools, she thinks it quite legitimate to urge their return on their *parents*; but if dissenting children present themselves at the Church school, she would advise their being received with great caution. Probably they have quarrelled with their teacher, or have an eye to the treat.

Mrs. Molesworth's *Sweet Content* (Griffith and Farren) is a very pleasant sensible story of an only child, who, having hardly any opportunity of being naughty, thinks herself extremely perfect until she falls in with an entirely good and unselfish family, when the contrast between their ways and her own gradually works upon her, though it has not its full effect till she has done serious harm, in a fit of temper, at having a girl whom she dislikes inflicted on her.

We strongly recommend to our readers a paper called 'For Manners are not Idle,' by Mrs. Soulsby, in *Mothers in Council* (Wells Gardiner). It is as

much to the point as Miss Wordsworth's clever verses on Madame Etiquette in her *St. Christopher and Other Poems*. Let us also draw attention to our contemporary 'Our Own Paper of the Woman's Help,' which always has some useful papers. So has the *Mothers' Journal*, thoroughly useful and lively in its way. *The Little Treasure Book*, edited by Miss Bramston (Wells Gardiner), is a charming collection of varied and un-hackneyed sacred poetry, to be obtained for threepence.

We have two or three Christmas Stories which brought no stamps.

PENNY NOVELS.

Having been recently engaged in reviewing a selection of Penny Novels for the benefit of the readers of the same, it has struck me that a few words about them from the point of view of those who provide, and sometimes write books intended as alternatives to them, might be useful. They are highly virtuous, perfectly decorous, rather silly, and absolutely impossible. The heroines change their dresses between every act, and the interest is in the solving of the mystery, and in the description of strong, legitimate, but very commonplace emotions. The interest of character, except as to whether people are bad or good, is almost entirely absent. So is that depending on the description of foreign life and manners, of various states of society, or of different historical periods. All those I have read are love stories of the upper classes, and the life described is that supposed to be led by young ladies of fashion. I have read stories of country-house life, by those apparently familiar with it, of which the details were far less edifying than those which tell us what 'working girls' think it ought to be. If more 'villains' than we hope is common lurk behind trees and start up from ruins, at least the heroes and heroines behave to each other with perfect courtesy and propriety, and entertain for each other simple and faithful devotion. The hearts that beat under azure velvet and rosy silk have not much harm in them, though the heads which sparkle with diamonds and are wreathed with pearls are not very wise ones.

It is useful to know that the cheap story which *pays* is a love story of English young ladies, who shed floods of tears, meet with fearful adventures and are involved in mysteries from which they are finally delivered by lovers who may be described as heroic barbers' blocks.

There are moments, say at the end of a wet week in a lodging, when they might not prove so unreadable as some more pretentious works. The weak moral points are, the stress laid on splendour, luxury and finery, and the fact that, given the situation, only superhuman virtue could really come out of them unscathed. Granting the level of culture the stories are *not dull*.

Therefore, while it is very desirable to introduce a taste for stories turning on development of character, and to excite an interest in foreign life or historical periods, we may as well remember that we are cultivating exotics, for which the soil may need preparing. The somewhat 'high-falutin' propriety of those heroes and heroines, who look like cheap fashion books, and talk like the people in Mrs. Radclyffe's and Miss Porter's novels, leads me to think that slangy, free-and-easy society stories might have a very bad effect, especially if any sort of 'swears' were represented as the practice of the heroes. But books that show that things once wrong do not always cheerfully come right might be very improving. C. R. COLERIDGE.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1891.

NIGHT.

‘There shall be no night there.’

NIGHT, with thy myriad voices harsh and fell,
Through groaning woods, past many an orphan'd spray,
Howling in angry blasts, like hounds of hell
That persecute for evermore their prey,
By ruined cloister or fiend-haunted dell ;
Or like some barbarous tribe, long held at bay,
Rushing in fierce assault on fenced tower,
Whilst bravest hearts throb fast, and weaker spirits cower.

Night, cruel Night, that veil'st the kindly day,
And bid'st the traveller's spirit sink with fear ;
Night that uncertain footsteps dost bewray,
To drown all help far off—in marsh or mere.
Night, for the beggar fraught with pinching pain
As forth he shudders, kist by icy rain !

Night, pestilential Night, with all thy crew
Of foetid poisons, exhalations foul,
Where slumber broods on wings of sable hue,
And softest pillow seems like leaden cowl ;
Night with thy feverish dreams, where terrors new
Perturb, in varying shapes, the haunted soul ;
Night, with thy hidden crimes of fraud or force ;
Night, with thine agonies of dumb remorse !

And wilt thou not be there? No fear, no pain,
No sin, no danger, no vague hints of ill,
Mysterious, boundless sorrow, which the brain,
Too weak to reason, feels—no silent thrill
Through the frail being in dark moments sent,
Regret, misgiving, or presentiment?

No darkness can be there where Truth is bright,
No wandering footsteps, no uncertain way;
No deadly poisons, there where in our sight
The Tree of Life, twelve-fruited, stands for aye;
No dreams where all is real; no distress
Where God is present evermore to bless.

Night, pensive Night, that feed'st the living flame
Bright flashing from the student's deep-set eyes;
Night that dost lead him up the hill of Fame,
And bids't immortal shapes before him rise,
Must thou, too, be no more? Thy lamp grows dim,
The Sun of Righteousness must dawn for him.

Night, soothing Night, that wipest the mourner's tear,
And giv'st the widow sleep as sweet and still
As her own infant's slumbers; Night, so dear
To wanderers, who with home their dreams dost fill,
Must thou, too, be no more? The time will come
When weeping shall be hushed, in Heaven our home.

Night, rich fantastic Night, the painter's friend,
The poet's true Egeria, with thy train
Of fair ideal forms, that mingling, blend
With starlit mountain crests, and tranquil main
To Cynthia's smile responsive—must they end
Those fairy gleams of thine? A higher strain
The Bard must learn; the Painter's vision glow
With beauties unimagined here below.

Night, kind refreshing nurse, from purple flowers
Dropping the balm of sleep o'er weary eyes,
Preserving, strengthening, filling Nature's powers,
Who growth to babes, and wisdom to the wise

Dispensest freely. Sweet thy shady bowers,
And sleep on thy soft bosom. Yet, who sighs
For rest, confesses weakness. There, on high
They serve God 'day and night' unweariedly.

Night, prayerful Night, that fling'st the tender arm
Of mother's intercession round the soul
Of erring child, seduced by worldly charm,
Invoking guardian angels to control,
Direct, invigorate, preserve from harm,
Must thou, too, be no more? When reached the goal
We need no helping hand, our race is o'er,
And none can trip or stumble, as before.

Night, eucharistic Night, with songs of praise
Still resonant from many an aching breast,
What music is like thine? What light, of Day's
Begetting, equals thine? What calm hath Rest!
Like vigils of Philippi? Yet thy lays
Anticipate the dawn. Themselves attest
Thou can'st not last, O Night! thou crav'st the birth
Of universal Morn o'er heaven and earth.

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PHANTOM OF THE STATION.

THERE was a crash in Mrs. Morton's kitchen, where an elegant five o'clock tea was preparing, not only to greet Herbert, who had just come home to await the news of his fate after the last military examination open to him, but also for a friend or two of his mother's, who, to his great annoyance, might be expected to drop in on any Wednesday afternoon.

Everyone ran out to see what was the matter, and the maid was found picking up Mrs. Morton's silver teapot, the basket-work handle of which had suddenly collapsed under the weight of tea and tea-leaves. The mistress's exclamations and objur-gation of the maid for not having discovered its frail condition need not be repeated. It had been a wedding-present, and was her great pride. After due examination to see whether there were any bruises or dents, she said—

‘Well, Ida, we must have yours; run and fetch it out of the box. You have the key of it.’ And she held out the key of the cupboard where the spoons were daily taken out by herself or Ida.

The teapot had been left to Ida by a godmother, who had been a farmer's wife, with a small legacy, but was of an unfashionable make and seldom saw the light.

‘That horrid, great clumsy thing!’ said Ida. ‘You had much better use the blue china one.’

‘I'll never use that crockery for company when there's silver in the house! What would Mrs. Denham say if she dropped in?’

‘I won't pour out tea in that ugly, heavy brute of a thing.’

‘Then if you won't, I will. Give me the key this instant!’

‘It is mine, and I am not going to give it up!’

'Come, Ida,' said Herbert, weary of the altercation; 'anyone would think you had made away with it! Let us have it for peace's sake.'

'It's no business of yours.'

He whistled. However, at that moment the door-bell rang.

It was to admit a couple of old ladies, whom both the young people viewed as very dull company; and the story of the illness of 'my brother, Lord Northmoor,' as related by their mother, had become very tedious, so that as soon as possible they both sauntered out on the beach.

'I wonder when uncle will send for you!' Ida said. 'He *must* give you a good allowance now.'

'Don't talk of it, Ida; it makes me sick to think of it. I say—was that old red rock where they saw the last of the poor little kid?'

'Yes; that was where his hat was.'

'Did you find it? Was it washed up?'

'Don't talk of such dreadful things, Bertie; I can't bear it! And there's Rose Rollstone!'

Ida would have done her utmost to keep her brother and Rose Rollstone apart at any other time, but she was at the moment only glad to divert his attention, and allowed him, without protest, to walk up to Rose, shake hands with her, and rejoice in her coming home for good; but, do what Ida would, she could not keep him from recurring to the thought of the little cousin of whom he had been very fond.

'Such a jolly little kid!' he said; 'and full of spirit! You should have seen him when I picked him up before me on the cob. How he laughed!'

'So good, too,' said Rose. 'He looked so sweet with those pretty brown eyes and fair curls at Church that last Sunday.'

'I can't make out how it was. The tide could not have been high enough to wash him off, going round that rock, or the other children would not have gone round it.'

'Oh! I suppose he ran after a wave,' said Ida, hastily.

'Do you know,' said Rose, mysteriously, 'I could have declared I saw him that very evening, and with his nursery-maid, too!'

'Nonsense, Rose! We don't believe in ghosts!' said Ida.

'It was not like a ghost,' said Rose. 'You know I had come down for the Bank-holiday, and went back to finish my quarter at the art embroidery. Well, when we stopped at the North Westhaven Station, I saw a man, woman, and child get in, and

it struck me that the boy was Master Michael and the woman Louisa Hall. I think she looked into the carriage where I was, and I was going to ask her where she was taking him.'

'Nonsense, Rose! How can you listen to such folly, Herbert?'

'But that's not all! I saw them again under the gas when I got out. I was very near trying to speak to her, but I lost sight of her in the throng; but I saw that face so like Master Michael, only scared and just ready to cry.'

'You'll run about telling that fine ghost-story,' said Ida, roughly.

'But Louisa could not have been a ghost,' said Rose, bewildered. 'I thought she was his nursery-maid taking him somewhere! Didn't she——' then with a sudden flash—'Oh!'

'Turned off long ago for flirting with that scamp Rattler,' said Herbert. 'Now she has run off with him.'

'There was a sailor-looking man with her,' said Rose.

'I never heard such intolerable nonsense!' burst out Ida. 'Mere absurdity!'

Herbert looked at her with surprise at the strange passion she exhibited. He asked—

'Did you say the Hall girl had run away?'

'Oh! never mind, Herbert!' cried Ida, as if unable to command herself. 'What is it to you what a nasty, horrid girl like that does?'

'Hold your tongue, Ida!' he said, resolutely. 'If you won't speak, let Rose.'

'She did,' said Rose, in a low, anxious, terrified voice. 'I only heard it since I came home. She was married at the registrar's office to that man Jones, whom they call the Rattler, and went off with him. It must have been her whom I saw, really and truly; and, oh! Herbert, could she have been so wicked as to steal Master Michael?'

'Somebody else has been wicked then,' said Herbert, laying hold of his sister's arm.

'I don't know what all this means,' exclaimed Ida, in great agitation; 'nor what you and Rose are at! Making up such horrible, abominable insinuations against me, your poor sister! But Rose Rollstone always hated me!'

'She does not know what she is saying,' sighed Rose; and, with much delicacy, she moved away.

'Let me go, Herbert!' cried Ida, as she felt his grip on her hand.

'Not I, Ida—till you have answered me! Is this so—that Michael is not drowned, but carried off by that woman?' demanded Herbert, holding her fast and looking at her with manly gravity, not devoid of horror.

'He is a horrid little impostor, palmed off to keep you out of the title and everything! That's why I did it!' sobbed Ida, trying to wrench herself away.

'Oh! you did it, did you? You confess that! And what have you done with him?'

'I tell you he is no Morton at all—just the nurse-woman's child, taken to spite you. I found it all out at—what's its name?—Botzen; only ma would not be convinced.'

'I should suppose not! To think that my uncle and aunt would do such a thing—why, I don't know whether it is not worse than stealing the child!'

'Herbert! Herbert! do you want to bring your sister to jail, talking in that way?'

'It is no more than you deserve. I *would* bring you there if it is the only way to get back the child! I do not know what is bad enough for you. My poor uncle and aunt! To have brought such misery on them!' He clenched his hands as he spoke.

'Everybody said she didn't mind—didn't ask questions, didn't cry, didn't go on a bit like his real mother.'

'She could not, or it might have been the death of my uncle. Bertha wrote it all to me; but you—you would never understand. Ida, I can't believe that you, my sister, could have done such an awfully wicked thing!'

'I wouldn't, only I was sure he was not——'

'No more of that stuff!' said Herbert. 'You don't know what they are.'

'I do. So strict—not a bit like a mother.'

'If our mother had been like them, you might not have been such a senseless monster,' said Herbert, pausing for a word. 'Come, now; tell me what you have done with him, or I shall have to set on the police.'

'Oh, Herbert, how can you be so cruel?'

'It is not I that am cruel! Come, speak out! Did you bribe her with your teapot? Ah! I see! What has she done with him?'

He gripped her arm almost as he used to torture her when they were children, and insisted again that either she must tell him the whole truth, or he should set the police on the track.

‘You wouldn’t,’ she said, awed. ‘Think of the exposure and of mother!’

‘I can think of nothing but saving Mite! I say—my mother knows nothing of this?’

‘Oh, no, no!’

Herbert breathed more freely, but he was firm, and seemed suddenly to have grown out of boyishness into manly determination, and gradually he extracted the whole story from her. He would not listen to the delusion which she had worked herself into believing, founded upon the negations for which she had sedulously avoided seeking positive refutation, and which had been bolstered up by her imagination and wishes, working on the unsubstantial precedents of novels. She had brought herself absolutely to believe in the imposture, and at a moment when her uncle’s condition seemed actually to place within her grasp the coronet for Herbert, with all possibilities for herself.

Then came the idea of Louisa Hall, inspired by seeing her speak to little Michael on the beach, and obtain his pretty smiles and exclamation of ‘Lou, Lou! mine Lou!’ for he had certainly liked this girl better than Ellen, who was wanting in life and animation. Ida knew that Sam Jones, alias Rattler, was going out to join his brother in Canada, and that Louisa was vehemently desirous to accompany him, but had failed to satisfy the requirements of Government as to character, so as to obtain a free passage, and was therefore about to be left behind in desertion and distress. She might beguile Michael away quietly and carry him to Canada, where, as it seemed, there were any amount of farmers ready to adopt English children—a much better lot, in Ida’s eyes, than the little Tyrolese impostor deserved. She even persuaded herself that she was doing an act of great goodness, when, at the price of her teapot, she obtained that Louisa should be married by the registrar to Sam Jones, and their passage paid, on condition of their carrying away Michael with them. The man was nothing loth, having really a certain preference for Louisa, and likewise a grudge against Lord Northmoor for having spoilt that game with Miss Morton, which might have brought the means for the voyage.

They were married on Whit-Monday, and Ida was warned that if she and Louisa could not get possession of the child by Wednesday, he would be left behind. Louisa was accordingly on the watch, and Ida hovered about, just enough completely to put the nurses off their guard. They heard Michael’s imploring

call of 'Willie! Willie!' and then Louisa descended on him with coaxings and promises, and Ida knew no more, except that, as she had desired, a parcel had been sent her containing the hat and shoes. The spade she had herself picked up.

When Rose had seen them, they had no doubt been on their way to Liverpool.

It seemed to be Herbert's horror-stricken look that first showed his sister the enormity of what she had done, and when she pleaded 'for your sake,' he made such a fierce sound of disgust, that she only durst add further, 'Oh! Herbert, you will not tell?'

'Not find him?' he thundered.

'No, no; I didn't mean that! But don't let them know about me! Just think——'

'I must think! Get away now; I can't bear you near!'

And just then a voice was heard, 'Miss Hider, Miss Hider, your ma wants you!'

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE QUEST.

HERBERT had made no promises, but as he paced up and down the shingle after his sister had gone in, he had time to feel that, though he was determined to act at once, the scandal of her deed must be as much as possible avoided. Indeed, he believed that she might have rendered herself amenable to prosecution for kidnapping the child, and he felt on reflection that his mother must be spared the terror and disgrace. His difficulties were much increased by the state of quarantine at Northmoor, for though the journey to Malvern had been decided upon, neither patient was yet in a state to attempt it, and as one of the servants had unexpectedly sickened with the disease, all approach to the place was forbidden; nor did he know with any certainty how far his uncle's recovery had advanced, since Bertha, his chief informant, had gone abroad with Mrs. Bury, and Constance was still at Oxford.

He went home, and straight up to his room, feeling it intolerable to meet his sister; and there, the first sleepless night he had ever known, convinced him that to the convalescents it would be cruelty to send his intelligence, when it amounted to no more

than that their poor little boy had been made over to an unscrupulous woman and a violent, good-for-nothing man.

‘No,’ said Herbert, as he tossed over, ‘it would be worse than believing him quietly dead, now they have settled down to that. I must get him back before they know anything about it. But how? I must hunt up those wretches’ people here, and find where they are gone; if they know—as like as not they won’t. But I’ll throw everything up till I find the boy!’ He knelt up in his bed, laid his hand on his Bible—his uncle’s gift—and solemnly swore it.

And Herbert was another youth from that hour.

When he had brought his ideas into some little order, the foremost was that he must see Rose Rollstone, discover how much she knew or guessed, and bind her to silence. ‘No fear of her, jolly little thing!’ said he to himself; but, playfellows as they had been, private interviews were not easy to secure under present circumstances.

However, the tinkling of the bell of the Iron Church suggested an idea. ‘She is just the little saint of a thing to be always off to Church at unearthly hours. I’ll catch her there—if only that black coat isn’t always after her!’

So Herbert hurried off to the iron building, satisfied himself with a peep that Rose’s sailor hat was there, and then—to make sure of her—crept into a seat by the door, and found his plans none the worse for praying for all needing help in mind, body, or estate. Rose came out alone, and he was by her side at once. ‘I say, Rose, you did not speak about *that* last night?’

‘Oh, no, indeed!’

‘You’re a brick! I got it all out of that sister of mine. I’m only ashamed that she is my sister!’

‘And where is the dear little boy?’

‘That’s the point;’ and Herbert briefly explained his difficulties, and Rose agreed that he must try to learn where the emigrants had gone, from their relations. And when he expressed his full intention of following them, even if he had to work his passage, before telling the parents, she applauded the nobleness of the resolution; and all the romance in her awoke at the notion of his bringing home the boy and setting him before his parents. She was ready to promise secrecy for the sake of preventing the prosecution that might, as Herbert saw, be a terrible thing for the whole family; and besides, it must be confessed, the two young things did rather enjoy the sharing of a secret. Herbert

promised to meet her the next morning, and report his discoveries and plans, as in fact she was the only person with whom he could take counsel.

He did meet her accordingly, going first to the church. He had to tell her that he had been able to make nothing of Mrs. Hall. He was not sure whether she knew where her daughter had gone ; at any rate, she would not own to any knowledge, being probably afraid. Besides, when acting as charwoman, Master Herbert had been such a torment to her that she was not likely to oblige him.

He had succeeded better with the Jones family, and perhaps had learnt prudence, for he had not begun by asking for the Rattler, but for the respectable brother who had invited him out, and had thus learnt that the destination of the emigrant was Toronto, where the elder brother was employed on the *British Empress*, Ontario steamer. Mrs. Jones, the mother, and her eldest son were decent people, and there was no reason to think they were aware of the encumbrances that their scapegrace had taken with him.

So Herbert had resolved, without delay to make his way to Toronto ; where he hoped to find the child, and maybe, bring him back in a month's time.

'Only,' said Rose timidly, 'did you really mean what you said about working your way out ?'

'Well, Rose, that's the hitch. I had to pay up some bills after I got my allowance, and unluckily I changed my bicycle, and the rascals put a lot more on the new one, and I haven't got above seven pounds left, and I must keep some for the rail from New York and for getting home, for I can't take the kid home in the steerage. The bicycle's worth something, and so is my watch, if I put them in pawn ; so I think I can do it that way, and I'm quite seaman enough to get employment, only I don't want to lose time about it.'

'I was thinking,' said Rose, shyly ; 'they made me put into the Post Office Savings Bank after I began to get a salary. I have five-and-twenty pounds there that I could get out in a couple of days, and I should be so glad to help to bring that dear little boy home.'

'Oh, Rose, you *are* a girl ! You see, you are quite safe not to lose it, for my uncle would be only too glad to pay it back, even if I came to grief any way, and it would make it all slick smooth. I would go to Liverpool straight off, and cross in the first steamer,

and the thing's done. And can you get at it at once with nobody knowing ?'

'Yes, I think so,' said Rose. 'My father asked to see my book when first I came home, and he is not likely to do so again, till I can explain all about it, and I am sure it cannot be wrong.'

'Wrong—no! Right as a trivet! Rose, Rose, if ever that poor child sees his father and mother again, it is every bit your doing! No one can tell what I think of it, or what my uncle and aunt will say to you! You've been the angel in this, if Ida has been the other thing!'

But Rose found difficulties in the way of her angelic part, for her father addressed her in his most solemn and sententious manner: 'Rose, I have always looked on you as sensible and discreet, but I have to say that I disapprove of your late promenades with a young man connected with the aristocracy.'

Rose coloured up a good deal, but cried out, 'It's not that, papa, not that!'

'I do not suppose either you or he are capable at present of forming any definite purpose,' said Mr. Rollstone, not to be balked of his discourse; 'but you must bear in mind that any appearance of encouragement to a young man in his position can only have a most damaging effect on your prospects, and even reputation, however flattering he may appear.'

'I know it, papa, I know it! There has been nothing of the kind, I assure you,' said Rose, who during the last discourse had had time to reflect; 'and he is going away to-morrow or next day, so you need not be afraid, though I must see him or send to him once more before he goes.'

'Well, if you are helping him to get some present for his sisters, I do not see so much objection for this once; only it must not occur again.'

Rose was much tempted to let this suggestion stand, but truth forbade her, and she said, 'No, papa, I cannot say it is that; but you will know all about it before long, and you will not disapprove, if you will only trust your little Rose,' and she looked up for a kiss.

'Well, I never found you not to be trusted, though you are a coaxing puss,' said her father, and so the matter ended with him, but she had another encounter with her mother.

'Mind, Rose, if that churching—which Sunday was enough for any good girl in my time—is only to lead to walking with young gents which has no call to you, I won't have it done'

Mrs. Rollstone was not cultivated up to her husband's mark, neither had she ever inspired so much confidence, and Rose made simple answer, 'It is all right, mamma ; I have spoken to papa about it.'

'Oh, if your pa knows, I suppose he is satisfied ; but men aren't the same as a mother, and if that there young Mr. Morton comes dangling and gallanting after you, he is after no good.'

'He is doing no such thing,' said Rose in a resolutely calm voice that might have shown that she was with difficulty controlling her temper ; 'and, besides, he is going away.'

Wherewith Mrs. Rollstone had to be satisfied.

Rose took a bold measure when she had taken her five five-pound notes from the savings-bank. She saw her father preparing to waddle out for his daily turn on the beach, and she put the envelope containing them, addressed to H. Morton, Esq., into his hand, begging him to give it to Mr. Morton himself.

Which he did, when he met Herbert trying to soothe his impatience with a cigar.

'Here, sir,' he said, 'my daughter wishes me to give you this. I don't ask what it is, mind ; but I tell you plainly, I don't like secrets between young people.'

Herbert tried to laugh naturally, then said, 'Your daughter is no end of a trump, Mr. Rollstone.'

'Only recollect this, sir—I know my station and I know yours, and I will have no nonsense with her.'

'All right !' said Herbert shortly, with a laugh, his head too full of other matters to think what all this implied.

He wished to avoid exciting any disturbance, so he told his mother that he should be off again the next day.

'It is very hard,' grumbled Mrs. Morton, 'that you can never be contented to stay with your poor mother ! I did hope that with the regatta, and the yachts, and Mr. Brady, you would find amusement enough to give us a little of your company ; but nothing is good enough for you now. Which of your fine friends are you going to ?'

Herbert was not superior to an evasion, and said, 'I'm going up to town first, and shall see Dacre, and I'll write by-and-by.'

She resigned herself to the erratic movements of the son, who, being again, in her eyes, heir to the peerage, was to her like a comet in a higher sphere.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IDA'S CONFESSION.

THE move to Malvern was at last made, and the air seemed at once to invigorate Lord Northmoor, though the journey tried his wife more than she had expected, and she remained in a very drooping state, in spite of her best efforts not to depress him. Nothing seemed to suit her so well as to lie on a couch in the garden of their lodging, with Constance beside her, talking, and sometimes smiling over all her little Mite's pretty ways ; though at other times she did her best to seem to take interest in other matters, and to persuade her husband that his endeavours to give her pleasure or interest were successful, because the exertions he made for her sake were good for him.

He was by this time anxious—since he was by the end of three weeks quite well, and fairly strong—to go down to Westhaven, and learn all he could about the circumstances of the fate of his poor little son ; and only delayed till he thought his wife could spare him. Lady Adela urged him at last to go. She thought that Mary lived in a state of effort for his sake, and that there was a certain yearning and yet dread in the minds of both for these further details, so that the visit had better be over.

Thus it was about six weeks after Herbert's departure that Mrs. Morton received a note to tell her that her brother-in-law would arrive the next evening. It was terrible news to Ida, and if there had been time she would have arranged to be absent elsewhere ; but as it was, she had no power to escape, and had to spend her time in assisting in all the elaborate preparations which her mother thought due to the Baron—a very different personage in her eyes from the actual Frank.

He did not come till late in the day, and then Mrs. Morton received him with a very genuine gush of tears, and anxious inquiries. He was thin, and looked much older ; his hair was greyer, and had retreated from his brow, and there was a bent, worn, dejected air about the whole man, which, as Mrs. Morton said, made her ready to cry whenever she looked at him ; but he was quite composed in manner and tone, so as to repress her agitation, and confirm Ida's inexperienced judgment in the idea that Michael was none of his. He was surprised and concerned at Herbert's absence, which was beginning to make his mother

uneasy, and he promised to write to some of the boy's friends to inquire about him. To put off the evil day, Ida had suggested asking Mr. Deyncourt to meet him; but that gentleman could not come, and dinner went off in stiff efforts at conversation, for just now all the power thereof, that Lord Northmoor had ever acquired, seemed to have forsaken him.

Afterwards, in the August twilight, he begged to hear all. Ida withdrew, glad not to submit to the ordeal, while her mother observed, 'Poor, dear Ida! She was so fond of her dear little cousin, she cannot bear to hear him mentioned! She has never been well since!'

Then, with copious floods of tears, and all in perfect good faith, she related the history of the loss, as she knew it, with—on his leading questions—a full account of all the child's pretty ways during his stay, and how he had never failed to say his prayer about making papa better, and how he had made friends with Mr. Deyncourt, in spite of having pronounced his church like a big tin box all up in frills; and how he had admired the crabs, and run after the waves, and had been devoted to the Willie, who had thought him troublesome—giving all the anecdotes to which Frank listened with set face and dry eyes, storing them for his wife. He thanked Mrs. Morton for all her care and tenderness, and expended assurances that no one thought her to blame.

'It is one of those dispensations,' he said, 'that no one can guard against. We can only be thankful for the years of joy that no one can take from us, and try to be worthy to meet him hereafter.'

Mrs. Morton had wept so much that she was very glad to seize the first excuse for wishing good-night. She said that she had put all Michael's little things in a box in his father's room, for him to take home to his mother, and bade Frank—as once more she called him—good-night, kissing him as she had never done before. The shock had brought out all that was best and most womanly in her.

That box had an irresistible attraction for Frank. He could not but open it, and on the top lay the white woolly, headless dog that had been Mite's special darling, had been hugged by him in his slumbers every night, and been the means of many a joyous game when father and mother came up to wish the noisy creature good-night and 'Tarlo,' had been made to bark at them.

Somehow the 'never more' overcame him completely. He

had not before been free from the restraint of guarding his feelings for Mary's sake ; and, tired with the long day, and torn by the evening's narration, all his self-command gave way, and he fell into a perfect anguish of deep-drawn, almost hysterical sobbing.

Those sobs were heard through the thin partition in Ida's room. They were very terrible to her. They broke down the remnant of her excuse that the child was an imposition. They woke all her woman's tenderness, and the impulse to console carried her in a few moments to the door.

'Uncle! Uncle Frank!'

'I'm not ill,' answered a broken, heaving, impatient voice. 'I want nothing.'

'Oh, let me in, dear uncle—I've something to tell you!'

'Not now,' came on the back of a sob. 'Go!'

'Oh, now, now!' and she even opened the door a little. 'He is not drowned! At least, Rose Rollstone thinks——'

'What?' and he threw the door wide open.

'Rose Rollstone is sure she saw him with Louisa Hall in London that day,' hurried out Ida, still bent on screening herself. 'She's gone to Canada. It's there that Herbert is gone to find him and bring him home!'

'And why—why were we never told?'

'You were too ill, uncle, and Rose did not know about it till she came home. Then she told Herbert, and he hoped to find him and write.'

'When was this?'

'When Herbert came home—the 29th or 30th of June,' said Ida, trembling. 'He *must* find him, uncle ; don't fear!'

It was a strange groaning sigh that answered then, with a great effort—

'Thank you, Ida ; I can't understand it yet—I can't talk! Good-night!' Then, with an after-thought, when he had almost shut his door, he turned the handle again to say, 'Who did you say saw—thought she saw—my boy? Where?'

'Rose Rollstone, uncle ; first at the North Station—then at Waterloo! And Louisa Hall too!'

'Thank you ; good-night!'

And for what a night of strange dreams, prayers, and uncertainties did Frank shut himself in—only forcing himself by resolute will into sleeping at last, because he knew that strength and coolness were needful for to-morrow's investigation.

(To be continued.)

S. T. COLERIDGE ON MYSTICISM.

A DIALOGUE FROM HIS MSS.

‘NOUS and Antinous : a Dialogue’ must have been composed in the earlier years of Coleridge’s residence at Highgate—perhaps as early as 1817, certainly not later than 1823. It is, we may be sure, the expansion of some conversation which had actually taken place, but it is impossible to fix the identity of Antinous. The medical allusions might lead one to suppose that the imaginary antagonist was the distinguished anatomist, Joseph Henry Green, or Coleridge’s friend and host, James Gillman ; but it would be hardly necessary to entrap such ardent disciples into the study of ‘transcendental logic.’ The ‘Letters,’ which are mentioned in the quotation from the ‘Aids to Reflection’* given below, and which were published in 1840 under the title of ‘Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,’ were addressed to The Reverend Edward Coleridge, and it is possible that the dialogue may have sprung out of some argument with this favourite nephew. The Greek word *ἀντίνοος* signifies ‘of different mind,’ but here it must stand for the natural and common as opposed to or compared with the enlightened reason.—E. H. COLERIDGE.

NOUS AND ANTINOUS.

A DIALOGUE.

ANTINOUS [*contemptuously*]. Transcendental logic—a parcel of German mysticism !

* ‘There is, however, one opprobrious phrase which it may be profitable for my younger readers that I should explain, namely, mysticism. And for this purpose I will quote a sentence or two from *a dialogue* which, had my prescribed limits permitted, I should have attached to the present work ; but which with an Essay on the Church,† as instituted by Christ, and as an establishment of the State, and a series of Letters‡ on the right and superstitious use and estimation of the Bible, will hereafter appear by themselves, should the reception given to the present volumes encourage or permit the publication.’—‘Aids to Reflection,’ *Pickering*, 1848, vol. i., p. 319.

† ‘Essay on Church and State,’ 1830.

‡ ‘Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,’ 1840.

NOUS. Indeed! I pray you then of all courtesy, what would you call the practice of, using words without knowing their meaning? Words connected with no definite sense or determinable understanding, but only with sensations or feelings—words therefore that in fact express only the speaker's own inward state of liking or disliking, and yet pretend to something else, and to do a great deal more—that is, to characterize the *object* of the feeling, or to tell *what* it is that excites or occasions the sensation; in short, to explain particularly *what* he likes or dislikes, and why? What name would you call such a practice by, Antinous?

ANTINOUS. I do not remember, at least I cannot recollect at present, any one word that would express it. Do you?

NOUS. Not, I fear, any one that would exactly answer; but perhaps we might get near to it and hit the target, though not the bull's-eye. But, by-the-by, before we make the attempt, how do you define mysticism?

ANTINOUS. Oh! if you are for your definitions, good-bye! The moment a man asks me to define a word, I know that he is planning a *catch* for me. You will excuse me, Nous, for not giving you the amusement of seeing me flutter my wings in your logic-net.

NOUS. Why, surely a man might have learnt his Catechism, and be tolerably at home with his Bible, and the 'Whole Duty of Man' to boot, and yet have occasion to ask a friend what mysticism means—when that friend too had himself made use of it—especially since by the epithet *German* it seems to be an *outlandish* commodity.

ANTINOUS. O doubtless! especially such a *plain* homely Christian as you!

NOUS. Jestings apart, and sneering is not the most amiable species [of jesting], shall I attempt to fix the meaning of the word? And if you find nothing to object to in my explanation, will you abide by it?

ANTINOUS. Till I hear a better one. At all events I will listen.

NOUS. You would not call a thing a square or a rhomboid if you meant only that it was rectilineal, and if this was all you knew or recollected with regard to its figure?

ANTINOUS. I should speak improperly if I did.

NOUS. Properly speaking, therefore, you would not call a thing mysticism when you meant only to say it was not intelligible to

you. You would not, in expressing your dislike of the higher mathematics, tell an algebraist that the doctrine of Fluxions, or the infinitesimal calculus, even though Leibnitz alone had been the inventor or discoverer, was a parcel of German mysticism? or that Landen's* and La Grange's analysis of functions was Scotch or French mysticism; and yet the latter has had the unfortunate name of transcendental affixed to it, and is included in the Transcendental Mathematic?

ANTINOUS. No, there are too many mathematicians in the club, and I should get blackballed. They might vote me Ignoramus + self-sufficient = coxcomb. But *jesting* apart, as you say, I should not do so, because I should attribute the defect to myself, and regard the algebraist's unintelligibility as an accident of my inconversance with his science.

NOUS. Well! and our neighbour Chaos's detail of the lawsuit with the five claimants to an intestate property, especially when inflicted at midnight after his third 'cheerer.'†

ANTINOUS. When every second pinch of snuff, traversing obliquely the point of his nose, lodges in the outward angle of his left eye—spare me the recollection.

NOUS. Or Lee's rapturous lines—

'O that my mouth could bleat like butter'd peas,
Engendering windmills in the northern seas,
Coaches and waggons rumble down my nose,
And blue iniquity flow off in prose.
Then run full tilt at yon subjunctive mood,
And fatten padlocks on Antarctic food.'‡

You may fairly acquit yourself of all share in the unintelligibility both of the prose and the verse; but you would not, I presume, designate either as *mysticism*?

'ANTINOUS. Granted! And now to the point. What might 'I designate as such? What do you call mysticism—and do you 'use the term in a good or bad sense?

'NOUS. In the latter only; at all events as far as the present 'subject is in question. When a man refers to *inward* feelings or

* Landen, a native of Peeskirk, near Peterborough, published his 'Residual Analysis' in 1764. La Grange's 'Théorie des Fonctions Analytiques' appeared in 1797.

† 'This, and some other desultory conversation, served as a "shoeing-horn" to draw on another cup of ale and another *cheerer*, as Dinmont termed it in his country phrase, of brandy-and-water.'—'Waverley Novels,' 'Guy Mannering,' vol. iii., p. 250. *Cadell*: Edinburgh, 1829.

‡ Nathaniel Lee, 1655—1692, the dramatic poet, author of 'The Rival Queens,' 'Theodosius,' etc., was liable to occasional attacks of insanity.

'experiences, of which mankind at large are not conscious, as evidences of the truth of any opinion, such a man I call a *mystic*; and the grounding of my belief or theory on accidents of individual feelings or fancies, and the use of words invented, or adopted and appropriated, to express their peculiar facts or states of interior consciousness, I name mysticism. When the error consists simply in the mystic's attaching reality or the character of permanent truth (having an existence in the divine mind, though revealed only to himself, or a few similarly favoured) to these idiosyncrasies, and neither expects nor demands the same faith in his neighbours, I should call it a species of *enthusiasm*. But where the mystic is induced by ambition or some other selfish passion, or, as often happens, is impelled by a lingering and uneasy doubt in his own mind, that seeks confirmation in outward sympathy, to impose his faith, as a duty, on mankind at large, and for this purpose asserts that the same experiences would be vouchsafed, the same truth revealed to every man but for certain moral defects and obstacles in his will or unholy life, such a man is a mystical *fanatic*, and in certain states of the public mind a dangerous member of society; in those, for instance, in which fanatics of older standing are allowed to persecute the fresh competitor. For under these predicaments, mysticism, though originating in the singularities of one individual nature, and in its very essence anomalous, is nevertheless highly infectious, and on the score of its probable effects therefore, as well as of the founder's temperament, merits the name of fanaticism.* What I have so often experienced respecting liars may with equal justice be said of the inquisitive. Curious folks are credulous folks. The man who has trusted a seer so far as to descend with him into the cave of Trophonius,† will by straining his eyes in the dark, and some occasional rubbing to boot, soon produce sparks and flashes of light—and these, with a susceptible sensorium for the workshop and a predisposed fancy, and a right good will for work-fellows, will gradually shape themselves into ocular spectra of a very imposing semblance, and that may at length assume even a connected and sympathetic character.

ANTINOUS. This, I own, is sense at least, and contains a

* The original version of the passage in the 'Aids to Reflection,' *Pickering*, 1848, vol. i., p. 319.

† See the Letter 'from a Friend' which Coleridge inserts by way of apology for the omission of the 'Chapter on the Imagination,' from the 'Biographia Literaria.'—'Biog. Liter.' vol. i., part ii., p. 295. *Pickering*, 1847.

definite meaning. You have only to show me that it is the proper meaning of the term mysticism. *Mystes* in Greek is, I believe, an initiate—one admitted to the secret mysteries.

NOUS. The use which you yourself made of the word, and which occasioned this discussion, proves sufficiently that we are seeking for a general and philosophical sense, and not for the historical meaning, in which the word was first used.

ANTINOUS. So I understand it.

NOUS. Well, then, I attach this sense to the word, or (if you will) I appropriate this word to the sense above declared, first, because I know of no other definite sense that the word can be supposed to bear, for which some other known and accepted term has not been already appropriated in our language, and of no other word that expresses and comprehends this particular sense; and, secondly, because the primary import of the root, or (may I say?) of the *fontal* word which is continued in the derivative in question, does suggest, and (measured by the analogy of symmetrical language in general) adequately correspond to the given meaning. Are you aware of any other or stronger grounds on which the particular use of any disputed term can be rested?

ANTINOUS. Of none,—but to the Etymon.

NOUS.* *Μύο*, *μύω*, *μύσω* (from whence *mustes*, *musterion*), signifies to close, to shut, especially the eyes, mouth, or lips. Thus the Faquir, or Oriental Mystic, sits with closed eyes, as one who seeks or has found a light not derived from the common sense, and an inward world peculiar to himself, that cannot be described or communicated in the common language or by terms intelligible to other men. But should a favoured few have sought and found the same treasure in the same mine—*i.e.* each man in the hidden depths of his own inaccessible individuality—the adepts must communicate with each other by symbols intelligible only to such as are familiar with the inward and spiritual correspondents. Thus, as the light is to be sought for and obtained *mysticè*, with closed eyes; so is it to be considered, and even signified *mysticè*, with closed lips. Antinous, your predilection for the study of history is at least equal to your prejudice against all speculative enquiries. The sad results of religious dogmatism, superstitious or enthusiastic, or the peace,

* Liddell and Scott assign the same root to *μύω*, to have the eyes or mouth closed, *μυέω*, to be initiated, and to *μύσσειν*. But Coleridge's philology, as it was 'sought for and obtained,' so it must be taken *mysticè*.

happiness, and progression of families and nations, form a familiar subject of reflection with you, and stand distinctly grouped in your memory. You can therefore determine for yourself what and how large the portion of the sum total of human fanaticism, of fanatical sects and fanatical tenets, the origin of which must be traced to MYSTICISM—which exists wherever the anomalies of an individual subject are mistaken for truths in themselves; that is for facts or appearances of which all men may be rendered conscious, and for judgments, binding on all, which cannot, without grievous error, be affirmed except of such as result from the constitution of the mind itself, as far as it is possessed by mankind in common.

ANTINOUS. In *sober serious* now, as our old dame used to say, I thank you. I both accede to this sense for the word, and to the word for this sense; and my historical knowledge, however incommensurate with your compliment, supplies me with abundant proofs of the high rank which the said mysticism holds in the hierarchy of mischievous delusion.

NOUS. Yes, delusion! A tenet or scheme of belief is not mystical merely because it refers to the inward consciousness of mankind, but where it is grounded on an exception from the general rule, or a singularity of individual consciousness.

ANTINOUS. Even so. But to what are you leading me?

NOUS. To nothing that need awaken your suspicions. Nowhere are *singular* characters more frequent than in England; and nowhere is there a greater dread of appearing singular. In this, as in other respects, Antinous, you are a true English gentleman in your aversion to extremes, even from the sense of the ludicrous that attaches to them; and while I am in the complimentary vein, let me add that you are a genuine Whig of the old school, and disposed to anticipate the reconciling power* of reason and philosophic insight by the spirit of compromise. You would not, for instance, call the belief in a conscience, in the existence of a responsible will, or the conviction that there is a difference in kind between regret and remorse—or even the homely faith that I have a soul to be saved—you would not brand that with the name of mysticism?

ANTINOUS. I have not altered my mind since my Confirma-

* By reducing antitheses to some higher principle in which both are contained, and thus contemplating the apparent contraries as the positive and negative forces (or + and -) of the same power—reciprocally supposing and supporting each other.

tion, and am not apt to be guilty of wilful lying on less solemn occasions.

NOUS. My questions were merely rhetorical, and were meant to imply the answer. But [what shall I say of —— who] frankly confesses to his pupils that whatever may have been the case with the parsons, yet that he, in all his anatomical and physiological experience, could never catch a peep of the soul? or Dr. ——, who has discovered that the mind is a *secretion* of the brain? It is *evident*, saith the Doctor, that the office of the brain is to *secrete mind*!

ANTINOUS. Precious coxcombs! I detest jargon of all sorts, and the jargon of cold-blooded sophistry worse, if possible, than that of heated imagination.

NOUS. If we could remove the latter we should take away the main incitement to the former, for it is the jargon of mysticism that tempts the ——s and ——s to the jargon of infidelity.

ANTINOUS. *Prevention* may be possible if the attempt formed a part of a liberal education. And the man who should hit on the means of guarding the minds of young men against mysticism would deserve a statue of Corinthian brass, though a shipload of German metaphysics should be used in heating the furnace.

NOUS. I have often amused myself with imagining a miscellaneous crowd collected around the telescope of Galileo, and in succession looking through it, and there listening to the different accounts of the different individuals, as to what they had seen or experienced by means of this wonderful instrument.

ANTINOUS. I hope that honest Sancho Panza, who gave so edifying an account of his travels on the wooden horse, after his return from the Empyrean, was one of your imaginary seers and reporters.

NOUS. I would not have missed that veracious squire for the world. I will not weary you with the detail, but leave you to imagine for yourself the variety and discrepance of the relations. Numerous were the pretenders, each of whom spoke of objects which none had found but himself, in the first instance; but there were a few, a small and scanty band, who agreed with each other, and were laughed at for their pains by the great majority. At length a quiet, sensible-looking man employed himself in collating their assertions one with the other, and discovered many in which all agreed, many from which only a few dissented

—and those, too, persons who had refused to look at all, or (it was suspected) had looked with both eyes shut. Having meditated awhile on this, my quiet friend, methought, set himself seriously about examining the telescope himself. Galileo, methought, came at this moment, and, on learning his purpose and motives, readily assisted him in taking the instrument to pieces, in order first to examine each part by itself, then the putting together, and lastly the constitution and application of the whole as one power. And thus employed I left them. Now what if by a similar collation of the assertions and judgments in which all men under the same circumstances agree, we should first infer the existence of correspondent faculties possessed by all men in common? And it would not, I presume, be other than reasonable if we consented to take the sum total and unity of these faculties from the human understanding *generally* or the standard mind—just as physicians form their ideas of human health—or as we all form our criterion of a lawful shilling or crown piece.

ANTINOUS. So far, good.

NOUS. But it would [be] better still, methinks, if, after this and in addition to it, the same man, with his powers of examining, comparing, and generalizing thus strengthened, and his thoughts at the same time sobered and disciplined, should by tracing the process of his own mind and its results during the former operation, and then reflecting, as it were, on his own reflections, clearly and by necessary inference discover these faculties as constituting his own understanding, and then from these faculties deduce these judgments as the necessary consequences of such faculties. Just as in arithmetic we prove the accuracy of a sum by reversing the process. Would not such an undertaking be desirable and respectable? And supposing it to succeed, would not the knowledge thus acquired and communicated be a most valuable assistance to every man who felt it his wish and believed it his duty to attempt the fulfilment of the heaven-descended precept, 'know thyself?' Above all, would it not completely coincide with my friend Antinous's favourite motto, 'The proper study of mankind is man'? The mystical abracadabras and abraxases* might still be stamped on card-counters and fancy medals, but counterfeit coins of mysticism or the forged notes issued from the private Top-loft

* 'A cabalistic word used as a charm and sometimes inscribed on gems for this purpose.'—*Murray's Dictionary*.

would have a poor chance with as many as had obtained such a money-gauge from the public mint, and had learnt the Bank-marks from a specimen or facsimile, purposely magnified for his instruction.

ANTINOUS. I can only wish, and this I *do* wish, that this portion of self-knowledge were systematised into a science, and I promise you my best thanks whenever you can bring or name to me the Book in which it may be learnt.

NOUS. It is my firm, and, I trust, firmly grounded conviction, that such a science does exist, and the Book I am about to place in your hands——

ANTINOUS. The title? The name?

NOUS. The Science of Transcendental Logic, systematised by an English lover of COMMON Sense, for the cure and prevention of Mysticism, whether native or imported, Scotch, English, or German.

THE STORY OF THE 'SMITE-THEM-HIP-AND-THIGH.'

WRITING is a poor amusement at the best, and I should think no one would take to it who had anything better to do. I am sure I should not, but when my hip misbehaves itself, and I can't even walk up and down stairs, I am obliged to be contented with dull indoor idiotic sort of occupations. It was Susan who first induced me to do what she absurdly and ridiculously calls 'take to the pen.' She says that personally she has found it 'the greatest solace ;' another of her nonsensical expressions, it being her notion that people are not half particular enough about the language they use, and that long words ought to be brought much oftener into ordinary conversation. Consequently her own language is always what may be called very picked, and as she does not look at all that kind of girl, the effect is somewhat queer. I mean, you would expect a person who talks about 'the pen being a great solace,' and rot of that kind, to wear spectacles, and look thin and scraggy and altogether rum, whereas Susan is really the most ordinary-looking young woman of seventeen you would wish to see, with a particularly round good-humoured kind of countenance, and a lot of light hair instead of black ringlets, which I believe are the correct thing for a genius. The word 'genius,' by the way, acts like a red rag upon Susan, and of course Stuart was the first person to find that out and make use of it. He took a dislike to her from almost the first moment she came to live with us ; after Uncle John's death.

We were at tea in the schoolroom, I remember, and Susan, after her usual fashion, which we weren't accustomed to then, made some casual remark about the Ptolemies in the course of conversation. Stuart would not have taken offence at that, and might possibly have thought she referred to some family of her acquaintance, but for her look of astonishment and horror when Nora asked 'Who *were* the Ptolemies ?' He said afterwards that it was perfectly sickening, and that he thanked his stars Nora

had her hair down her back still, and knew nothing about the Ptolemies. He should hate her if she did. After that, he generally called Susan 'Ptolemy' when she did not happen to be present; and so did that little imp Virginia, until Nora caught her at it one day, and shook her, and said she would *not* have it, and Susan was her greatest friend in the whole world, and the cleverest girl she knew, she only wished *she* were as clever, besides her father was dead, and so it was a shame to call her Ptolemy. When Nora gets angry, and shakes all that dark hair of hers about, the effect is truly awful, so Virginia howled, and said, well, she would think about not doing it again; which is fairly strong language for Virginia. She certainly had no business to try and plague Susan, who was always as goodnatured to her as could be, and very soon took her lessons off Aunt Anne's shoulders, a great comfort to Aunt Anne, who hates teaching as much as Susan loves it. Susan also offered to help Stuart with his work for Father, but he was furious at the very idea. His work was altogether rather a sore subject just then, for he was very keen to go to school, having turned thirteen, and Father had told him—what indeed was perfectly obvious to the naked eye—that he could not possibly afford to send him anywhere decent unless he got a scholarship. Of course I could never have gone to school, even if we had been rolling in wealth; but it was different for Stuart, and he hated the notion of going to some wretched grammar school as much as he did sapping to get to Eton or Winchester. We all used to go on at him about it, and Susan more than any one, for she was in the same kind of way herself; that is, she knew, of course, that she would have to teach as soon as she was old enough, and her great object was to get to one of those places for women at Cambridge or Oxford, where they do examinations and so on. 'We both want something, but I work for it, and you won't,' she used to say to Stuart, to which he would never answer anything but 'That's *your* opinion.' Nothing put him into such a rage as when Father held her up to him as an example, and when at dinner one day she said she was afraid we were not at all a literary family, he positively snorted with fury. Father only laughed a good deal, and said it was not to be expected that a poor country parson's children, with no neighbours to speak of between Romney Marsh and the sea on one side, and the backbone of Kent on the other, should be as literary as a young lady who had had the advantage of London society; but Susan must try to improve us, which she said very gravely she

would. At this, Stuart wriggled so much that Aunt Anne said he must either stop wriggling (for it shook the table) or go out, but at the same time she took off her spectacles and said to Susan: 'My dear, I don't think you know how conceited a remark such as you made sounds in the mouth of a young person.' I believe Aunt Anne always takes off her spectacles when she is going to administer a reproof, lest she should see the face of the victim, and suddenly be moved to relent, and say she didn't mean it; just on the same principle that Nora and Virginia always shut their eyes when they mean to kill an earwig or a wasp, the consequence of which is that the number they get rid of is inconsiderable. However, nobody need mind seeing Susan's face when she is found fault with, and she never even turned red, but just looked up in rather a surprised way and said: 'I'm very sorry, Aunt Anne. One never knows how things sound till one says them.'

'Exactly so,' said Father. 'Which is why it is best on the whole to say them. Then one finds out.'

I remember this conversation, because it was not very long afterwards that Susan propounded her grand scheme for cultivating the literary faculties of her benighted family. It was one of those wild, pouring, howling days, that we do have up here on the edge of the Marsh, and when there might as well be no marsh at all for what we can see of it. We were sitting in the school-room feeling rather dismal, as we all of us do when we can't get out, except Susan, who has her books, and Virginia, whose dolls invariably get the measles when it rains, and require all the time and attention she can give them. They had got their regular attack on that day, and she was reading aloud to them to save their eyes, in a voice which she considered loud enough for them to hear and low enough not to disturb us. Nora and I were playing 'Beggar my Neighbour' quite viciously, for we were so sick of it, though we could think of nothing better to do, and Stuart was sulking over some Greek which Susan had made out long ago, but with which of course he would not let her help him. She had been up in her room for some time, when the door opened abruptly, and she burst in after her usual rather vehement fashion. We none of us paid her any particular attention until she addressed the company at large:

'Look here, I've got a plan.'

'Oh, how lovely!' cried Nora, enthusiastically, without waiting to hear what it was; while Stuart muttered 'Some rot,' and

ducked his head down over his book, and I naturally requested further information.

'It certainly rains a good deal here,' went on Susan.

'Not more than anywhere else,' said Stuart.

'Well, then, it certainly rains a good deal everywhere, and the wet weather places a considerable amount of time at our disposal. It seems a pity that we should not employ this to the best advantage, and I therefore propose that we should start a paper.'

'Start a grandmother!' growled Stuart, sarcastically. 'Oh, yes, that's Susan all over! Go on, please.'

'But what sort of a paper, Susan dear?' asked Nora. 'I wonder what you mean?'

'A newspaper of course!' said Susan. 'And I think we could manage very well. There's a good deal of floating talent among us.'

('Floating fiddlestick!' from Stuart.)

'And it only wants concentration, and to be guided into some definite channel. You know Father used to write regularly for the *Times*, so I know something about it, and I think—if you all thought it best—that I could undertake the duties of Editor.'

'Do you suppose for a moment,' said I, 'that anybody in these parts wants a paper?'

'Our paper need not necessarily be for publication,' said Susan. 'At least not in the first place. But I think it would be very useful to ourselves in the way of forming our opinions, and our literary style, and providing an outlet for our ideas. Then later on we might consider the question of publishing, and inviting contributions from external sources.'

'Oh my, what language!' groaned Stuart over his Homer, 'it makes me perfectly sick.'

'Well, anyhow, it's much more the sort of language for a paper than yours is,' said Nora, 'and I think it's a splendid idea. I'm only so afraid that I should never be able to write anything at all.'

I said that was just my feeling, but I thought we might get some fun out of it, and at all events it would be better than 'Beggar my Neighbour.'

Susan looked quite pleased. 'Thank you, Richard,' she said. 'It will be a great thing to have you on the staff, even if you don't write much, because, being the eldest of us and the soberest, your name will give a kind of weight and dignity to the whole

affair. But you *can* write, I am sure. You can furnish all the local news—of course we must devote a column to that—and you might even sometimes contribute a joke or two. You do sometimes make puns. And there must be jokes. Then Nora——’

‘Yes, what can I do?’ asked Nora, much excited.

‘Well, I can’t help thinking that you would be most successful in the line of fiction. There ought to be a story running through the paper, and if you would undertake to write that, it would be a great thing.’

‘I did once write a novel,’ said Nora modestly. ‘But it was a long time ago, and I don’t feel quite sure it would do. It was called “Alonzo di Piachi, or the Netherpont Tragedy.”’

‘That is a good title,’ said Susan thoughtfully. ‘We must read it, and I dare say with a little touching up it might do. A story to be popular must be sensational. I have written several, but then I meant them as a sort of illustration of moral and political truths, and I do honestly think they are a little dull. Still they may come in useful some day, when we have educated the popular taste a little. Very well then: Richard undertakes the local news, and Nora the serial story; now what will Stuart do?’

Stuart began by vowing he would have nothing to do with the blessed thing; but when I told him he was a little ape, and had much better join with the rest of us, he listened to reason, and after a bit undertook to write the advertisements and weather prognostics.

‘Now,’ said Susan, ‘there only remain the articles on political and social questions, and perhaps I had better do them, being rather more accustomed to the sort of thing than any of you.’

‘What are your politics, Susan dear?’ asked Nora.

‘I have always been a very advanced Radical,’ said Susan mildly, ‘and so of course my articles will represent the Radical point of view.’

‘Then I think it’s scandalous,’ said Stuart, ‘and I resign my post at once. While Father’s Rector of this parish, I shan’t touch a Radical paper with the end of a barge pole, much less write for it. So that’s flat.’

‘That seems a very illiberal spirit,’ said Susan, and Stuart was beginning, ‘Illiberal grandmother!’ when Nora interrupted: .

‘Now, dear Stuart, don’t be unreasonable and spoil everything! What can the politics of the paper matter to you, when

you've got your own department quite separate? I do think you might be pleasant to Susan for once, and let her have her way. After all, the politics are much the least important thing.'

'What are the most important then, I should like to know?' growled Stuart.

'The advertisements and weather prognostics, of course,' said Nora promptly. 'And those you will be able to manage just as you like.'

'Well, I still think it will be quite indecent if we go in for a Radical paper, Father being what he is,' said Stuart. 'What do you say, Richard?'

I said that as I hardly supposed our paper would make any appreciable difference in the next election, I did not think Father would feel very deeply one way or the other about its politics; besides, as Susan was to be the Editor, and undertake all the trouble of the political articles, I did not see how we could expect her to refrain from airing her own opinions, however cracked they might be.

'If I thought Uncle James would mind the least bit,' said Susan, 'I would not do it—or I would go down and ask him, though I rather hoped the paper would be a pleasant surprise to him. But he knows my principles quite well, and has never made any objection to my expressing them. He's much too large-minded for that.'

'Oh, large-minded, is he? You *are* kind,' said Stuart; but he raised no further difficulties, only said he should make the advertisements and weather prognostics as Conservative as he knew how.

Then he turned his back upon us and began reading up his English history for Father, having somehow or other stumbled through his Greek.

'Well, it is all comfortably settled,' said Susan, 'and I think for the present we have got quite as many as we want upon the staff. Now there is just one thing more, and that is the name.'

Stuart looked up from his 'History of the Great Rebellion' with a wink, and said, 'The *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh.*'

'Oh, Stuart!' cried Nora. 'But that's very ugly!'

'I consider it particularly suitable to Susan's articles,' said Stuart. 'It's a Roundhead name; Roundheads then, Radicals now. All brutes. And it's what you may call a very striking name.'

'It is forcible,' said Susan. 'And it would certainly attract attention if we were ever to publish. And if Stuart likes it—yes, I don't see any objection. You see, Nora,' I heard her say in a lower tone, 'it is the first thing he has suggested, and I am so particularly anxious to be good friends with him.' So Stuart's name was decided upon, and the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh* became a source of the deepest interest to us all. It was settled that the first number was to be ready by that day fortnight, when we were all to meet again in the schoolroom, and Susan was to read it aloud. She was perfectly serious about it, and I believe really thought that in time it would be possible and an excellent thing to get it published regularly, and disseminated throughout the country. Nora of course was enthusiastic, and spent every moment of her spare time in writing her sensational story. The Netherpont tragedy had been pronounced unsuitable, Susan considering that there were more Italian villains in it than are usual in modern English fiction, and, moreover, hinting delicately that the style was not quite what could be wished in a paper intended ultimately for publication. So Nora had to invent something quite new, and finally determined upon the tale of a lost heir, who should, as she said, be found at last, and taken for somebody else, and then turn out to be himself. She always thought that so very interesting, she said, whenever she read it in a book, and as a great many people had written upon it, there could not be any harm in one more doing so. Susan, meanwhile, was preparing a 'Review of the Past Session,' and another shorter article on the 'Political Outlook,' besides some paragraphs on 'Our Position as a Military Power.' I did my best to collect local information, but as nothing ever happens in our parts, except a very few births, deaths and marriages, I had to fall back upon these items of news, without which, after all, as Nora said, no paper is complete. Virginia, who took the liveliest interest in all the departments, looked at me with a most conspicuous and unseemly grin of congratulation in Church, when Father gave out a new set of banns; and she scandalised Aunt Anne by crying out 'Oh, how jolly!' when the news came one day at breakfast that a poor old bedridden man had died in the village.

It was a few days after this that one of my bad attacks came on, and I was kept upstairs altogether, on the schoolroom sofa for the most part; not a bad place by any means, for one has a splendid view over the Marsh to the sea from that window, and

when I am bad every one comes up to talk to me and tell me the news, such as it is.

I was lying there one afternoon, feeling pretty wretched, when I heard somebody rushing up the stairs, and Virginia burst into the room, so much out of breath that she could hardly speak.

'What *do* you think, Richard!' she gasped. 'Father's had a telegram, and Uncle Septimus is coming—coming here! And I have never seen him in the whole course of my life; and won't it be a beautiful thing to put into the paper?'

It really was an astounding piece of information, and the other members of the family soon came upstairs to impart and discuss it.

'He is tired of Madeira at last,' said Aunt Anne, who looked more excited than I had seen her look for years. 'He feels that he would like to see something of his own relations, and it is only natural he should. Yes, he must be a very elderly man now, for he was not young at the time of the Crimea. No, Virginia, my dear, he will not wear a red coat, though he *is* a General. I thought I told you that he left the army very shortly after the Crimea. You see, he never properly recovered from his wounds, and so he went abroad, first to one place and then to another, and at last he settled in Madeira. He is a very well-to-do man, and we shall see what we shall see. He was always fond of your father, and I have thought it odd that—well, one never knows how people think it best to show their affection. Susan, my dear, he used to notice your mother too, when she was a little thing. She used to call him "the ugly uncle," because of his very peculiar expression. He was quite vexed when he overheard her once, I recollect. Yes, he had a peculiar temper. I hope, my dears, you will do all you can to make his visit pass off pleasantly. You see, he is a very well-to-do man, and we all owe respect to an elder relation, and should try to make things agreeable for him. And if he should see his way to helping your father at all; even if it were only a subscription towards the heating of the church. . . But I must say I can't help hoping—well, at all events you know what I mean about being pleasant, my dears. Susan and Nora, you must talk to him nicely, and listen to what he has to say; and Stuart, none of your monkey tricks; and Virginia, don't let Uncle Septimus say I have spoilt you.'

'He'll give me some hints for "Our Position as a Military Power,"' said Susan, when Aunt Anne had gone out of the room.

‘And me an adventure for my “sensational story,”’ said Nora.

- ‘I believe he’s an old curmudgeon,’ said Stuart, ‘and he’d better have stayed in Madeira!’ This sentiment, however, I promptly snubbed, for I had a notion as to what it was that Aunt Anne thought it possible Uncle Septimus might do. It was what would have pleased us all better than anything, for Stuart’s temper was getting perfectly spoilt by the way in which he worried about going to school. There was little enough chance of his getting a public school scholarship the next summer, and if he did not, there was nothing for it but Dover or Canterbury; he detested the thought of either of these, and grumbled as much as if he had been sent to one of them already. I did not breathe a word of what I hoped to him, knowing what a contrary-minded young imp he is, but when next day he poked his head in at the door to make a face, and say he had got to drive the pony-cart to the station to meet Uncle Septimus, I knew what Aunt Anne’s tactics were, and wondered whether they were wise. Father, of course, never dreamt of there being any particular object in Stuart’s going to the station; it is the last kind of thing that occurs to him, but he was up to his ears in work as usual, and thought it an excellent arrangement. Excellent, until Stuart came back, very late, very muddy, and walking; minus the cart, minus the pony and boy, and minus Uncle Septimus. Aunt Anne had flown to the front door on hearing footsteps coming up the drive, and her horror at seeing Stuart alone was expressed in the tones of her voice, for I had made Virginia open the schoolroom door that I might hear what Uncle Septimus sounded like.

‘My dear, dear Stuart!’ said Aunt Anne. ‘*What* has happened to your uncle?’

‘Oh, I expect they’re bringing him along,’ said Stuart, calmly, rubbing his boots on the door-mat.

‘*Bringing him along!* Good heavens, child, what can you mean? Who is bringing him? Where is the pony? How is your uncle to get up to the house?’

‘On a stretcher, I suppose; or perhaps they’d use a gate. No, no, Aunt Anne’—as he saw she was frightened—‘he’s as right as ninepence, really. He’s coming along behind the steam plough.’

‘*The steam plough?* What can you mean? Oh, Stuart, what have you done?’

‘Well, it served him jolly well right,’ said Stuart. ‘He’s a

cantankerous old curmudgeon, that's what he is. Why did he go on so at Father for living out here? He said he supposed he should only get his letters once a week, and asked what we did about fish. He said he wondered we ever got a butler to stop; so I said there was no difficulty about that, when you didn't have one to start with; so when he had jawed a long time, I did get rather riled, and said yes, the place had its disadvantages, but the only one we really much minded was the only approach to the house being over a ploughed field; and then I just turned into Cobbett's and gave his old bones a jolly good shaking, which they well deserved. It would have been all right, but that idiot of a pony put its foot in a rabbit-hole and came down; and we pitched out like portmanteaux one on each side, and Jem hung on by the skin of his teeth. If you could but have seen him! Oh, he wasn't hurt, the ploughed field was all soft and jolly, you know; but he vowed he wouldn't get into the trap again, and he said he couldn't walk because of his gout. Then I saw the steam plough coming along the lane, we were quite close to it, and Cobbett in the cart at the back, so I holloaed out, would he take my uncle the General home, and he said yes, and stopped the thing. We got the General somehow through a gap in the hedge, and he's coming along, slowly but surely.'

'Oh, Stuart, Stuart!' groaned my aunt. 'This is dreadful indeed—how could you be so wicked, so unkind? And to tell an untruth too. Oh, he will never forgive you, and no wonder, I am sure!'

'*That* won't break my heart,' said Stuart. 'But I'm afraid the pony is a little lame. I left Jem bringing it along the——My, there's Father!' and he was up the stairs in a second. Father had heard there was some kind of a commotion, and came out of his room. The next moment I felt the house shake, and knew the steam plough must be coming down the lane. I longed to be able to get up and look out, but as I could not do that, sent Virginia to look out of the porch-room window, and come and tell me what happened. She came back presently in a fine state of excitement.

'He *is* funny, oh he *is* funny!' she said. 'And he does look cross, and his coat is covered with mud. The steam plough did puff so, and he puffed too. And when Father went to help him down he said, "Confound it, not my bad arm!" and then, when Father went to the other side, "That's my gouty foot!" Then

he said he had never been treated like that in the whole—the whole course of his existence, and Cobbett had told him there was really a proper road. So Aunt Anne said, “I think dear Stuart must have—perhaps dear Stuart fancied——” but Father said, “Nonsense, Anne!”—fancy Father saying, “Nonsense, Anne!”—“don’t attempt to make excuses for the boy. His behaviour was indefensible. He shall be spoken to.” So Uncle Septimus said, “*Spoken to, spoken to, spoken to!*” ever so loud, “it is speaking to with a good horsewhip that he wants.” But then he began sniffing about, and said why didn’t Father have all the dead leaves swept up, for they made an excellent manure, but the smell was dreadfully unwholesome, and the one thing he couldn’t stand. So Aunt Anne said it should be done at once, but Father said he thought there would not be time just yet; and after that they went into the house, and I came to tell you about it.’

It was a most unfortunate beginning, and Aunt Anne groaned over it.

‘My dear, if I could only have foreseen what would happen!’ she said when she came upstairs after luncheon. ‘But that is what one never can do. A ploughed field! I am sure that is the last place one would have thought a boy brought up as Stuart has been would have driven his uncle across. Well, he has apologised. Your father insisted upon it, and your uncle said it was all a question of education. I was afraid dear Stuart would have insulted him again, but most fortunately Jane left the kitchen door open, and a dreadful smell of cooking came in. I should think your uncle talked for twenty minutes of the way to keep off a smell of cooking, which he said was the one thing he could not stand. It was very careless of Jane, for if I have spoken once . . . still, it was most fortunate, as I say, and Stuart got quietly out of the room. Your uncle says he has a most wonderful nose for detecting smells of any kind, and indeed I think he has. It is beginning to make me quite nervous.’

Poor Aunt Anne, her nerves were destined to be tried more than once during the General’s stay. His nose certainly *was* wonderful, and Stuart was not far wrong when he said that there would be no peace till he got a cold in it. As, however, he took the best of care to avoid that, and every other kind of ailment, there was not much hope of relief in that way, and Aunt Anne’s life was made a burden to her by suggestions as to improvements in the sanitary arrangements of the house, and she used

honestly to try and believe there was a smell of soapy water (which he said was most unwholesome, and the one thing he could not stand) or an escape of gas, and go as near saying she would try and persuade Father to have something done, as she could with a due regard to truth, for she knew perfectly well she would never make up her mind to say anything about it at all. She was really angry one day when the General had been drawing a frightful picture of the dangers of escaped gas and soapy water, and Virginia suddenly broke in most earnestly and innocently with—

‘Then *do* you think it’s safe for you to stay?’

I thought Stuart would have had a fit; he rolled on the floor, and laughed till he choked.

It was Susan who, from all accounts, contrived to get on best with the General.

‘I like him,’ she said. ‘Yes; I like him. I don’t know why; but I suppose there are Dr. Fell reasons for liking people, as well as for disliking them. However, one reason is that he quite agrees with me about the army reserves and promotion by selection. We are to go for a walk this afternoon, and I mean to get him to discuss the short-service system. Won’t you come, Stuart? I do wish you would! Well, it can’t be helped, if you positively won’t. No, Virginia, it would be too far for you. Oh, don’t cry, goosey, you shall come some other day!’

‘You always say that!’ whined Virginia. ‘You always do. You like Uncle Septimus much better than you do me, but I’ve known you longest, I have, and I don’t see why I should give you up to him.’

‘Virginia,’ remarked Aunt Anne, ‘has not yet learnt the happiness of giving up.’

‘It isn’t the kind of happiness that I very particularly care about,’ said Virginia.

‘Well, Virginia!’ said Susan, getting up to go. ‘Write an essay upon it—happiness, I mean—you will find it clear your ideas, and perhaps it will do for the paper.’

That was enough for Virginia; she fetched pencil and copy-book, and, after much thought and labour, produced the following remarkable essay—

‘There are two kinds of happiness. One is happiness, and the other is not. The real kind is when they say, “You may have a long walk with Susan,” or “Here is a penny for sweets!” The other is when you give up something, or don’t cry, and

they say, "Good girl!" I like the real kind best, but grown-up people have made up the other.'

Virginia was delighted with her own composition; she copied it out in her best handwriting, and ran all over the house showing it to everybody. Most anxious of all she was to show it to Susan, since upon her decision depended its appearance in the paper.

'I shall wait in the hall,' she said to me, 'and catch her directly she comes.'

'Susan!' she cried, as soon as the door was opened, 'I have written it! Do you think it will do?' And, regardless of the General's presence, she read it aloud, ending with a '*Please do put it in!*'

'Hey day,' said the General, 'what is this? An exercise, a copy, little Miss?'

'Copy!' said Virginia, indignantly, 'I don't write copies now I'm eight. At least not very often. This is my essay, my own essay! to clear my ideas, and go in our paper, our newspaper, that we're all going to write in, and that Susan is the editor of!'

'Oh hush, child!' began Susan, but the General had heard too much.

'Indeed!' he began in a condescending tone. 'Now this is very interesting. So Susan is editing a newspaper? Well, I like enterprise in young people, and you, Susan, my dear, are a remarkably sensible girl, as I have before observed. Pray, is it allowable to ask for further particulars with regard to this publication, and would it be possible to procure a copy?'

'It isn't a publication at all yet,' said Susan, 'but we hope it will be. The truth is that we are only just finishing the first number; and it won't be out, so to speak, till to-morrow, when we were all to meet in the schoolroom and read it aloud.'

'Yes, this is very interesting,' said the General. 'Young people have certainly altered since I was last in England. This is a new departure, quite a new departure. If the majority of the articles are contributed by yourself, my dear Susan, and if your views upon other subjects are as sound as those which you have imparted to me with respect to the short-service system, your paper should certainly be a very admirable production. It is to be read aloud to-morrow, you say, in the schoolroom. Would it be admissible for a stranger to be present? I should be much interested in hearing the performance.'

Susan looked uncomfortable. 'It's very kind of you,' she said. 'Of course if you really like—I'm only so afraid——'

'We can't possibly have outsiders,' said Stuart, who had just come in through the passage door. 'Our paper is intended exclusively for private circulation. It was from the very beginning.'

'My dear Stuart,' said the General, 'will you shut the door after you? The smell of cooking that comes from that kitchen is abominable. Thank you. Oh, so your paper is intended for private——'

'No, no!' said Susan hastily, 'not so private as that. (Stuart, did Richard call then? Hadn't you better go and see?) I mean, we shall be very glad, if you like to come. But I'm afraid there won't be anything worth hearing.'

'That is for me to decide,' said the General graciously. 'Then you may expect me in your domain at the proper hour. Six o'clock did you say? I shall not forget.'

'And my essay, Susan!' cried Virginia, 'my essay; will you, *will* you put it in?'

'I can't, Virginia. I'm so sorry, but I really can't.'

'*Oh why?*' said poor Virginia, looking very sad indeed.

'You see, I believe in the "other kind,"' said Susan. 'So I can't seem as if I didn't; which I should, if I put that in.'

'Do you consider then,' said the General, 'that you are, as editor, responsible for every word your paper contains?'

'Yes,' said Susan seriously, 'for every single word.'

'Oh, you unutterable prig!' called out Stuart, from the stairs up which he was most leisurely taking his way. 'You duffer, Susan! As if it mattered what a baby like that writes down.'

'I'm *not* a baby,' said Virginia indignantly. 'I'm eight years old, and it *does* matter, and I shall do what Susan says.'

She was, however, very nearly crying, and Susan hastened to administer consolation. 'I wish I could have put it in,' she said. 'But I'll tell you what I've been thinking. You read aloud so nicely now, that I don't see why you shouldn't be reader to the staff, and read out the first number to-morrow night. Would you like that, Virginia?'

Virginia capered for joy, and Stuart called out from the top of the stairs that he would coach her up.

When Aunt Anne came to see that I was comfortable the last thing that night, she was looking rather perturbed. 'I am a little disappointed, Richard,' she said. 'Yes, I must own

that I am. Oh, nothing at all is settled yet, but I can see how it is going to be. I always have seen very quickly how things were going to be, and that makes it all the more painful. Forewarned is not forearmed, Richard my dear, it only means disappointment beforehand as well as at the time. And your dear father is so unworldly that I do not like to speak to him about these things. Well, I could not have foreseen that the General would take such a remarkable fancy to Susan, but Stuart is such an unaccountable boy, even where his own interest is concerned. Of course it is all very right, and one would not like to put ideas into young people's heads, but that makes it all the more necessary, you know, to think for them, and I had hoped But the General has been inquiring so very particularly about Oxford and Cambridge, and the college that dear Susan wishes to go to, and I see pretty plainly what is to be. Well, of course it is all very right, but I am old-fashioned, and I always *have* felt that a boy's education is one thing, and a girl's another.'

I consoled Aunt Anne as well as I could, though I could not find out that the General had said anything so definite as to warrant her extreme depression, and I was very glad when, in the course of the next morning she came in beaming with the news that dear Stuart had been quite pleasant; he had asked the General some intelligent questions as to the drainage of Madeira, and had listened with great interest to some reminiscences of his early life in the army; the General had evidently been struck with his intelligence, and now they had gone for a walk together. 'And oh, Richard, my dear,' she went on, 'what an absurd boy Stuart is! Only think, when we came down this morning, we found the whole house placarded with these ridiculous papers. I brought some up to amuse you. Here is one—

"The people come, they run, they fly,
To see the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh*."

And was there ever such nonsense!

"The lords and dukes are asking, 'Why,
What is the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh*!'"

This one is really quite disrespectful, I think; but I can't help laughing at it—

"The Queen says to the Prince, 'No—I
First see the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh*!'"

And do look at this—

“ I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion.
(Signed) L. L.”

What an extraordinary name to choose for your paper ! Stuart again, I suppose ? Well, we shall all come this evening to hear your productions. I hope the General will be amused ; he was quite tickled by the rhymes.’

Aunt Anne was not the only person who was pleased with Stuart that morning. Susan informed me that he was being all that could be desired, so good-natured and interested in the preparations for the evening, taking a great deal of trouble off her hands by copying out some of the more illegible MSS., and promising to hear Virginia read the whole thing through beforehand, so that she might not favour us with any of her peculiar pronunciations of difficult words.

‘ I think I am beginning to get on better with Stuart at last,’ said she ; ‘ and I am so glad, for I have always liked him so much, only somehow he is much harder to get to know than the rest of you. And if I were to be going away—oh ! no, I don’t mean anything definite ; it was only something that somebody said to me. Well, I must go and give my article the finishing touch.’

Nora’s ‘ sensational story ’ had been ready long ago—that is, the first number of it, and her preparations consisted for the most part in those adornments of her person and of the room which are far dearer to her heart than any literary undertaking of however great importance.

‘ I want to make quite a party of it, Richard,’ she said. ‘ You know we so seldom have anything of that kind here, and the schoolroom is in a sort of way our own. So we shall be entertaining the grown-up people, as it were. I’m quite glad the General is coming, for he is more like a real visitor than Father and Aunt Anne. Virginia and I are going to wear our dark reds ; they are the prettiest we have now, you know, and I must get Susan to put on her best black. Then, look here, Richard, don’t you think it will look well if I push the table back against the window and put Virginia’s little low chair on the top of it for her to sit on ? Then she will be in quite a commanding position, and we shall all hear what she reads. I think Aunt Anne had better have the rocking-chair, and the General and Father can have the two horsehair ones. Susan and I must be at the door

to receive the visitors when they arrive—and shall we get one of the maids to announce them?’

‘You are making rather a play of it, I think,’ said Susan. ‘After all, the important thing is the paper and what it may lead to. If the General should be at all struck with any of it, who knows but——’

‘Oh! yes, yes—I know, I know, dear Susan; but still, just let me make it all nice and arrange things a little. Don’t you think this great sheaf of bulrushes will look well in one corner? And I have got some splendid crimson dahlias—single ones—for the mantelpiece.’

‘Capital!’ said Susan. ‘But I wish you would look through your story again, Nora; it is so dreadfully full of dashes and notes of exclamation.’

‘Well, I thought that was the great thing in a sensational story; but do alter them, Susan, if you think it best. You know so much more about it than I do. I should have thought it would have been better to have had more poetry; it fills up so well, as one doesn’t write all over the page with it; and I don’t think somehow that the paper looks so *fat* as most papers do—there isn’t so much of it. However, you know best, and I *must* go and change my frock.’

Susan sighed. She could never find anybody quite so much in earnest as she was herself, and that was a trial. However, if it had been important to the success of the paper that the school-room should present an inviting appearance, the editor ought to have been much obliged to Nora, for instead of being untidy and cheerless—as it probably would have been if left to her own tender mercies—it certainly did look most attractive when our guests arrived on that eventful evening at six o’clock. The red curtains were drawn, the fire was burning brightly, every candle that Nora could muster was lighted, and besides the sheaf of bulrushes and the crimson dahlias there were festoons of hops round every picture, from the old photograph of Father over the mantelpiece to the *Queen’s Favourites* above the piano. Nora, in her ‘dark red,’ bustled about doing the honours, and telling everybody where to sit; while Virginia, in the same attire, was already perched upon the table, her long, limp, fair hair tied up with a ribbon, a practice to which she only submitted on extraordinary occasions, and her small pale face wearing an expression of the intensest gravity and importance. On the window-curtain above her head Nora had pinned a paper on which was printed,

'Reader to the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh.*' Susan and Stuart sat one on each side of her throne, and Nora, when she had finished her arrangements, came and sat on the floor, leaning against my couch. She was full of excitement and pleasure—unlike Susan, who did not quite care for the turn things had taken, and Stuart, who was rather silent and inclined to be cross. The General looked benignly good-humoured and patronising.

'I like this kind of thing,' he said, turning to Father, who appeared to be extremely amused, especially at Virginia's solemnity. 'I like it; it is such an admirable opportunity for studying character, and I take a great interest in the characters of your young people, James; in fact, as perhaps you may have gathered, one of the chief objects of my visit has been to acquaint myself with the character and individuality of each of them.'

'Indeed!' said Father, rather hesitatingly. 'I am sure they are much honoured; but I am afraid you will make them nervous. Is not the ceremony to begin? Now then, Reader to the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh!*'

'Papa! papa! that is not the way,' cried Nora. 'You should say, "I call upon the Reader to commence proceedings."'

'Very well, Virginia, my dear, I call upon the Reader to commence proceedings; and mind your stops, child, or we sha'n't understand a word you say.'

The awful moment had arrived, and Virginia, having cleared her throat, began to read the introductory article, which stated that the object of the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh* was to supply a want which had long been felt in our neighbourhood—in fact, delicately implied that there was hardly any literary want anywhere which would not sooner or later, in one way or another, be satisfied in its pages. The paramount aim of the editor was, however, to furnish a new outlet for the opinions of that advanced school with which she felt herself most in sympathy—

'For,' enunciated Virginia, with the greatest emphasis and distinctness, 'we are not ashamed to call a spade a spade, and ourselves Radical to the backbone. Here, however, let there be no misunderstanding. In a future article it is our intention to give some account of what we understand by the term "Radical." For the present let it suffice for us emphatically to declare that that name implies a course of action essentially independent, that we are bound to no government longer than that government commands our allegiance by the soundness of its acts, that, although from the character of men we divine the character of

the measures they will produce, yet "measures, not men" is our motto, and we hold that it would be false pride and wrongly-named consistency not to support a Bill brought in by a Conservative government, did we approve of it, or not to oppose one originated by a Liberal ministry if we held it to be uncalled-for and pernicious.'

Virginia paused for want of breath, and Father said, 'Hear! hear!' Aunt Anne looked very much shocked.

'My dear James,' she said, 'I had no idea! It is really very dreadful!'

'No, my dear Anne; excuse me, it is not at all dreadful, but highly meritorious. These are most excellent principles, and very rare. The articles are unsigned, I believe, but I think I recognise the style of that one. General, I hope you are as much edified as I am! I am sure we are much indebted to our entertainers. Go on, Virginia; I beg your pardon, Reader—proceed!'

The General was smiling gently, and shaking his head a little.

'I must remonstrate,' he said pleasantly; 'I must remonstrate. I shall have to talk a little to my friend Susan—I can see that. But this is interesting—very interesting; and you read very well, my little girl; one would almost imagine that you understood the meaning of what you read.'

Virginia tossed her head, and looked almost as angry as when, on her fifth birthday, Stuart had made her a present of a bib bearing the embroidered legend, 'Don't eat too fast, darling.' She recovered herself, however, and proceeded to read Susan's detailed review of the past session, beginning, 'All things have an end, and so at last may the eventful session of the year of grace 1880 be reckoned among the things that have been.'

It is unlucky that Nora consigned all our papers to the flames, and I wish I had the whole of that article, for Susan's comments on the Burials Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and the Budget, were truly edifying; they seemed to bring on Father's cough rather badly, and aunt Anne sighed, and eyed the General with some nervousness—wholly uncalled for, since I believe he dropped asleep in the middle, only waking up at the end to say, 'Excellent, Susan, my dear, excellent—well thought out! I have quite enjoyed it.'

'You must not embarrass the editor with your acute perception of style,' said Father. 'I believe we are not intended to know who the authors of the different articles are. For my part, I feel

that I am a great deal wiser than I was before, and now I am hoping for a little light literature by way of refreshment.'

Nora's sensational story followed, and of that I regret to say that I remember only the first thrilling words :

'Bring water—brandy—aught that you have at hand! Ha! she breathes! No, she doth not! She doth! No? Then it is too late!'

Nora sat smiling and blushing beside me whilst it was being read.

'And I do not mind them laughing, Richard dear,' she said, 'for you know I never thought I should do it very well, and if they *had* cried at the pathetic part, where she dies in such agonies, I should have been quite uncomfortable. I should not like to make people cry.'

'Better than making them yawn, like Susan,' murmured Stuart; but I shut him up.

It was now getting rather late, for Virginia's extremely painstaking and deliberate reading did not tend to a speedy accomplishment of her task. The General was getting a little restless; he liked a good long time to dress for dinner, and think about it, and his interest in the study of character did not dispose him to interfere with his usual habits. Father saw this, and proposed that the rest of the reading should be limited to extracts from the most important parts of the paper, as circumstances over which they had no control would unhappily necessitate the early retirement of the greater portion of the audience. Susan looked rather disappointed, but the General highly approved of this proposal: 'And indeed,' he said, 'I have heard enough to convince me——' He finished his sentence in an aside to Aunt Anne, but I caught the words 'girl of decided talent,' 'well worth cultivating.'

Aunt Anne looked slightly distressed.

'Let us have something of Stuart's now, children,' she said, and she added in a low voice, 'He really writes quite amusing things sometimes, and I have heard it said that he is far more truly original than Susan.'

Father, however, answered the first part of her remark :

'How often am I to request you, my dear Anne,' he said, 'to spare the blushes of the staff by refraining from this public identification of the various authors? What! poetry, is it, Miss Virginia? Then that makes me the more regret that I cannot stay. Yes, Nora, I really must go. I promised to look in at

the post-office again this evening. Good-bye, ladies and gentlemen. I am indebted to you for a most interesting and edifying entertainment.'

Father hurried off, and as soon as the door was shut Virginia proclaimed the title of the section she was about to read. 'Poet's Corner,' said she, and stopped a moment, overcome with bashfulness, for the first piece was her own. 'This is a poem,' she said, 'that is, I think it is a stanza. It is upon the Emperor Nero. Susan says it is a very good plan to make rhymes about the things you're reading about; then you remember them, and so I—and so *this* is it.

"NERO.

"Nero was a bad man *and* a wicked prince.
He in wickedness did everyone surpass.
He was full of vice as a pie is full of mince.
Oh, what a wicked man! Oh, alas!"

This fairly brought down the house; neither Nora, Susan nor I had known of Virginia's remarkable production, still less that anything of hers was to be inserted in the paper, and though Susan naturally disapproved of the admission of any contribution without the editor's sanction, she could not help joining in our shouts of laughter. The General, now fairly awake, was also much amused, and told Virginia that she was a very ingenious little girl. His repeated and gratuitous use of the obnoxious adjective 'little,' annoyed Virginia extremely, and she wore her most defiant expression as she began to read the next poem.

'ON AN EMINENT MILITARY MAN.

'A blessing on *his* martial face,
Who is the glory of our race;
A blessing on that wondrous nose,
Which still precedes, where'er he goes.
Sound trumpet, drum! in warlike strains,
While he goes poking into drains;
What hero skilled like him to tell
A wholly non-existent smell?
What other general cares or knows
Whither the soapy water flows?
Your ordinary hero tries
To cause the death of enemies;
But *he*, unless his meddling ends,
Will be the death of all his friends——'

I suppose the reason that Virginia got on so far was that we were all simply struck dumb by the unparalleled audacity of what she was doing, and by the horror of the situation; Aunt

Anne did open her mouth once or twice and gasp feebly, while the terrible couplets were being distinctly and triumphantly declaimed, but seemed incapable of action ; Nora simply buried her face in her hands and shook, while as for Stuart and Susan, I hardly noticed them, for my eyes were fixed, with a horrible kind of fascination, upon the General, whose face was changing from red to purple, while his hand grasped his stick, and it was evidently rage alone which prevented him from speaking.

It would have been very different if Father had been there, and I, of course, ought to have interfered ; the stupor, however, could not last long, and when Virginia loudly declaimed the impious wish—

‘ O perish all such warriors bold
As he of whom your poet hath told ! ’

there arose a kind of simultaneous howl or groan from us all, while audible above the rest thundered the General’s ‘ Be silent at once, impertinent little girl ! ’

Virginia was awestruck for one moment, but stung by the insulting epithets, recovered herself, and as Aunt Anne hurriedly approached the table to bear her forcibly away, leapt to her feet, and crying, ‘ Just let me finish the last two lines ! ’ shouted at the very top of her shrill voice—

‘ He is a guardsman, but, I ween,
He’s *much* more like a horse-marine ! ’

‘ General, General ! ’ cried poor Aunt Anne, ‘ she does not know any better—she never saw a horse-marine in her life—indeed, she never did—she does not understand. ’

‘ Understand ! my good lady, ’ thundered the General, now beside himself. ‘ I don’t suppose she does, but *I* do. I understand the deliberate insult which these young rascals have prepared for me. I—I—yes, I *do* understand, and they shall understand what it is too, to insult their best friend. They shall regret it ! Don’t suppose that I blame that ridiculous little infant upon the table (oh ! poor Virginia), but I do blame *you* Anne, and James, with your ridiculously weak indulgent system of education—and I blame the elder ones, who ought to have known better ; Richard, who is seventeen years of age, and Susan, yes, *Susan* is responsible for the whole, and she shall repent it. ’

He stood and spluttered for an instant longer, and then hobbled with dignity out of the room. Aunt Anne followed him

hastily. 'General, I beg you will let me explain,' she began, and then the door shut behind them both.

Susan was looking very white, and in a minute she made a bolt for the other door. Nora sprang to her feet. 'Susan, Susan, what's the matter? Oh, it's not *your* fault we're in such a horrid row!' and she flew after her.

At that moment Father was heard calling 'Stuart!' at the bottom of the stairs, and I was left alone with the disconsolate Reader to the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh*, who now collapsed entirely, and, emitting dismal sobs, began to fumble for her pocket-handkerchief. It was some time before I could persuade her to descend from the table, and come to my couch to be consoled.

'I didn't know it was so very naughty,' she sighed, after a bit. 'Not so very particularly. Stuart said Uncle Septimus would think it rather a compliment; but I did think he wouldn't quite like it, and he called me "little" so *very* often, and that made me angry, so I went on. I don't *know* whether Stuart or Susan wrote the verses—Stuart didn't say. He said he told Susan he would hear me read all the things first.'

That was a very gloomy and uncomfortable evening. I, of course, was not downstairs, but Aunt Anne told me that dinner was perfectly dreadful, for neither the General, Stuart, nor Susan uttered anything but monosyllables; Nora was perpetually bursting into little giggles, which were converted by reproof into sobs, and Father's displeasure was very manifest. He came up soon afterwards to see me, and inquire into the authorship of the unfortunate poem.

'Virginia appears to know nothing about it,' he said. 'And I can get nothing out of Stuart or Susan. Stuart turns sulky, and won't say a word, and Susan only says that you all agreed to be anonymous, and she can't break the compact, but that as editor, she considers herself responsible for everything! Nora, of course, is incapable of anything but vehement defence of Susan. Of course it was most impertinent, and I am very much annoyed, but it is such a ridiculous affair altogether that much the simplest plan would be to pack them all off to bed like poor Virginia—if they were but a little younger—and say no more about it. That's what I should like to do; but the General attaches so much importance to what he calls "the discovery of the real culprit," that I feel bound not to let it drop till I find out.'

I had very little doubt myself as to who the 'real culprit' was, but it was not my business to say anything, and while Stuart and Susan kept to their attitude of reserve, it was their own fault if any mistake were made as to their respective shares in the matter. Things continued to be very disagreeable the next day: Virginia fractious, Nora and Susan silent and low-spirited, Stuart as cross as a bear. Father interviewed both Stuart and Susan again on the subject of the verses, and, much against his will, was obliged to tell them that a good deal depended on his finding out the truth. That, however, produced no effect at all; Stuart only sulked, and Susan kept to the same statement as before. Aunt Anne confided to me that she was very sorry, but she felt convinced that Susan was the author of the poem; it was unlike dear Stuart to write anything of the kind, he had not the same literary gift as Susan, and unfortunately he had never got on particularly well with his cousin, so that it was not likely he would have taken the trouble to contribute verses to the paper, which, as she understood, had been Susan's project from the first. It was a great pity—talent was a dangerous thing, and would lead people astray at times; she hoped it would be a warning to dear Susan. And girls were girls, and boys were boys, and if . . . well, whatever happened, she would be very glad to keep dear Susan at home. A kind, thoughtful, helpful girl, if ever there was one, and so excellent with Virginia's lessons. Stuart came lounging into the room just then, and Aunt Anne was at him in a minute.

'I want you to offer to go for a walk with the General, dear Stuart,' she said. 'He will be very glad of a companion. Do not be tiresome, Stuart; I should not propose it if I did not think it best. Susan I know does not wish to go to-day. And Stuart, if he should allude to last night, I hope you will be sure to say how sorry you are that anything unpleasant should have happened. You *are* sorry, I am sure—indeed, we all are.'

'I don't want to humbug him!' said Stuart.

'Now, my dear boy, why will you use such words? I am sure that is the very last thing I should wish you to do. But young people do not know how they can please their elders by a little interest in sensible matters, such as soldiering and sanitation. And that is all I want you to do. Now do, dear boy, go downstairs at once.'

Stuart got up rather surlily, and looking oddly ashamed of

himself; as he neared the door Susan came in, and he turned fiery red at the sight of her.

'Is he going?' said she. 'Well, I'm glad. Stuart, he's very easy to get on with! You've only got to say "yes," and "indeed," and "really," and "how interesting," and then you'll have quite a nice talk. And do try to agree with him about the short-service system.'

'Oh, shut up, do!' growled Stuart, as he passed her and went out.

I was better that night, and got downstairs to dinner. There was an odd feeling about, as though something were going to happen. Father did not look exactly pleased, and Aunt Anne was in a queer state of excitement. The walk had apparently been a success, for the General seemed on excellent terms with Stuart, who did not resent his patronising remarks except by occasional shrugs of his shoulders, and winks at Nora, who however, looked severely in the opposite direction. When Virginia had in come to dessert, and the maids had gone away, the General cleared his throat, and looked benignly round the table.

'I have now,' he said, 'an announcement to make, which I hope will be received with some degree of satisfaction. It has been my intention since I first came among you to confer some educational advantage upon that one of the younger members of the party who should according to my view be the most deserving of assistance, and the most in need of it. I will not say that my opinion on this subject has not undergone some change during the last few days. I do not, however, wish to go into details, but merely to acquaint you with the fact that, with his father's sanction, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot do better than select Stuart as the fittest subject for assistance, and place him at Harrow, a school where I spent some of the happiest days of my own boyhood.'

There was a moment's silence, broken by Nora with an unwonted viciousness—

'It must be because he sees how *dreadfully* Stuart wants licking into shape! I am sure I hope they'll do it.'

'Nonsense, Nora!' said Susan. 'It's capital, Stuart, I'm very glad!'

'Yes, that is the proper spirit,' said Aunt Anne. 'I am sure we are all glad, indeed, and most grateful to dear Uncle Septimus for his thoughtful kindness. I hope Stuart will show

himself worthy of it, and follow in his uncle's footsteps. He could not have a better example.'

'Stuart, why are you making such a face?' began Virginia; but Father laid his hand on her mouth, and pushed his chair back from the table.

'I think nobody wants any more dessert,' he said. 'Uncle Septimus knows how grateful I am to him, and I hope Stuart means to behave well, and deserve his kindness. I hope he feels he *does* deserve it now.'

'Oh! dear James,' began Aunt Anne, and Susan broke in with—

'I'm quite certain Stuart will work awfully hard when once he gets to school. He won't be able to help liking it then.'

'Then,' said the General, beaming upon the assembled company, 'we may consider the matter as concluded: Stuart goes to Harrow.'

'No, he don't!' suddenly announced Stuart with great decision. 'I'm not going to stand this humbug any more. Look here, I wrote those beastly verses myself. I never meant anybody to suppose I didn't, or dreamt they'd be idiots enough to think Susan did. She couldn't, for one thing, but I wasn't going to say, when everyone bothered me. So now Susan had better go to Harrow herself—one of these rotten places for girls, I mean.'

There was a moment of breathless suspense; Aunt Anne leaned back in her seat with a faint murmur of despair, and Nora clasped her hands excitedly, and looked from Stuart to Susan, and from Susan to the General, whose face wore an expression of mingled rage, mortification, and surprise. The only person who looked pleased was Father, and he held out his hand to Stuart and said, 'That's right.'

'Right!' burst out the General, with a snort. 'Right! to insult me in a set of impertinent miserable doggerel rhymes, each more insolent than the other, and then tell a lie about it in the most barefaced way. Yes, a lie; for he walked with me for a whole hour this afternoon, and never even mentioned the subject! If this is the way in which I am to be treated, I leave this house to-morrow; and as for sending that boy to Harrow, I'd as soon put a lighted match into a powder magazine—the rascally young scoundrel! he'd corrupt the most respectable boys in the universe. No, by George! the young ruffian!—he begins by

bringing me here on a steam plough, and he ends—he actually dares to end——’

‘Oh, General!’ interrupted Aunt Anne, almost crying, ‘if you only knew how sorry, how truly penitent dear Stuart——’

‘Penitent? Stuff, ma’am!’ growled the General, ‘he has not even the grace to apologise, and as for Susan, who probably put him up to the whole thing——’

‘Yes, Susan,’ said Aunt Anne; ‘it was Susan’s unfortunate idea of writing a paper that has brought all this about; such an unwomanly idea too.’

‘I beg your pardon, my dear Anne,’ said Father. ‘But I think that is a little unjust. Susan has behaved most generously to Stuart, much more so than he deserves, and now that Uncle Septimus has discovered the real author of the verses, I can’t help hoping that he will revert to his original intention of——’

‘No, *no*,’ burst in Susan. ‘I do hope he won’t. Uncle Septimus, do listen. Stuart meant no harm, it was just his fun and nonsense, though of course he had no business to do it. And if I had looked over all the papers as I ought to have, it couldn’t have happened. It is tremendously good of you to send any of us anywhere, and I do hope you will keep to what you said. After all, I would much rather stay at home with Richard and Nora.’

‘And *me*,’ put in Virginia.

‘All I can say is,’ said Stuart, ‘that I vow I won’t go to Harrow.’

‘You’ll go just precisely where you’re sent, sir!’ said the General, and he stumped out of the room.

It was that evening that Nora, with her usual impulsiveness, committed the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh* to the flames. She said it had caused misery enough in one family, and I suppose she thought that, if not destroyed, it might somehow get published, and be the means of spreading the like among thousands.

Stuart did go to Harrow the very next term, for the General, after two days of indecision and periodical fits of passion, yielded to Susan’s steady persuasion, perhaps because of her views on the short-service system, and perhaps because he thought that if ever he came to see us again, it would be pleasanter if Stuart were out of the way. What he said, however, was that it was one of his characteristics never to reverse a

carefully-considered decision. When all was comfortably settled, Nora began rather to regret the *Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh*, and to see that it had not been without its good effects. One of these was a firm friendship between Stuart and Susan ; she is indeed one of the only persons to whom he condescends to write when he is away, and one day before he left home for the first time, I actually with my own ears overheard him remark : ' I say, Susan, if there's anything you could coach a fellow up in, I don't care if you do it. Anything about the Ptolemies, for instance ! '

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

IN this paper I am going to try and collect together some thoughts taken from perhaps the most religious poem that was ever written—certainly the most religious poem that I have ever read or heard of, excepting of course the poetical books of the Bible. And those who have deeply read and studied the 'Divine Comedy' of Dante, feel that it is, in its degree, filled with the Spirit that inspired the prophets of old, and with the wider teaching, the tenderness, the mercy and love which have so enlarged our thoughts of God since the revelation He has made to us of Himself in His Blessed Son. Dante is the most intensely earnest of Christian teachers, and from beginning to end of his long poem every page breathes of eternal things, and speaks to us of God, of His truth and justice and love, of the deeper meanings of our life's discipline, and of the close union of the seen with the unseen. There are many aspects under which Dante may be studied with profit. We may feed our higher imagination by dwelling upon the beauty of his poetic flights and his exquisite descriptions of nature; or our intellect by studying in his pages the history of the time in those stirring old days of the Italian Republics, and the struggles between Pope and Emperor; or strengthen our souls by his strong moral and spiritual teaching. But from whatever side we approach the poem, we find one golden thread running all through it, and this thread is the idea of love. It is love that prompts Dante's heart to conceive and his hand to execute the marvellous work. Love of God, love of all that manifests God to us in the world—this is his central thought, his moving impulse. His Comedy is nothing more nor less than a divine love poem; and if studied with that idea in our minds, it will bring to us for ever a loftier conception of love, especially that love of man for woman, of that sacred relation which began in the Garden of Eden, and has gone on deepening in sacredness and mystic meaning all through the Christian ages. For it is the

love of Dante for his lady Beatrice of which I would say a few words. This love of man for woman, this romantic affection, was to Dante the type and symbol of all love. His feeling for Beatrice never found its natural fulfilment in a home of married life together. It is not even known for certain that he contemplated such a possibility; perhaps worldly circumstances put it quite out of the question. At any rate, we know that Beatrice married some one else, and died before she was twenty-five. But the lesson for us is the same. She was to him, from his earliest years and throughout his earthly life, an embodiment of all that is high, heavenly and holy; the thought of her is like a guiding star to him through his earthly pilgrimage, and when he wanders and strays from the right path, being a man of strong passions and exposed to strong temptations, it is a vision of Beatrice which recalls him to himself, and restores him to his true relation to his Heavenly Father. Before passing to the wonderful scene at the close of the 'Purgatorio,' where the meeting between Dante and Beatrice takes place, I should like to give a word or two from the 'Vita Nuova,' the little book, partly prose and partly verse, in which he records his early love for his blessed lady. The 'Vita Nuova': the *new life*. Some commentators have felt doubt as to the exact meaning of this title: whether Dante was referring to the new life, in the sense of his early days, the days of his own youth; or whether he means the new life which came to him after love once took possession of his heart. I confess that I hold to this latter meaning very strongly, and to me it contains a deep truth. It is indeed a new birth and a new life for us all when we once know what love, true love, is for some one better, nobler, higher than ourselves. It comes to us in many different ways. To some it may be a direct revelation, through some sorrow or joy, or at a time of spiritual communion, of the love of the Father for us, and of our love for Him; to many it comes, as it did to Dante, for a human friend; but this kind of love, if it is to open a Vita Nuova for us, must be after the Divine pattern—we must love unselfishly, reverently, recognising God in the beloved one, and feeling that by our love we are led nearer to Him and to heaven.

Dante tells us that he was only nine years old 'when there first appeared to his eyes the glorious lady of his mind. She appeared to him almost at the beginning of her ninth year, clothed in a most noble colour, a subdued and decorous *crimson*'—I think we may note here that crimson was the colour of love in the pictures

of the middle ages, perhaps to represent its warm and glowing nature—‘girdled and adorned in such wise as was suitable to her most youthful age. I say that thenceforward love swayed my soul, which was even then espoused to him ; and began to assume over me so great and assured lordship, empowered thereto in virtue of my imagination that I must needs perform to the full all his pleasures. He oftentimes commanded me to seek to behold this youngest angel ; wherefore I in my boyhood many times sought her out, and saw her so noble and laudable in bearing, that certes of her might be spoken that word of the poet Homer : She appeared not to be the child of any mortal man, but of God.’ Of course we are *all* children of God, but Dante means here that she seemed scarcely to be of earthly parentage, she was so clearly a child of heaven. ‘And albeit her image, which abode with me continually, were the triumphant strength of love to sway me ; yet was it of so exceedingly noble virtue, that it did at no time suffer love to rule me without the faithful counsel of reason in those things wherein such counsel was useful to be heard.’

When he was nearly eighteen he recalls a meeting with Beatrice in the street, which made a great impression upon his mind. He speaks of her thus—

‘It happened that this marvellous lady appeared to me clothed in purest white, between two gentle ladies who were more advanced in age, and, passing through a street, she turned her eyes towards the place where I stood greatly abashed, and, of her ineffable courtesy whose merit is now recompensed in the other world, she saluted me so virtuously that I seemed then to behold the utmost limits of beatitude.’ He speaks of her ‘sweetest salutation,’ and mentions that this was the first time she had ever spoken to him, so it was not surprising that it made a deep impression upon him.

And so the little book goes on, dwelling constantly on the lady’s goodness and heavenly nature. I think I must not omit one or two of the sonnets which tell of the ennobling and purifying influence of her looks and words—

‘My Lady beareth love in her fair eyes,
And *by it all she sees doth noble make;*
As she doth pass, all turn for her dear sake ;
The man she greeteth thrills in ecstasies,
And bending low, grows pale as one that dies,
And mourns for every least defect he hath,
And from her presence flee false pride and wrath.
Help me, fair ladies, to her praise to rise ;
All sweetness, and all lowliness of thought,

Springs up within the heart that hears her speech,
 And the first sight of her brings sense of bliss ;
 But when she doth a little smile, O this
 May not be told, nor memory this can teach,
 So new and fair a miracle is wrought.*

It is the old lesson which comes home to us so forcibly in all our study of Dante—that love is the source of all that is good and high and noble, just as the want of love leads us to all that is selfish and self-indulgent and unworthy ; and to this is added another lesson, that the mere presence of this pure and gentle woman awakes men to a sense of their own defects and to repentance for them. This idea is written out more fully in the ‘Divine Comedy,’ when the meeting between Dante and his lady in the earthly Paradise is described ; but it is noteworthy that in all his thoughts of her from the first, he dwells upon the sanctifying and inspiring power of her goodness. In another beautiful sonnet he says—

‘She goes her way, and hears men’s praises free,
 Clothed in a garb of kindness, meek and low,
 And seems as if from heaven she came, to show
 Upon the earth a wondrous mystery.’

It is a beautiful ideal of woman’s mission on earth, is it not ? To speak by every word and look of heaven and heavenly things, of purity, meekness, humility, and kindness. But I must not dwell longer upon the ‘Vita Nuova,’ though the little book is very fascinating in its tender descriptions of Dante’s early love. This love was soon to suffer an irreparable loss. Before Beatrice was twenty-five, ‘the Lord of this most gracious creature, that is the Lord of Justice, called this noble being to the life of glory, in the Kingdom where the angels dwell in peace.’ Parted on this earth—not here to meet again ; but no poet or lover has ever so bridged the gulf which divides us from the loved ones who have gone to the unseen, as Dante has for us in the ‘Divine Comedy.’ To him Beatrice is even more real and living in Heaven than when on earth. The words with which he concludes the ‘Vita Nuova’ are these—

‘There appeared to me a marvellous vision wherein I saw things which made me resolve to say no more of this blessed one until I could more worthily treat of her. And to come to this, I study as much as I can, *as she knows in truth.*’ No doubt evidently exists in Dante’s mind that his lady in Heaven knew and cared for what he was doing on earth, probably much better than she could have known while alive in the same city with him. ‘So

* Dean Plumptre’s Translation.

that, if it shall be the pleasure of Him by Whom all things live that my life shall last somewhat longer, I hope *to say of her that which has never been said of any woman*. And may it then please Him Who is the Lord of courtesy that my soul may go to behold the glory of its lady, that is that blessed Beatrice who gloriously gazes on the face of Him Who is blessed throughout all ages. Praise to God !'

Certainly Dante redeemed his promise that he would say of Beatrice 'that which has never been said of any woman.' As you turn from the pages of the 'Vita Nuova' to those of the 'Divine Comedy,' you feel you are passing from the region of purely personal feeling, however lofty and pure and tender, into a higher and wider sphere. Beatrice in the other world is as strong and living a personality—nay, more strong and living than before—but she is more than the beautiful and gentle woman of Dante's youthful dreams ; she is an embodiment to him of heavenly wisdom, bringing him light and guidance through his earthly pilgrimage, and finally giving him such a complete vision into heavenly scenes that it is difficult to realise that his journey was not an actual historic fact.

As possibly some of my readers may not be familiar with the story of the 'Divine Comedy,' I will briefly refer to its main outlines. Dante tells us that the vision into the unseen world came to him 'midway in the journey of his life.' He was then thirty-five years old, and ten years had elapsed since his lady had left this earth, and he had lost out of sight the vision of her holiness and purity. We know little of the details of those ten years, but we gather enough from the poem to convince us that Dante had during that time wandered from the right path, being led aside by various temptations ; that he had failed to keep the loftiest ideal always before his eyes, and that he needed some awakening voice, some vision into eternal things, to bring him back again. Whose voice would be most likely to win him back ? Who would be his most enlightening guide on the heavenly path ? I think we shall none of us feel any surprise when we find that Beatrice in her blessed seat in Heaven, having heard of her friend's distress, hastened to his aid, and sent to him the faithful friend and guide, the Virgil, who was to lead him through the realms of darkness as well as up the Hill of Purification, that he might learn the hatefulness of sin, and the need for moral cleansing through the discipline of pain. Nothing short of this, she feels, can bring him back from the thick wood of error, from

the tempestuous flood of passions, into the narrow path of righteousness. Virgil, obedient to the summons, appears before Dante at a time when he is most overwhelmed by difficulties, tells him of the love which is caring for him in the heavenly courts, and offers himself as his guide through the unseen worlds.

Dante then follows Virgil down into the depths of hell, seeing the suffering and hopelessness of the lost, and learning thereby the hideousness and hatefulness of sin ; then up, as you know, and round the different circles of the Purifying Mountain, learning the blessedness of God-sent pain and the moral cleansing it may bring ; and so up the topmost stair. And here I may perhaps insert Virgil's farewell speech to his loved disciple before leaving him in the earthly Paradise to await another guide—

‘The temporal fire and the eternal,
Son, thou hast seen, and to a place art come
Where of myself no farther I discern.
By intellect and art I here have brought thee ;
Take thine own pleasure for thy guide henceforth ;
Beyond the steep ways and the narrow art thou.
Behold the sun, that shines upon thy forehead ;
Behold the grass, the flowerets and the shrubs,
Which of itself alone this land produces.
Until rejoicing come the beauteous eyes,
Which weeping caused me to come unto thee,
Thou canst sit down, and thou canst walk among them.
Expect no more or word or sign from me.
Free and upright and sound is thy free will,
And error were it not to do its bidding ;
Thee o’er thyself I therefore crown and mitre.’

This is a passage which is full of deep teaching. It is after Dante has in his vision passed through the moral purification of the mountain that his own will and pleasure, ‘free, upright, and whole,’ may be his master and guide. He is crowned and mitred, perhaps in reference to those whom S. Peter calls ‘kings and priests’ before God ; ‘and so the crowned king and mitred priest entered upon his kingdom and temple of Paradise.’

I must make it quite clear that this was not the heavenly Paradise where Beatrice dwelt in bliss with God and the angels ; it was an intermediate state, lovely and peaceful, giving a fore-taste of eternal peace. In this favoured spot Dante dreamed that Adam and Eve had lived their happy life of primal innocence. His description of it has always seemed to me a very perfect picture of Nature, fresh from God's hand, and unspoiled by man ; of her lovely and healing influence after the heat, the strife, the suffering and turmoil of life which Dante has pictured

for us in his allegory of the mountain and its circles. I must not dwell on it too long, sweet as it is. Here Dante meets with a lovely lady gathering flowers and singing the psalm, 'Thou, oh Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works, and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of Thy hands'—no doubt a type of active holiness, where deeds and words combine in God's praise. She talks to Dante across a clear stream, and explains to him that another river flows from the same fount, and that he must be bathed in both these waters before his purification could be entirely complete. The stream that now flowed between them was called Lethe, and had power to wash away all remembrance of past sin; the other, Eunoe, would give back to him the memory of all good deeds done on the earth.

Then comes a marvellous apocalyptic vision; he sees a car drawn by a gryphon, whose two-fold nature—part lion and walking on earth, part eagle with wings soaring to heaven—shows him as in a picture the Christ in His divine and human nature, leading His Church. There is much more imagery in this whole vision than I can dwell on now. The car is accompanied on the right hand by the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity; and on the left side are the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude—Prudence having three eyes, to indicate remembrance of the past, guidance of the present, and prevision of the future. The car is followed by many elders clothed in white robes. But we must pass on quickly to what is the climax of the love poem of Dante. The car stops, and one of the elders cries three times, 'Come, my spouse, from Lebanon.' Then, heralded by heavenly melodies, and amidst a cloud of flowers thrown up and around by angelic hands, Beatrice appears once more to her lover's eyes, in her robe of the colour of living flame, her green mantle, her pure white veil and olive wreath, and he feels again the great power of his ancient love. At this moment Virgil disappears silently from Dante's side, and all the loveliness of the earthly paradise cannot keep back his tears at the loss of his sweetest father, to whom he had given himself for his salvation; but a voice recalls him from his preoccupation of grief, that of his lady at the further side of the stream.

"Dante, because Virgilius has departed,
Do not weep yet, do not weep yet awhile;
For by another sword thou need'st must weep."
In attitude still royally majestic
Continued she, like unto one who speaks,

And keeps his warmest utterance in reserve.
 "Look at me well ; in sooth I'm Beatrice.
 How didst thou deign to come unto the mountain?
 Didst thou not know that man is happy here?"
 Mine eyes fell downward into the clear fountain,
 But, seeing myself therein, I sought the grass,
 So great a shame did weigh my forehead down.'

Poor Dante! He is overcome by her first words of severe compassion. Weighed down by shame and the sense of his own shortcomings, he stands dry-eyed as yet ; but when the angels sing some words of a psalm and in their sweet melodies, he reads their pity for him 'more than had they said,'

"O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus upbraid him?"
 The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
 To air and water changed, and in my anguish
 Through mouth and eyes came gushing from my breast.'

Beatrice does not relax her stern discourse, but goes on, addressing herself to the angels, who keep their watch in the eternal day, but so speaking as that Dante, 'weeping yonder,' may hear her words :

"So that the sin and dole be of one measure,
 Not only by the work of those great wheels,
 That destine every seed unto some end,
 According as the stars are in conjunction,
 But by the largess of celestial graces,
 Which have such lofty vapours for their rain
 That near to them our sight approaches not.
 Such had this man become in his *new life*
 Potentially, that every righteous habit
 Would have made admirable proof in him ;
 But so much more malignant and more savage
 Becomes the land untilled and with bad seed,
 The more good earthly vigour it possesses.
 Some time did I sustain him with my look ;
 Revealing unto him my youthful eyes,
 I led him with me, turned in the right way.
 As soon as ever of my second age
 I was upon the threshold and changed life,
 Himself from me he took and gave to others.
 When from the flesh to spirit I ascended,
 And beauty and virtue were in me increased,
 I was to him less dear and less delightful ;
 And unto ways untrue he turned his steps,
 Pursuing the false images of good
 That never any promises fulfil ;
 Nor prayer for inspiration me availed,
 By means of which, in dreams and otherwise,
 I called him back, so little did he heed them.
 So low he fell that all appliances
 For his salvation were of no avail,
 Save showing him the people of perdition.
 For this I visited the gates of death,

And unto him who so far up has led him,
 My intercessions were with weeping borne.
 God's lofty fiat would be violated,
 If Lethe should be passed, and if such viands
 Should tasted be, withouten any scot
 Of penitence, that gushes forth in tears."

Thus far Beatrice speaks indirectly to Dante, and bids the angels listen to the story of his failing from the high promise of his youth, of his disloyalty to her and to the aims to which she had directed him. Now she turns to him the point of her discourse, that edgewise even had seemed to him so keen. Reluctantly he is forced to admit the truth of her charges, and with tears and anguish to confess his sin and shortcoming, to acknowledge how present things with their false pleasure had turned aside his steps as soon as her countenance had concealed itself; then after listening to more keen words of rebuke and exhortation—

'Even as children, silent in their shame,
 Stand listening with their eyes upon the ground,
 So was I standing; and she said: "If thou
 In hearing sufferest pain, lift up thy beard,
 And thou shalt feel a greater pain in seeing."

Then with the utmost difficulty he lifts his eyes, and sees her turned round to the symbol of Christ.

'Beneath her veil, beyond the margin green,
 She seemed to me far more her ancient self
 To excel, than others here, when she was here.
 So pricked me then the thorn of penitence,
 That of all other things the one which turned me
 Most to its love became the most my foe.
 Such self-conviction struck me at the heart,
 O'erpowered I fell, and what I then became,
 She knoweth who had furnished me the cause.'

Dante has yet to be plunged in the purifying waters of Lethe, which, after penitence and full confession, wash away even the remembrance of past sin, and again in the stream of Eunoe, which revives the memory of past good; and at last he is free to ascend with his beloved and transfigured lady—

'Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars.'

I have dwelt at length upon the whole wonderful scene of Dante's reproof, penitence, and confession, that you might see for yourselves what Dante's conception of his lady really was, and why it has ever seemed to me the most ideal picture in literature of the love of man for woman, and to hold up before our eyes a lofty standard of what women might be in the world.

I think I will leave it here with no more words of my own, save a last injunction to those who have not yet begun the study of the 'Divine Comedy' to delay no longer, but to search in that deep well of truth for the life-lessons, of the eternity of any love that is worth the name, of the sacredness of that love of man for woman of which the poem tells us, of the infinite importance of our words and actions here, not only for ourselves, but for all with whom we have to do, especially those who love us and look to us for inspiration and help. By word and deed let us strive, each one in her measure, to be to our friends what Beatrice was to Dante, to help them here to look at things as they really are, and to lead them on the way which will bring them hereafter to the fuller vision of God.

ROSE E. SELFE.

IN HOC VINCES.

THE West above her ensigns set the Cross,
And went to battle with the East, to gain
That rock-hewn sepulchre wherein had lain
For three brief days the Christ. What erst across
Their brows was signed in water, then on boss
Of shield and knightly shoulder men in stain
Of blood set forth. Supine, we sigh in vain,
'Would we had lived when Faith could brook no loss!'
Are all the wars of God then fought and won?
Not so, for all the earth is Holy Land,
Since Christ had died for all—nay, every soul
Becomes a battle-field. Again set on
The Cross! See perishing a world at hand!
No rest, Crusaders, till Christ owns the whole!

TOTO.

HE was an unlicked cub, poor Toto! A little brown fellow of twelve or so, born probably up amongst the oak forest of the Magella, who had wandered down from the mountains to the valley below.

Over his olive, unwashed face, his thick black tangled locks hung down. Out of this tangle gleamed two bright restless eyes—eyes the colour of the blue speedwell flower. In the pleasant season of the year he wandered from one field to the other, picking up and munching the ripe fruits which had dropped on the ground, or gathering the berries from off the low hedges, or making a target for his sharp stones of some peaceful, dozing lizard. When pleased, he uttered low babbling sounds, resembling the lisplings of a cradled babe, and when angry, he gave utterance to harsh, grating noises, like the growling of a vicious dog. He was dumb, poor Toto!

One calm, hot, summer day Toto was tending the cows of a neighbour. He was lying flat on his back amongst the pink and white clover, blowing upon a little pipe he had made himself out of a reed, and watching as he did so a long flight of ducks sweeping past up in the sky above him. Late that afternoon, whilst the *sirocco* was raging amongst the tops of the oaks and had wrapped the Magella in a veil of violet mist, Mora the bandit had come with three of his band to the meadow where Toto was lying.

The robbers singled out and drove off the finest cow of the herd—the one with white spots and the bell around her neck—and when the poor little herdsman, running after them, screaming, protesting with all his little might against the robbery, Mora caught hold of him, and with his long sharp knife cut off a great piece of the boy's tongue.

'There, go, you hangman's brat!' said Mora. 'Go, and tell what I have done!'

Toto ran home staggering, his arms held high above his head, the blood pouring in a stream from his mouth.

He had almost died of the wound, and from that time he hated Mora with all the hate of his young, fiery heart.

One day not long afterwards, meeting the bandit on the road, in the midst of a guard of soldiers, he threw a great stone at Mora, and laughed hoarsely when it hit the robber full on the chest.

Soon after, Toto left his master's hut, the yellow hut standing in the shadow of a stunted oak, and led the life of a vagabond. He was dirty, ragged, half-starved—indeed, his whole nature seemed quite changed. He had grown morose, sullen—cruel too, it seemed. As he lay basking in the grass beneath the rays of the hot sun of midsummer, his whole pleasure seemed to lie in torturing any small helpless creature, which came in his way, to death. When other boys jeered and mocked at him he foamed at the mouth, and grunted like a wild boar hunted by dogs. But turning on one of his tormentors one day, he fought with him and beat him so soundly that afterwards the others were glad to leave him in peace.

Nini, however, liked Toto.

Nini, a spare, lean girl of ten or so, with a small, pale, freckled face, and a lot of yellow hair hanging loose upon her shoulders. They had met first under one of the arches of the gate of San Remo. Nini was lying on the ground eating a piece of bread. Toto, who had had nothing to eat since the day before and was very hungry, looked at the bread longingly and licked his lips.

'Would you like a bit?' asked Nini, in a clear thin voice, like the tones of a mandoline, looking at him compassionately out of eyes dark blue as the sky in September. 'Take it.'

Toto came up to her smiling, and took the bread out of her small brown fingers. They ate together in silence, but as they ate their eyes met now and then and then both smiled.

'Where do you live?' asked Nini, when the bread to the last crumb had been devoured. To show her that he could not answer her, Toto opened his mouth wide, showing his mutilated tongue. The girl turned and looked away quickly, but Toto came close up to her as she stood there with averted head, and touched her softly on her arm. His eyes were full of tears, and from between his parted lips came harsh croaking sounds. Nini shook her head and ran away as fast as she could. 'Good-bye,' she called out, casting a glance at him from over her shoulder.

But they met the next day, and again and again. They grew to be quite like brother and sister.

They sat together in the fields in the sun, and Toto, laying his bushy black head on Nini's knees, would lie there listening to the one tale Nini knew and could relate—the story of 'The Magician and the King's Daughter.'

'There was once a king,' Nini would begin, in her clear, tinkling tones, 'who had three daughters. They were all beautiful, but the youngest was the most beautiful of all. So they called her "Little Star." She had golden hair and eyes bluer than turquoises, and was so lovely that every one who met her when she went out for a walk bowed low before her, and said to his companion, "Look! there goes the Madonna." One day, as Little Star was gathering flowers in the king's garden, she saw a beautiful green and gold bird sitting upon a tree above her head——'

But here Toto, lulled by the sweet, monotonous voice, was sleeping soundly, dreaming perhaps of the beautiful princess—beautiful as a star.

Nini's words too came slower and more slowly—finally ceased quite. She too was sleeping. And the sun shone down on the two little bundles of rags, and warmed them as they slept. Many days were passed in this way. They divided with each other the food they begged; they slept at night on the pavements, in the shadow of a friendly projecting doorway; they wandered over the Campagna and amongst the vineyards, venturing their lives by doing so: often the bullet of the watchman in charge whistled in the air above their bare heads. Toto was now quite happy. He had grown gentle, too, and kind. Many a time he lifted her up on his shoulders and ran with her until he dropped panting with his burden in the long, thick grass. And so the summer went by and the early autumn too.

One Sunday in November towards noon the children found themselves again under the arches of the gate of San Remo. The sun poured down, from out of a steel-blue sky, a cold, white light upon the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and above the houses floated the sound of the church bells. The children were alone there in the shadow of the arches—all about them they saw freshly-ploughed fields. Toto, reaching upwards, picked a green leaf from the ivy growing against the red-brick wall.

'Winter is coming,' said Nini, suddenly, looking down gravely at her little naked brown feet and torn, ragged frock. 'The

snow will come and cover up everything. And we—we have no home—no fire. Is YOUR mother dead too?’

The lad hung his head a moment. The next he had raised it joyously, his eyes flashed, he pointed with his finger towards distant fir-clad mountains. ‘She is alive! she is waiting at home for you.’ Toto nodded his head and smiled, and pointed again towards the mountains. It was as though he would say, ‘Yonder is my home: let us go to it—to my mother. She will welcome us, and we shall find with her a shelter—a fire—and milk and bread.’

They set out on their journey; but the mountains—how far off they were! They walked all day long, at night they slept in the shadow of a hay-stack, under a waggon, or in the shelter of a wide stable-door. They suffered hunger and cold. Nini grew paler and paler: her eyes were dim, her lips white, her feet swollen and bleeding. Toto pitied her so much. He had taken off his ragged jacket and wrapped it about her shivering shoulders.

He carried her long distances on his back or in his arms. One evening after long wandering they were still on the road, having found no shelter. The snow lay a foot deep on the ground, and it was still snowing; a cold, piercing wind blew from the north. Toto was carrying Nini, who, her teeth chattering with cold, had wound her thin arms tightly round the lad’s neck.

She was moaning, and the sounds of these moans were like dagger-strokes in Toto’s heart as he slowly plodded along. But he went on bravely, for he still felt Nini’s heart beating where it lay against his own. Then it ceased, this feeble beating, her arms hung loose and limp about his neck, her head swung loosely backwards.

Toto gave a cry—it seemed as if a great vein had burst in his breast. But he pressed the girl’s body tighter to his own and went on and on. The snow whirled in white gusts about them, the wind howled like a hungry wolf. Still the lad plodded on, until his limbs grew stiff—his eyes dim—his blood cold—

Then he fell heavily to the ground, still holding his lifeless burden pressed to his heart.

There they lay—they two.

A slaty, pitiless sky above them, the snow falling in thick, heavy flakes upon them, hiding them soon from sight.

MEMOIR OF MADAME JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

(Murray.)

THIS memoir of Jenny Lind is a book which no one can get through who is not an adept in skimming and carrying away the cream of a biography. But though it is difficult in it to see the wood for the trees, a skilful skimmer will find in its two thick volumes a study of great interest—the history of a great artist whose own spiritual development was not of less importance to her than the development of her art.

If anyone laid himself out to invent a training for an actress and opera-singer which should minimise the unhealthy tendencies of the stage for a young creature, he could probably find nothing more suitable than the training Jenny Lind actually received. She was a plain little girl, brought up to the stage as her business, just as another girl might have been brought up to school-teaching or book-keeping ; there was no excitement about getting brilliant engagements season after season, for the directors of the Stockholm theatre undertook her theatrical education, and she had to play whatever she was told for them. In return for their taking the entire expense of Jenny's bringing up, her parents, at a fixed allowance, were to board and clothe her, and see that she was taught 'the Piano, Religion, French, History, Geography, Writing, Arithmetic, and Drawing.' Probably she did not learn very much of any of these except 'the Piano and Religion,' as the agreement comically puts it ; but she learnt dancing most thoroughly, elocution, and thorough control over all her muscles at a very early age, so that the great difficulties of the stage to elder persons scarcely existed for her. She was a clever child, of a simple and happy nature, and was from the beginning a favourite with the Stockholm audiences ; but she was not in the least pretty, and knew it, so that applause to her meant that she had acted or sung well, not that she was personally admired. Her only trouble seems to have been that she

and her mother did not get on well together ; the mother not only had a temper, but was grasping with regard to the money that had to be made out of Jenny, and this Jenny could not endure. Her first discovery of her singing powers was an event of which she always observed the anniversary, asking her friends' prayers that she might use the gift worthily which God had then entrusted to her.

She was the most popular of stage favourites at Stockholm in her twenty-first year, when she became convinced that she ought to have better teaching for her voice than she had ever yet had ; and she determined to go to Paris and put herself to school under Garcia. So she went about the country giving concerts, to earn sufficient to pay her expenses, and then went off by herself to do what she could to make her organ capable of coming nearer her ideal than she had yet been able to make it. Garcia was not encouraging, and when he heard her, said, 'Mademoiselle, vous n'avez plus de voix ;' she had overworked her voice by continuous use when it was in process of development. Poor Jenny was terribly discouraged, but Garcia told her that she might come to him again after a rest of six weeks, during which she was not to sing at all nor speak more than she could help. She went away and worked at French grammar. When she came back her voice was better, and for nine months she worked hard with Garcia, to her great benefit. He had taught her the method without which her splendid voice could not put forth its full power.

After this Jenny's life was one series of great stage successes, during which she remained still the good simple girl she had always been. She had troubles with managers, one of which hindered her coming to England for a long time, fearing she should be put in prison for not having performed a contract which she had hastily signed without enough consideration, and then found it impossible to carry out. She was a nervous girl, and easily bullied by people who played upon her ignorance. During this period, however, she made friends with the man then living who, as an artist, was most likeminded to herself—Felix Mendelssohn. Some of his charming letters are to be found in the Memoir, addressed to her. His views of art were like hers ; he looked upon his music, as she did on hers, as a trust given her by God for the use of her fellow-creatures. It was by his persuasion that she came to London at last, and became absolutely 'the rage,' as no other singer has been in this century.

Among those who most appreciated her were the Queen and Prince Albert.

Jenny was most conscientious in every detail of her art. As Canon Scott-Holland points out, she always refused to take any part where she could not identify herself with her character. She did not, like many dramatic artists, think what her character would have done, and then do it; she *was* the character for the time being. One of her best impersonations was Alice, in 'Robert le Diable.' Alice has to rescue her royal foster brother from the fiend, and there was a particular passage in this ('Sommo Iddio') which Jenny took differently from any other singer, 'appassionato' instead of 'cantabile.' Some one told her that it was a new rendering of the words. 'How could I tell how I sang it?' she said. 'I stood at the man's right hand and the fiend at his left, and all I could think of was how to save him.'

The fact that Jenny was known to be a good young woman, against whom no one had ever ventured to breathe a word of stage scandal, opened to her many English homes usually closed to dramatic artists. Among these was Bishop Stanley's palace at Norwich. All the Stanleys, including the future Dean of Westminster, who had absolutely no ear or taste for music, were enraptured with the modesty and simplicity of Jenny when she came to them as their guest; and it is plain that she also found a new world opened to her by the touch of English religion. Bishop Nixon of Tasmania was staying at the palace, he could not talk French, nor she at the time much English; and he wrote her a letter of kindly and friendly advice and encouragement which affected her so much, that after receiving it she could hardly master her voice to sing. It seems probable that the Stanley atmosphere awoke in her the vivid sense of personal religion which was one of her strongest qualities from this time up to her death; and one can hardly believe that such a feeling must not have been still more deeply impressed upon her soul by her friend Mendelssohn's death. Certainly, it was at this time that she took a deeper hold of religion than she had ever done before, and her letters to her personal friends about this time are full of warmly-expressed desires that they should partake in the treasure she has found.

This stirring up of the depths of her soul coincided with her determination to give up stage singing, and to devote herself only to oratorio. It was a tremendous resolve to take; she was in the height of her power, her voice perfectly fresh and unworn, her

fame beyond that of any contemporary operatic actress, and untold riches pouring in upon her with every season. But Jenny never hesitated for a moment. She made her arrangements, and gave up the stage. There were some difficulties in the way, which perhaps proved of use to her rather than the reverse. She had engaged herself to an Evangelical young English officer, thinking that he would be her stay and comfort in the religious beneficence which seemed to her the sweetest walk of life ; but when he wanted to make this renunciation of the stage, on which she had already decided, a condition to be inserted in the marriage settlement, Jenny broke off the engagement. She was not renouncing the stage because she thought it wicked, but because she felt that for herself there was something better in store, which would help her to interpret the highest art to mankind in the best way.

She went to America on an oratorio tour, and in the course of it she married Otto Goldschmidt, whose first attraction for her had been their common worship of Mendelssohn's memory. Here the memoir stops. She lived thirty-six years as a happy wife and mother, making her home in England until her recent death. Let us end with a little anecdote from the memoir. 'Once an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing-machine with a Lutheran Bible open on her knee, looking into the glory of the sunset that was shining over the waters. They talked, and their talk drew near to the inevitable question, "Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage at the very height of your success?" "When, every day," was the answer, "it made me think less of *this*," laying a finger on the Bible, "and nothing at all of *that*," pointing to the sunset, "what else could I do?"'

M. BRAMSTON.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXC.

1722-1727.

THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

IN the midst of the peace there were fresh seeds of war springing up. Charles VI., Emperor, the same who had contended with Philip V. for the crown of Spain, had no son, only two daughters. His elder brother, Joseph I., had likewise left only two daughters, and Charles had succeeded because a male heir was preferred—succeeded, that is to say, to the hereditary possessions of the House of Hapsburg, Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia—for the Empire was still bestowed by election, though as it had been given to a Hapsburg ever since the fifteenth century, it had come to be regarded as a sort of right.

The daughters of Joseph ought in all justice to have come before the daughters of Charles, but in 1722 Charles obtained from the Diet of the Empire what was termed a Pragmatic Sanction—from the Greek word *Pragma* an action, being in fact the consent of the Empire to a deed not otherwise valid.

George I., as Elector of Hanover, was necessarily a party to this arrangement, as was also his son-in-law, Frederick William I., King of Prussia, who had succeeded to the throne in 1713, and showed himself no bad sovereign nor irreligious man, though his habits and views were more like those of a private soldier than of a prince of the highest lineage. He was devoted to his army, and kept it in the highest state of efficiency. Indeed, he had an absolute mania for his tall grenadiers. A man of large stature was never safe, even in other states, from being kidnapped to form one of the corps, and even large, well-grown girls were seized to become one of their wives.

He had a bitter dislike to his brother-in-law, George II., and even broke off a proposed match between Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his daughter Wilhelmina, whom he gave to the Margraf of Bayreuth, to the great disappointment of the Prince. The discipline of the Prussian army was wonderful, and the

numbers extraordinary for so small a state. The King's pleasures were, next to that of drilling his men, sitting with a pipe and can of beer ; he abhorred display of any kind except military, and saved money with all his might. The sight of the terrible corruption in almost every court, and the perilous imitation of French manners, drove him to the opposite extreme, and he was absolutely brutal in his own family, often terrifying his wife and daughters, who were clever intellectual women, and violently repressing all that he thought French or philosophical.

His eldest son especially was a provocation to him, from his passion for French studies, and for flute-playing, both of which he thought badges of effeminacy ; while his almost savage persecution was making the young Frederick hate everything concerned with him excepting war ; dislike and despise German, and unhappily, likewise everything religious.

The two old rivals for the Spanish crown continued to quarrel, but an adventurer, called the Baron de Ripperda, undertook to reconcile them. He was of a Spanish family, but was bred and born in Holland, and had served the Dutch in war and diplomacy ; but a mission to Spain in the time of Alberoni had led to his returning to the country and religion of his ancestors. He was trusted and promoted by Alberoni, and continued in favour after his fall. When the Spanish king and queen were in the utmost anger with France for returning their daughter on their hands, Ripperda persuaded them to lay aside their quarrels with Austria, and send him to Vienna to arrange a treaty. Philip, through him, undertook to give up the claim to be the only Head of the Order of the Golden Fleece, acknowledged Charles's rights in Italy and the Netherlands, and guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction ; while in return Charles gave up the title of King of Spain, and privately gave hopes of marrying his two daughters to the two young princes of Spain. Also, he promised Philip to demand from England the restoration of Gibraltar and Minorca, and if not, to combine with Charles to place James Stewart on the throne ! This was the treaty of Vienna. George I., who was in Hanover at the time, learnt the fact of this treaty through German intelligence, and as both he and the French had every reason to dread a combination of the Spanish and Austrian powers, his ambassador at Paris, Horace Walpole, the brother of Sir Robert, arranged with Fleury the treaty of Hanover, engaging mutually that England and France should defend one another, with other minor matters, chiefly in the interests of Hanover, so

as to be very unpopular in England, and to this treaty Prussia agreed.

Ripperda came back to Spain in great glory, having been created a Duke and out-heroding the Spaniards themselves in boastfulness, when received by the officers at Barcelona. He told them that the Emperor had an army of 150,000 men, and that he could raise as many as Spain. If the allies of the treaty of Hanover dared to refuse the restitution of Gibraltar, the 'Great Grenadier,' as he called Frederick William, should be driven out of Prussia, and George not only out of England, but out of Hanover! At Madrid he showed equal arrogance, affronted every one, and especially Count Konigseck, the Austrian Ambassador, and his boasts were putting England and France on their guard. At Madrid, he met, as well as the Duke of Ormond, Lord North and the Duke of Wharton, who had left England, joined the Jacobite Court, and professed themselves to be Roman Catholics, though Wharton was well-known to have no religion at all. He had been appointed James's ambassador to Spain, where he talked as wildly and ridiculously as Ripperda himself.

That adventurer, while promising the Jacobites all sorts of help, assured the British ministers that it was only to delude them. And every one in turn became convinced that his fine words meant nothing. The Queen was the last to desert him, hoping for her son's marriage with the little Austrian heiress; but more reasonable persons knew that the other states of Europe would think this most perilous, and that it was a mere boast on his part.

On leaving his apartments on the 14th of May, 1726, Ripperda was informed that he was dismissed from all his employments, but that he should have a pension.

He was in such ill odour with the whole populace that he could think of no safe place but the house of the English envoy, Mr. William Stanhope, who, on returning from spending a day at Aransuez, was amazed to find the boastful minister imploring shelter. Moreover, Ripperda proceeded to disclose all the secrets of State, and perhaps more too. For he not only gave all the details of the private agreement at Vienna, but added that the Emperor and King intended to exterminate Protestantism, for which purpose, he said, King Philip had declared that he would willingly sell his shirt! All the time Ripperda appeared to be in the greatest agonies, and wept profusely.

The Spanish King ordered Stanhope to surrender him, but this the British minister refused to do, standing on his rights by the law of nations. However, an Alcalde de Corte came at six in the morning with a troop of horse and carried him off by force. Stanhope protested loudly, and sent home an account of the outrage, whereupon ensued an angry correspondence on either side.

Ripperda was imprisoned in the Tower of Segovia, but after two years he gained over a maidservant and a corporal of the guard, and made his escape with them, leaving behind his faithful valet, who prevented discovery for some days, by pretending that his master was ill. Indeed, Ripperda was ill enough with gout to make his journey a difficult matter, but he reached the borders of Portugal, and, embarking at Oporto under the name of Mendoza, reached England. There Government wanted to gain information from him without further quarrels with Spain, so he was met in the way to London, and lodged in the house of Dr. Bland, the head master of Eton ; but this did not suit him, and he went to London, where he lived in much splendour for a time ; but by-and-by found himself neglected, went back to Holland and to the Reformed faith. By-and-by, however, this strange man met a Spanish renegade in the service of the Emperor of Morocco, and was induced to make himself as much of a Moor as possible, having a wild vision of a universal faith to blend together Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan. He became a Pasha, and led a force against Ceuta, where he was defeated, and finally closed his extraordinary career at Tetuan in 1737.

In the meantime matters had come very near to a war. The Spaniards were assembling an army to take Gibraltar, and the command was offered to the brave old Marquis de Villadarias ; but he knew that the attempt would be impossible unless the place was attacked by sea as well as by land, and absolutely refused to undertake it without a fleet, which Philip could not or would not raise for him. The Count de las Torres, however, promised that the Spanish banner should in six weeks wave upon the rock ; but after four months' siege he was forced to retire, having done very little mischief, while Admiral Hosier was blockading Porto Bello and preventing the galleons from bringing home their treasure.

George's Court remained a standing disgrace both for immorality and bribery. His wife, the unhappy Sophia Dorothea,

of Zelle, died, before her son could do her the justice he had always hoped to give her if she survived her husband, and her death was gazetted as that of the Electress Dowager of Hanover, a title that could not possibly be hers. Her son, the Prince of Wales, was a small man of hot temper, and perhaps not so much native ability as the King, but able to speak English fluently, and with a clever wife able to make up for many deficiencies, and on whom he leant and depended, though, in the evil fashion of the time, he had another favourite, Mrs. Howard, so gentle and amiable a woman that her position is almost incredible, and, moreover, that the Princess never manifested the least dislike or jealousy of her, but distinguished her among the bright young beauties who filled the Court of the heir-apparent at Richmond and Leicester House. The King and his son were in a state of chronic enmity, but the elder George was rather fond of *cette diablesse de Princesse*, as he called his daughter-in-law, Caroline of Anspach.

She had brilliant talents, unfailing good temper, wonderful prudence and tact, who in better times would have been every way admirable ; but the religious tone of Lutheranism had decayed, and freethinking philosophy prevailed as much in Germany as in France, together with the lowest notions of moral obligations. The Prince, who never thought at all, acquiesced in the doctrines in which he had been bred, apparently not thinking of their obligations as to personal character, though he was an honest, goodnatured, humane man. Caroline, though virtuous herself, was never shocked by vice ; looked on religion in a merely intellectual point of view, valued men for their cleverness, and with little faith herself, liked nothing so well as a theological discussion. Their eldest son, Frederick, was a mere ill-conditioned German lout.

Things were in a doubtful state between peace and war, and the Walpole Ministry was in a very insecure state. They gave the Duchess of Kendal £7500 a year, to prevent her from turning the King against them. She took it, but she had higher offers from Lord Bolingbroke, and was trying to overthrow Walpole with all her might. The King had enough sense not to be wholly led by her, and one of her schemes was disconcerted, but it was not likely that the King would long hold out.

However, George I. was going to his favourite home in Hanover, and on the 4th of June, 1727, he started at four o'clock in the morning from Delden. A letter was put into his hand, which he

opened on the way. Report says it was from his injured wife. Every Sunday, before she received the Holy Communion, she had declared her innocence, and this was another protest from her deathbed, coupled with a summons to her husband to appear and answer before the tribunal of Heaven ; she had given it to a confidential attendant to be delivered to the King, but it had not been possible in England. So says German tradition. Be this as it may, as George was on his way, about noon a fit of apoplexy came on ; he was quite torpid, and in such a state that his attendants wanted to stop and obtain medical assistance at Ippenburen, but he cried out, 'Osnabruck ! Osnabruck !' and they durst not disobey, and before they reached Osnabruck he was dead. He was taken to the house of his brother, the Protestant Prince Bishop, and attempts were made to revive him, only proving that he was quite dead. He was buried among his forefathers at Hanover, and the Duchess of Kendal is said to have supposed he continued to haunt her in the form of a crow. The tidings were carried to Leicester Fields by Sir Robert Walpole. The new King's first idea was to reverse all his father had done. He bade Sir Robert go to Sir Spencer Compton, his treasurer. 'My time has been,' said Walpole to Sir Spencer, 'yours is beginning.' But Compton had had no training, and felt helpless. He had to draw up the King's speech, and was entirely at a loss. He begged Walpole to write it for him and let him copy it. When he had taken it to the King, he was obliged to ask Sir Robert to explain it, and thereupon Queen Caroline, who was watching her time, showed the King that the former minister was the right man to employ, and thus, to the surprise of England and Europe, Walpole continued in office. 'There I see a friend,' exclaimed the Queen, when Lady Walpole advanced to kiss hands, and thenceforth England's policy was fixed, even though George was never weary of assuring his courtiers that no one governed but himself, and that the Queen never meddled with politics !

On the tidings of George's death, James Stewart, relying on the unpopularity of the Hanoverians, set out for Lorraine, with the design of landing in Scotland ; although he knew that he should have no foreign help, but his friends in England and Scotland alike declared the scheme to be a mad one, and the French Government advised the Duke of Lorraine to insist on his departure from Nancy. So back he went to Bologna, where he found his Clementina, and was thoroughly reconciled to her.

H Y L A S.

HYLAS lived in the famous days when Jason sailed in search of the fleece of gold on board the *Argo*, the fair ship with sails like white wings that skimmed the waves as swiftly as an eagle. From the name of the ship, Jason and the noble champions with him were called Argonauts, and one of the Argonauts was Heracles, the lion-hearted, a man as adventurous as he was brave. Now this mighty hero loved a lad named Hylas, who was beautiful as the day, with shining yellow hair that waved round his head like a golden cloud ; and Heracles taught him as if he were his own son, and imparted to him all the arts by which he had himself become a warrior, and skilful in minstrelsy. The two were always together, the strong man and the beautiful boy, and Heracles took constant thought for Hylas that he might grow up a grand and noble man.

When Heracles sailed with Jason, Hylas went also. It was towards the end of spring, when lambs were at pasture on the sloping hillsides, that the heroes began their voyage. They sailed away towards the east, and at length came to the dangerous rocks called Symplegades, which continually opened and closed again with such quickness that a bird had scarcely time to fly between them ; but the *Argo* was safely steered through, and the terrible rocks henceforth remained fixed. The good ship went merrily on, and one evening it reached the waters of the Hellespont, and the warriors made for the land and went ashore to rest. They first made beds of grass and leaves ready for the night, and then began, two by two, to prepare supper. Just at sunset Hylas took a pitcher of bronze in his hand, and went to draw water for Heracles and his comrade Telamon, who always supped together. His heart was overflowing with happiness as he walked over the grassy slopes and gazed at the little clouds, all pink with the glow of the setting sun, and felt the cool breeze from the sea fanning his cheeks and tossing his yellow

hair. Soon he found a hollow in which was a spring of clear water, with rushes growing thickly round, and grass and maiden-hair. All this Hylas saw, but there was something he did not see ; down in the water, hidden from his sight, was a group of water-nymphs, dancing hand in hand, with streaming hair and trailing robes of palest green ; and when they saw Hylas their soft hearts were smitten with love for the beautiful lad. By this time he had knelt down by the side of the spring, and as he dipped the pitcher into the water, the nymphs clung to his hand and drew him down, so that he sank into the shadowy depths of the pool. But they twined their arms about him and tried to comfort him, as he wept, with gentle words.

When Heracles found that Hylas did not return he grew troubled about the boy, and went forth carrying his bow and the club that he always grasped in his right hand. Again and again he shouted 'Hylas !' and each time the boy heard and answered, but his voice came up thin from the water, so that he sounded far away, though he was very near.

Far and wide Heracles roamed through thickets and over hills, until his comrades had made ready their ship, and wondering at his absence lowered their sails again. But Heracles wandered still, for his heart was sore with longing for his beloved Hylas, the golden-haired boy, who was lost to him for ever.

K. N.

TWILIGHT.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

CHAPTER IV.

SILENCE.

'Is it time ; O, is it time ?
Have I served thee long enough ?
Will my venture seem a crime ?
Dare I even risk rebuff ?
No ! I dare not, though I long ;
Love itself has tied my tongue.'

CH. N. ROBINSON.

WHAT Louis Lorimer would have thought, if he had seen that child-likeness of his dead wife resting against his old love's shoulder, it is not easy to say. The pretty sight was over before he rejoined the little party ; the child and the woman had been left at the end of the little path that led up to the cottage, and Mr. Rutherford was just taking his leave at the steps that led up to the stately doorway of the Court.

Mr. Lorimer arrived in time to press him to come in with them, but he declined. Some scruples he might have had as to accepting any hospitality from this man while still quite undecided as to whether or not he meant to checkmate his schemes ; and more, the sight of Katrine in this man's house, that would probably be her own, was a thing not to be borne unless there had been very good reasons for bearing it.

So he took his leave, and went on through the two or three fields that lay between the Court and Wychwood village ; sauntered round the churchyard and past the well ; then took the field path again to return ; and in a few minutes was knocking at the door of the little cottage—a somewhat dreary-looking abode, though sound and well built ; and lonely, though the great stables of the Court were close by.

The woman came to the door, glanced up and down, with more defiance than furtiveness, as though she said to herself,

'If anyone *does* see me I don't know that I care!' and requested Alick to step inside.

He did so, feeling for his part decidedly glad that no one *did* see. The room was very bare; looking as though it had been furnished out of odds and ends sent over from the Court, as was in fact the case. Two chairs were drawn up to form a kind of couch near the fire, and upon them lay the child, apparently sleeping uneasily, with her flushed cheek resting on a white pillow.

There was but one other chair in the room, and the woman motioned to Alick to take it; but he declined with a courteous gesture, and both remained standing, one on either side of the little table.

'I'm doing wrong, I suppose,' she began abruptly; 'at least I'm doing what I've been forbidden. But I must speak to some one. I must know something but what *he*'ll tell me Do you know what I am to this man, there at that great house?'

'You are his wife's sister, are you not?' said Alick quickly.

'Ah, you know that, then? Then you know, I suppose, that this is his child. But can you tell me why we're here, in this poor place, and he's yonder?'

'Has Mr. Lorimer given you no reasons?'

'Ay, what *he* calls reasons. But they don't satisfy me. I don't know what he means—I never did—any more than my poor sister did that's dead and gone. I never thought to be afraid of anything, but he's made me afraid to speak, and afraid to stir, for fear of doing harm to some one. And I can't go on like this, no more can I believe all he tells me. He was afraid of you, some way, that time when you found us in Alma Place; and yet you're here again with him and with those ladies. So now, I think, if there's any one I may turn to, it's you.'

She made her confused statement in a defiant way, as if *demanding* rather than *asking* help and advice; and Alick stood in attentive silence, not asking for more confidence, yet not feeling called upon to refuse it.

'I *must* do something, for the child's sake,' she went on, her face and voice softening a little as she looked at the little figure before them. 'I'm so afraid of her being done out of her rights, for want of some one to stand up for her. And yet he says he'll do what's right by her, if only I'll not interfere with him now. And he *used* to be fond enough of her; and of his wife too, though he can think of nothing now but getting another!'

‘If Mr. Lorimer marries the lady he is now thinking of,’ Alick forced himself to say, ‘she will be as tender to the child as you or any one could wish. That I can answer for.’

‘Will she have him—that’s what I want to know?’ asked the woman eagerly.

‘That no one can say but herself. But it seems probable.’

‘Perhaps she wouldn’t if she knew he’d been married before! I guess that much, from his being so set on his keeping it all so close. And why should he have another wife, and more children—boys perhaps—to cut out Louie there?’

Her eyes flashed, and she caught herself up as if she had been about to say more than she had meant. Alick understood her as well, perhaps, as if she had spoken out more freely—the jealousy for the nursling that was like her own flesh and blood; the temptation to put a stop, once for all, to the schemes of this man whom she evidently but half trusted. Here was another rock upon which the fragile bark of Katrine’s happiness might come to wreck—one more hand concerned in a matter in which the most careful handling might only do untold harm!

‘You cannot *force* Mr. Lorimer to act rightly by his child if he doesn’t intend to do so. But by interfering with his wishes you may easily set him against her. You say he is fond of her, so no doubt he means to acknowledge her when once he is safely married. And you ought to consider how far you would be justified in disobeying him, when you and she are dependent upon him, and have long been so.’

‘When we were roughing it yonder I did as much for him as ever he did for me,’ she said rebelliously. ‘But there’s one thing I want to know: was my sister not really his wife, and is Louie not his lawful child (unless he likes to own them), because he married under a false name? Or was he only saying that to frighten me and keep me quiet?’

‘Did your sister know, when they were married, that the name he had given was not his own?’

‘I don’t know. She knew afterwards. What difference does that make?’

‘I believe it makes all the difference! But I am no lawyer, and cannot say for certain. I will make inquiries; but since you do not know about your sister that will not help you much.’

The woman stood still, biting her lips with a baffled look, and Alick gave her time to ponder his words.

‘What is your own name?’ he asked presently, in a kindlier

tone, his native pity for these forlorn creatures mingling with his uneasy sense of the danger their presence here was to Katrine.

‘Jane Wardlaw.’

‘And the child’s?—I mean, what did her father call himself?’

‘He called himself Freeman, and the child is named Louisa, after him. My poor sister, she thought there was never any one like him, and yet she was afraid of him too!’

‘But *you* are not afraid of him, Miss Wardlaw?’

‘I—never used to be. But I never felt to know what he would be at. And he’s different now from what he was when I first thought of him as Lizzie’s husband and Louie’s father. He’s a grand gentleman, I suppose, and I’ve no opinion of *them*. He’ll forget all about Louie if he gets a fine lady for his wife.’

‘The lady he wishes to marry will not let him do that when once she comes to know of Louie’s existence,’ said Alick, with half a sigh. ‘Meanwhile I don’t see what good you can do her by annoying her father or preventing his marriage. For her sake I should advise you to have patience.’

‘Patience? Ay, women need have patience! Well, I suppose you’re a friend of his, though I didn’t think it! You gentlefolks always hang together.’

‘I am no friend of his, I can assure you. I am thinking far more of others than of Mr. Lorimer in this matter. If you will recall the face of the lady who held Louie in her arms this afternoon, I am sure you will confess that her father could hardly do better for the child, or for himself.’

He spoke, in spite of his efforts, in a reluctant, grudging fashion that made the woman look at him curiously. But something else in his speech had caught her first attention.

‘Was *that* Miss Lyndhurst, then? I thought it had been some one belonging to his sister-in-law. The servants here told me that *she* never went out.’

‘She has not been often away from home of late years, but she was there to-day. And even from what you saw of her I think you may very safely wait, and trust to her influence——’

Again it seemed as though he could not force himself to end his speech, and Jane Wardlaw was watching him with a curious twist of the lips, as though she understood his feeling better than he could have wished, and was smiling sardonically over it.

Her expression struck him as a little uncanny, and he hastened to change the subject.

‘The child is ill, is she not? What is the matter with her?’

'I don't know. She should have been better, coming out of those smoky streets into the country, but she's never seemed right since we came.'

'Is she a delicate child?'

'No. That's to say, she isn't out-of-the-way strong, but she's never had anything ail her, not even the whooping-cough or the measles.'

'Perhaps—is there anything of the sort about here now, do you know?'

'Not that I know of. But we've not been here much more than a week, and I have strict orders not to speak too much to any one, as you may guess.'

'Does'—Alick paused and hesitated—'Have you all you need to make you comfortable, you and the child?'

'He doesn't stint me in money, if you mean that,' answered she hastily; 'comfortable I shan't be as long as we've to live in this hole-and-corner fashion, but he'll give me whatever I ask for.'

She reddened as if she suspected Alick of wishing to offer her money, and made no attempt to detain him further as he took his leave. He said nothing about seeing her again, though he fully intended to do so before very long, and went away, glad enough not to meet the owner of the Court or any of his servants, though in point of fact he had, if anything, been doing Mr. Lorimer a service.

He had but added to his own perplexities by his visit, for he felt now a sort of responsibility for these two helpless strangers whose identity was known only to him and to one other. He did not distrust Louis Lorimer quite as much as his sister-in-law seemed to do, but he saw in his present conduct something of the same heedless absorption in one idea that had led him once to give up all for this child's mother. A man who could forget truth and honour for the sake of one woman might very well forget natural affection for the sake of another, and after all, Jane Wardlaw must know the man better than Alick Rutherford could pretend to do.

It is much to say of a man who is by no means utterly bad that he is not fit to have his own child's fate in his hands, but the utmost stretch of Alick's charity could not make him think that Mr. Lorimer was to be trusted just then with his child's lot. And the memory of that dreary room and the little flushed, oppressed-looking face on the pillow haunted him with an uneasy misgiving.

One thing he could do, and did do—go out of his way on a make-believe errand to the country doctor, whose rounds took in Wychwood and the neighbouring villages, and find out incidentally from him whether measles, or scarlet fever, or anything of that sort was specially rife just then in the neighbourhood of the Court.

And on the way some thoughts, at once bitter and sweet, crept into his mind almost unawares. How pleasant it was to see *her* awake and alive as she was to-day, to see a special friendliness, a consciousness of his personality, in the eyes she turned upon him. But ah! what would life have been like if he had met that look before, if his hand, and not Louis Lorimer's, had been the one to lead her out of the twilight land of her captivity? He could not think himself altogether unworthy of the prize that this man had won, any more than he could cheat himself any longer with the pathetic fiction that his love was only a foregone possibility. No, love is 'Time's fool' sometimes, and the one woman in the world for him he had met too late.

And so into his busy life, with its ever-changing interests, had come one life-long companion—a regret that would walk beside him to his grave, as it walked with him now along the dusky, silent lanes—

'Look in my face; my name is Might Have Been.
I am also called No More—Too Late—Farewell!
Unto thine ears I hold the Dead Sea shell,
Cast up thy life's foam-fretted feet between.'

And he faced it once for all, and even gave it a sort of welcome.

'Who am I that I should have what I want?' he asked himself stoutly. 'Meanwhile I may, to a certain extent, help in securing to her what *she* wants. And if I think it not the best thing for her, I am not likely to be a fair judge. At all events, I have little choice in the matter, for which I may be thankful!'

So thinking, he found himself at the doctor's door, and took that good man by surprise just as he was sitting down to his well-earned dinner. The doctor had made Mr. Rutherford's acquaintance before, and would have been well pleased if he would have come in to share the said dinner and have a little talk of something outside the routine of poor folk's ailments. And since he would not, and only appeared to have called to ask a somewhat unnecessary question about a quasi-reformed drunkard in Mr. Henderson's parish, who was reported to have taken to stimulants again on medical authority, and with lamentable results, the doctor felt somewhat aggrieved.

Perhaps that was why, on being asked tentatively whether there was much illness in the neighbourhood, he replied grimly that there was always illness among parish patients, but that at present there was nothing worse on hand than small-pox. 'What more you may bring us with your new importations from the East End of course I can't say at present,' he concluded scathingly.

'What more *you* may give *us*, you mean,' retorted Alick. 'Every one knows that, what with bad water and rudimentary drainage, it is trifling with one's constitution to come into the country at all!'

'Six of one and half a dozen of the other, for that matter,' said the doctor, with a short laugh. 'Seriously, though, you had better not bring any one fresh into Wychwood, at any rate just at present. We have really got a couple of cases of small-pox there, brought out from the town, I suppose; and I have enough to do to look after our own folks.'

'Any measles or scarlatina, or childish complaints of that sort, about?' asked Alick, as if half in jest.

'Not much, that I know of. But don't inflict a regiment of your street arabs upon us. Children may catch small-pox as well as their elders.'

Alick said good-night and went his way, having got more information than he had bargained for.

'After all,' he said to himself, 'it is no more than if there was small-pox anywhere else in the kingdom. They have hardly seen or spoken to any one, and are not likely to be in any house but their own. I wonder if Mr. Lorimer knows of this, or whether he is too much taken up with other interests to care. I suppose he would say, and quite truly, that they must have had the complaint actually nearer to them all the time that they were in London! All the same, I shall call his attention to the matter as soon as I have an opportunity.'

The next day brought no such opportunity, but brought instead, towards evening, a note from Mr. Lorimer, which somehow touched Alick a good deal more than the half-enforced confession which he had heard when first their secret understanding began.

'I saw that you recognised my sister-in-law and the child,' it ran, 'so that I am now doubly in your power. I do not regret it. You could have ruined me easily enough before had you thought it right to do so. And I feel sure that now you will

not, for everybody's sake. I mean to do my duty by the child in any case ; but it is not to be expected that I should ever be able to feel the same to her again if she is made to cost me Katrine. That is what my sister-in-law will not see ; but I feel sure that you will understand the case better. I brought her near me in the hope of being able to silence and content her more effectually than at a distance ; but she does not seem to trust me, though, God knows, I never gave her cause for any distrust by my treatment of her or of her sister. She tells me that she appealed to you, and that you advised her to be quiet and to do what she was told, for which I thank you. May I see you—to-morrow, if possible ? It might excite remark if I were seen coming again to the Vicarage, so may I ask if you will come up here, say about eleven ?

‘ Yours,

‘ LOUIS LORIMER.’

Alick's feelings underwent a change in reading this letter, as if he had been wasting ‘good hatred’ upon a child, under the impression that he had a *man* to deal with. It was such an extraordinary production in its transparent selfishness, its naïve simplicity ; and yet the fellow was obviously in earnest, and possibly his love for Katrine might make a man of him yet.

Certainly he must have the interview for which he asked, though it might only be for the purpose of recapitulating arguments which meant little more than that he wanted his own way.

So Alick walked up to the Court at the hour appointed, and looked round upon the stately old place, and reflected how the world would say that Katrine Lyndhurst was making a good match, but none the less schooled himself into a firm resolve that the owner of it should have fair play as much as if he had been a broken-down crossing-sweeper.

Louis Lorimer's welcome was in very good taste, considering the difficulty of the situation. He could not affect perfect independence and indifference, but he did not cringe ; and indeed circumstances seemed rather to force him to make a friend of Alick, since his sister-in-law, the only other person who knew everything, chose to regard herself as an enemy.

He hesitated a little over what he wished to say, and Alick took advantage of the pause to mention what he had heard about small-pox. Mr. Lorimer had heard of it too, it seemed, but he looked surprised that any one should think that it could affect the

new-comers. The two cases were both at the other end of the parish, he said, and his sister-in-law had strict orders not to leave the Court grounds, or to have any communication with the village ; and with that he dismissed the subject.

The subject upon which he really wished to speak could not be so easily disposed of, and he stammered and blushed over it like a boy.

‘I—I wished you to know that I do not mean to deceive Katrine—Miss Lyndhurst—for one hour longer than is necessary. I love her more than ever—love her so much that I cannot bear to *seem* even to keep back anything from her ; and I would have told her long since if I had dared.’

‘Then you do *not* dare at present ?’ asked Alick quietly.

‘I—don’t know. Sometimes she seems just like other people, —I mean, she seems to remember and know everything, as one would expect, and I think then that she must know that I have *some* confession to make, and that she would be glad to know it was no worse. And then comes Lyndhurst, and tells me how—how it was with her after I went away, and all that the doctors have said, till I daren’t look or speak for fear of doing terrible harm where I have done too much harm already. Or else it is something that she says ; and she looks and speaks sometimes as if she *knew*, and meant to break my heart. She said, when I asked her to marry me, that she had her wedding dress ready—“it had been ready a long time !” And to this day I’ve never dared to speak about it again ; and for all I know she may be meaning to be married in the dress that was made for our wedding ten years ago !’

‘Miss Lyndhurst has consented to marry you, then ?’

‘In a certain way she has. She loves me, and of course she knows that I love her. The only thing is that I cannot make her understand that I love her ten times more than I did in the days she remembers, or that we need not lose any more time.’

‘Having lost too much already,’ Alick could not help adding. ‘But what do you think might be the effect of finding out *after* marriage why and how the time was lost ?’

‘Do you think I haven’t thought of that often enough ?’ said Mr. Lorimer, half savagely. ‘I thought at first I’d risk it, but I daren’t ; I daren’t chance her reproaching me afterwards, and with the right to say that I had cheated her. . . . I will tell her somehow,—before we are married—when I get her to fix the day of our marriage. But I want the poor satisfaction of telling my own

tale at my own time and in my own way. I believe I can do it with less chance of harm to her than any one else.'

'That seems reasonable enough,' said Alick, as the other paused, forcing himself to speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

'Then, since my sister-in-law has appealed to you, and seems to put more trust in you than she does in me, have I your promise that you will do all you can to keep the matter secret until after I have spoken to Miss Lyndhurst?'

Alick was silent for more than a moment before he answered, more from an impulse of caution than because he saw any reason for refusing his promise. After all, he could make it conditional.

'I understand that you pledge yourself to deal openly with Miss Lyndhurst *and her family* before your marriage is finally arranged?'

Mr. Lorimer understood the stress laid upon *the family*, and winced a little, but felt perhaps that the condition must be accepted.

'I promise it!' he answered, gravely.

'Then I too promise. The matter shall be kept secret as far as I have any control over it, at least until I shall hear from you that the date of your marriage is fixed, or that your engagement with Miss Lyndhurst is broken off.'

Alick had hardly intended to speak the last words, but the conversation altogether had been very bitter to him, and human nature demanded its revenge.

Mr. Lorimer's eyes flashed; but he would not or dared not resent the implication, or perhaps thought it not worthy of notice.

'It is agreed, then, between us,' he said, slowly, and held out his hand. Half reluctantly, Alick took it, and wrung it closely, while the two men looked at each other more like internecine foes concluding a temporary truce than like friends and allies. But they parted with all the courtesies of civilised warfare, and Alick drew a long breath when he found himself outside the walls of the Court, and told himself that he had put it out of his power to interfere further, and that he had better learn as soon as possible to think of other things.

Nevertheless, it hardly struck him as being inconsistent when he told his cousin that afternoon that he had given up all ideas of the Tyrol for the autumn, and that he meant to be here and there about the neighbourhood for some time to come, if he might be allowed to make his headquarters at the Vicarage.

He was most heartily welcome to do so, and knew it ; and his usual stern self-government had given way for once to his heart's imperious demand of its rights. Only to know at first hand of what concerned it so deeply, to be at hand to watch over *her* welfare as far as it was possible—it was not much to ask, after all, and probably quite as much for his future welfare as if he had carried his hopeless love and gnawing anxiety abroad with him, and counted the hours under brighter skies with heart-sick longing to get back and know the worst.

So Alick went backwards and forwards, and got through a good deal of business for friends who were taking a late holiday, —as he himself had once meant to do—and looked after his friend the cabinet-maker, who was growing much the better, both in body and soul, for his sojourn in Hatherston village.

But he did not go near Jane Wardlaw, and heard nothing of her ; nor did he see anything of Mr. Lorimer beyond meeting him once or twice at the Manor, where he seemed to be nearly as often as at his own house.

The Court was evidently being prepared for a bride, the workmen having come in the very day after the dowager Mrs. Lorimer had gone away ; and the neighbourhood seemed resigned to take the master of the Court as it found him, and to conclude that some satisfactory explanation of his conduct had been afforded to his family and that of his future wife—an explanation that would probably leak out and be public property in due time.

Mrs. Henderson sent a disagreeable thrill through Alick's nerves once or twice by declaring that she should certainly be prepared at the wedding to hear some one arise out of a dark corner of the church and forbid the ceremony to proceed. But meanwhile the day was not fixed, as far as any one knew, when something happened that made it very unlikely that she would be present when it took place, unless it should be postponed longer than seemed probable.

Mr. Henderson's mother, a very aged person, was taken ill, and not likely to recover, and her son and daughter-in-law were sent for to be with her. The vicar provided for his Sunday duty by the help of a stranger who happened to be staying in the little town, but he said in all seriousness that he regarded Alick as his *locum tenens*, of more use, for all work not absolutely clerical, than even a curate would have been ; and that they

could not have set out on their long journey to the further end of Scotland with easy minds had he not been there.

Alick would have accepted his new duties in any case with humorous resignation ; but now he was rather thankful for the excuse they gave him for remaining where his heart was, and despatched his cousin and Mrs. Henderson on their somewhat sorrowful journey with even more than his usual helpful energy.

Certainly it was a relief to be alone but for the children ; to brood and dream, and weigh possibilities ; to scheme and contrive to get a glimpse of Katrine Lyndhurst passing by, or even a word with her in the damp autumnal plantations, with the drifts of dead leaves beneath their feet.

He mocked at himself sometimes for the feeling he had about these interviews, so sweet they were, since the change that had come over her—sweet and strange, like meeting with one long loved and long dead. He had to remind himself sometimes that it was not he, but Louis Lorimer, who had known and loved her in those vanished days, that seemed now to be magically given back to her, Louis Lorimer's coming, and not his, that had warmed the cold twilight of her life into full day. Apart from her there was always more than enough to remind him of the stubborn realities of life, but when she was there they vanished, and the mournful fading woodlands were gay as with spring, and the tones of her voice as full of hope and promise as the thrush's first soft, sweet call.

It was all a dream, and he knew it, as when 'in a drear-nighted December' we walk in dreams in a summer garden, side by side with some over whose graves the matted churchyard grass is thick with snow. But he hugged the dream, knowing that the awaking must come soon enough ; and indeed very shortly it came.

It came in the form of a note delivered at the Vicarage soon after breakfast one Monday morning by a small boy, who departed without waiting for an answer. It was addressed to 'Mr. Rutherford,' and ran as follows :—

'I suppose I ought not to trouble you, but I am at my wits' end. The child is very bad, and I don't know what to do for her. The doctor won't tell me what is the matter with her, but he says I am to send for some one to help me nurse her, and how am I to send for any one ? The servants at the Court tell me that the master is away, but I don't believe them. He wasn't away yesterday ; only it's my belief he doesn't care about

the child now, and wishes us both dead and out of his way. If you can be troubled to come and advise me what to do, I will be thankful ; and if not, I could find it in my heart to go out into the village and tell the whole tale to every one I meet, for I don't care who knows it.

‘ Yours truly,

‘ JANE WARDLAW.’

Alick burned the note, and went to obey the summons, saying to himself that he had expected this. It was not literally true, perhaps ; but the anxious imperative words seemed to answer to a dim foreboding that had been in his mind ever since he had known of those two being in the neighbourhood.

A few yards only out of his way took him across a corner of the Manor plantations, and he made no excuse to himself for choosing the way that led him where he might possibly see *her*, and where at any rate he was sure of a glimpse of the house that held her. And the forlorn little hope was not disappointed, for there she was coming across the wide park-like field just as he came out of the wood and closed the gate behind him. Her head was bent down over a letter she was reading, and the long folds of her dark winter cloak fell round her slender figure and made her look very unlike the slim ghostly creature that Alick remembered gliding across the shady summer garden. The wintry sunlight touched her hair with gold under her close-fitting hat, and made the pages of the letter into a dazzling patch of white. Children and dogs gambolled behind and before her, and foremost of all was little Muriel, carrying her beloved wooden doll, in all its pristine ugliness, tenderly in her arms. She caught sight of Alick and ran up to him.

‘ Hush ! ’ she said. ‘ Aunt Katrine said we were not to disturb her ’cause she’s reading a letter. But my G’rilla wants to thank you for bringing her back.’

Alick looked down upon the wooden fetish, that seemed to wear a malevolent grin upon its gash of a mouth, and then over the child’s head at Katrine’s intent face, bent over her lover’s letter. A jealous instinct told him that it *was* a lover’s letter.

That man must write to her, then, although they might be together every day and all day long ! Well, he had the silence of ten years to make up for, and must be allowed to atone for it by added tenderness, like little Muriel parading that hideous tree-root round the fields and lanes by way of reparation for the momentary petulance that had sent it flying over the garden wall !

Alick gave Muriel a kiss, and skilfully evaded a chaste salute from the fetish which she was anxious to press upon him. He had crossed the corner of the field and sprung over the stile into the lane before Katrine looked up from her letter, hurrying his steps a little with a feeling that he did not want a stray look and smile from her while all her thoughts were taken up with what that other man had written to her.

The rate at which he was walking soon brought him to the Court and the somewhat dank and dreary back paths, smothered in evergreens, that led round to the cottage that had been assigned to Jane Wardlaw and her charge.

She came to the door in answer to his knock, and he was shocked at the change in her appearance since he had seen her before. She was a hard-featured, robust-looking woman, no longer very young, and one would hardly have expected fatigue or even anxiety to tell upon her very quickly ; but her eyelids were purple, and beneath her eyes the shade deepened nearly to black, while her parted lips were dry and cracked, and her whole attitude was that of one tired past the possibility of resting.

‘Ah, it’s you. Come in,’ she said wearily ; and then, as if with a second thought, motioned her visitor back, and leaned herself against the doorpost. ‘I don’t know that you ought to come in, either,’ she went on ; ‘I daresay it’s something catching, though the doctor won’t tell me. It’s my own belief it’s the small-pox !’

Again Alick said to himself that he had expected this, but he did not say so aloud.

‘Not quite so bad as that, we’ll hope,’ he answered cheerily. ‘There are many childish complaints that may make a child seem very ill. I’ll see the doctor myself, and get him to speak more plainly. Did he ask whether the child had been vaccinated lately ?’

‘He did ; and I told him that to the best of my belief she’d never been done at all ; they were in wild out-of-the-way parts when she was born, and for a good while after, and I don’t believe they ever thought of it later. I know I didn’t.’

‘Have you had any communication with any of the houses where the illness is ?’

‘Not that I know of. But the day after we came here I found Louie in the lane, talking to two strange children. She’s a lively child by nature, and she can’t understand why we

should live like this and never speak to a soul. I fetched her away from them at once, and I don't *know* that they came from a small-pox house ; but I made out afterwards that they were from that end of the village.'

'Is she unconscious—the child?'

'Part of the time. But she keeps fretting and calling for her father mostly, and wondering why she can't live with him. She's never been away from him before, and she was used to being made a fuss with. I sent up last night to say how bad she was ; but whether those servants ever gave the message is more than I can say. I went up myself this morning, though my heart was in my mouth at leaving her all alone the while, and they told me that he'd gone away, and they didn't know where. I don't believe they were telling the truth, but I could get nothing out of them but incivility, and I came away.'

'I'll go round to the Court myself and inquire ; and I can perhaps see the doctor too, and bring back some word that will cheer you a little. I am afraid you are very much overtired.'

Alick's kindly tone made her lips quiver and her eyes grow red as if with suppressed tears.

'I—don't know how I feel!' she said, with sudden vehemence. 'I usedn't to be tired so easily. But everything seems to be a trouble since we came to this forsaken place.'

'We must try and arrange for you to get a good rest to-night, at any rate. But I must see if I can communicate with Mr. Lorimer before I undertake to make arrangements for him.'

'I don't believe he cares whether we live or die, except that maybe he wishes us dead and out of the way. And *I* wish we were dead too, both of us, instead of being here, where we're not wanted!'

She broke down into stormy sobs, of which she seemed utterly ashamed, for she choked them back with an effort painful to see, and flashed again into anger.

'If I *was* dying, though, I'd contrive to put a spoke in his wheel *somehow* first—send for his lady, perhaps, and let her know what he's made of; and what a hard heart he has to his own flesh and blood.'

'I trust you would not do that in any case,' said Alick, gravely. 'And I think if you will give Louie's father time it will be better both for her and you. Go back to her now, and rest as much as you can ; and I will try and bring you news and help before long.'

Sullenly she withdrew into the house, and Alick turned and hurried up to the Court, seeing need enough for rapid action, and giving himself little time for thought till the present necessity should be tided over.

The servants answered his inquiries with more courtesy and in more detail than they had vouchsafed to Jane Wardlaw, but the substance of their reply was the same. Mr. Lorimer had left home the night before, and they did not know where he was. He had seemed very much hurried, and had said something about writing the next day to give the butler his address ; but as yet nothing had been heard from him.

As Alick Rutherford went on towards the doctor's house he began to wonder whether he was doing this man an injustice in supposing that the reason of this hasty flight was to escape from infection, granting that it was really small-pox from which the child was suffering ? Not on his own account altogether—it was not necessary to believe him such a cur as that. But he might well think that it would arouse suspicion if he remained in the neighbourhood and suddenly ceased his visits to Katrine, and he might well be afraid of bringing danger to her if there was any communication between the Court and the Manor. Jane Wardlaw had shown that she did not intend to let him remain there and ignore her ; so what more natural to such a man than to run away, and leave matters somehow to settle themselves in his absence ?

Alick would not willingly lower himself by being unjust to an enemy ; but he could not but think that this was the most probable explanation of the state of affairs, especially when his inquiries at the doctor's confirmed his fears as to the nature of the illness.

The doctor was out, and only the trusty old man to be interviewed who made up the medicines, kept the books, and was reported to know as much about the cases as his master. From him Alick learned that the case at the under-gardener's cottage at Wychwood was put down as small-pox, though he did not think his master thought badly of the child. The other cases in the village had been serious ones, but were recovering.

Alick thanked him and went away. He did not want to see the doctor then, until he had had time to think what must be done.

If the woman should prove to have small-pox also, or even if she was only exhausted and knocked up with fretting and want

of rest, the doctor's first idea would be to send in some woman from the village or a nurse from the town to help her. Indeed, the only wonder was that he had not done so before.

Then it would all come out. In Jane Wardlaw's present temper any sympathising woman of her own rank of life would be able to get from her all and more than all she knew. Indeed, in the state both of mind and body in which she now was, she probably *could* not have held her tongue, even if she had been convinced that it was her interest to do so.

And then—Alick could guess how quickly the report would fly round the country, how soon it would reach the Manor, and how short a time it would be possible to keep it from Katrine Lyndhurst's ears. But how she would take it, in what way it would affect her, he could not guess.

If the case had been his own he would long ago have told her all, impatient of the fool's paradise in which he must live as long as she only accepted him in ignorance or forgetfulness. And he would not much have feared the result. Surely she must sometimes be conscious of those ten unexplained years, and have dark thoughts of the secrets they must hold ; and such a lover of children could feel nothing but love for little Louie, though she was the child of a rival.

But it could not be denied that the special circumstances gave Louis Lorimer every right to feel nervous, and that the others who knew her best more than shared his feeling. Alick did not forget that for a moment, and still less could he forget that he had pledged himself that nothing of this should come to light, as far as he could prevent it, until something had happened which had not happened yet.

What would be most for Katrine's peace of mind might be a matter of opinion ; but the pledge was a fact, from which there was no escape.

Some men might have thought the pledge redeemed by simply themselves keeping silence, but not Alick Rutherford. He knew that Lorimer had understood it to mean that he would do what he could to prevent Jane Wardlaw from betraying him ; and knowing that, could he stand by and see an uneducated gossiping woman sent to her, who would infallibly be in possession of the secret before twelve hours were over ? Hardly ; and yet common humanity ordered that something should be done for the poor creature, and that at once. Alick seemed to be the only person in the neighbourhood besides the doctor who knew

of her forlorn condition, and if the doctor did not take action he must.

Slowly and more slowly Alick walked along the lanes towards the Rectory, seeing clearly what he must do, but trying to arrange details and ways and means.

Firstly, he must telegraph to Louis Lorimer as soon as the servants at the Court could give him any clue as to where he might be found, and send as urgent a message as could be devised without revealing too much.

Secondly, he must send another telegram to a nursing sister who was an old friend and fellow-worker of his, who would certainly come to him in his need if it were possible, and who would regard the speeches of a semi-delirious patient as a priest regards the secrets of the confessional.

And thirdly, till help came, he must go and look after the woman and the child himself.

It was not to him such an impossible and appalling thing as it would have been to some men. He had seen a good deal of illness, both in his own family and amongst the poor, and he had a not unfounded confidence in his own judgment and resources.

But it was impossible to pretend to himself that he liked the prospect.

A hero, perhaps, ought not to be afraid of anything, but Alick Rutherford was distinctly afraid of infection, though he had put himself in the way of it often enough for the sake of duty or of kindness. He had exactly the same feeling about it with which the Chevalier Bayard seems to have regarded firearms, an angry shrinking, as from a danger that a man could neither foresee nor guard against, which could not be ignored, though it was never suffered to affect his conduct.

Moreover, he was going to put himself to great practical inconvenience, and to set everybody talking about him, which was not at all what he desired.

He certainly could not go backwards and forwards between the sick-room and the Rectory, where his cousin's children were. He must leave the Rectory and all the various duties for which his cousin had made him responsible, take a few of his belongings with him to the cottage, and leave the rest at some neutral half-way house, from whence he could get what he needed, must arrange about his letters and try to provide for the hundred and one unexpected contingencies that are always

cropping up in a busy life, and must in fact retire absolutely from the world for the two or three days that must elapse before his watch could be relieved and he himself sufficiently disinfected to mingle with his fellows again. There are some people who could do this at any time and hardly be missed, but Alick was not one of them.

In the midst of his hurried preparations at the Rectory and the dashing off of numberless notes that contained more facts and directions than explanations, he suddenly left it all and hurried down into the village to find his friend Hudson, the cabinet-maker. It had occurred to him that he must have one ally and assistant, and that Hudson would be ready and willing to take what slight risk might be involved in carrying out his directions.

The cabinet-maker was in his usual place, leaning against the low wall of the cottage-garden, watching the life of the village with melancholy appreciative eyes.

He was more than willing to do all he could to help his friend and benefactor, but of course it took some time to make him understand what was required, and then there were the unfinished arrangements up at the Rectory to be completed, and altogether it was late in the evening before they were trudging together along the field-path towards Wychwood, Hudson under the impression that he was carrying most of the gentleman's 'traps' for him, though Alick had certainly secured the heaviest load for himself.

'You understand, then?' said Alick before they parted, just beyond the tree beneath which Katrine had sat with Louie in her arms. 'Every morning you will come here, and bring some bread, and anything suitable for invalids in the eatable line that I can think of or you can come across in the village. Then I will meet you here, and you will go to the doctor's and inquire for my letters, and I will let you know if you are wanted in the evening.'

'All right, sir. But you must let me come on and take my share of the nursing now and then. I know what illness is—ay, and small-pox, too.'

'We shall see. I think you will be of most use if you keep yourself out of the way of infection, so that I may not be afraid to send you wherever it may be necessary. I know I can depend upon you, anyhow, and that is a great thing.'

Their looks met, Alick's brown eyes full of kindly confidence,

and Hudson's wistful with the effort to express a gratitude and willingness for which he had no words.

Silently they walked on as far as the back gates of the Court, and there Alick took the rest of his property, wished his companion good-night, and went on alone without giving himself time to look back.

The cottage looked as usual—solid, well-built, cold, and comfortless, its dreariness intensified by the cold grey shade of the deepening twilight. Alick looked at it with that shiver of repugnance, that sort of sinking of the heart, that we have all felt in our time, and that some people call a presentiment.

He did not call it so, having—like most highly-strung natures—felt it too often to be deceived by it. He knew that he was nervous and unstrung, and that it was partly his own fault, because he had allowed himself of late to dwell more than was wise on questions for which he could find no answer, and a trouble for which there was no cure.

But certainly the danger that might be in wait for him in that ill-omened-looking cottage was much more present to his mind than he would have wished it to be. We all sometimes regard our own affairs in a whimsical, half-sarcastic fashion, *from the outside*, and in that way Alick found himself now thinking of all the stir and turmoil of his life, that had led to the deadly stillness of this forgotten place, and of the kind of apt poetical contrast there would be in its all ending *here*. A dim, confused, unsatisfactory business it was, the rights and wrongs of which no one would ever fully understand; and there seemed to be a touch of the wonted irony of Fate in the fact that he who had always taken his own way in life, who had been a power in his own world, should be tangled thus in this cobweb of another man's weaving. It only needed, to make it complete, that the 'thin grey pall' should be spread over all his hopes, and plans, and schemes, and hide them away for ever.

Well, the world would not miss him long, and neither science nor philanthropy would come to a standstill; and with that thought Alick Rutherford shook off his momentary depression and went on to his appointed post, more ashamed of that brief recoil of mind and body than conscious of the courage that sent him forward.

The outer room of the cottage was quite dark as he entered, and the fireplace black and cold. Hastily putting down the things he carried, he passed through to the inner room, where

there was little more light or movement, though a few red ashes still smouldered in the grate.

There were matches in his pocket, of course, and he struck one, holding it up to see, if possible, where he was, and whether a lamp or candle stood anywhere at hand.

For a moment the match dazzled more than it enlightened him, and in that instant he heard a joyful cry, in a very small weak voice—

‘Daddy! Oh, daddy!’

Through the surrounding gloom he caught a glimpse of a pale little face, transfigured by ecstasy, and two small clasped hands. Then the match went out, and the cry died away in a quaver of disappointment. Hurriedly he lit another, taking care this time to coax it into burning longer, and looked round.

The child was lying on her little bed, close behind the door by which he had entered, and on the floor beside her sat Jane Wardlaw. She had apparently been asleep, leaning against the bed, for she had just raised her head from her folded arms, and was looking round her with dazed, bewildered eyes.

There was no candle to be seen, and, as the second match burned almost to his fingers, Alick turned back to the other room to see what he could find there. Again the weak little cry rose, shrill with eagerness—

‘Daddy! daddy! don’t go away again. Oh, don’t!’

‘I won’t! I’m coming back,’ he answered hastily, thrilled to the bottom of his tender heart by the pitiful appeal, but sure that the strange voice would undeceive if not frighten her. Apparently it did not, for, though she called to him once or twice while he was finding and lighting the candle, she greeted him with a little murmur of satisfaction, as he returned with the light falling full upon his face.

‘I told auntie you’d come!’ she sighed, in the husky, broken voice of weakness and exhaustion. ‘Now you’ll stay, won’t you? Auntie’s been asleep such a long time, and I’m so tired.’

The child’s face was but little disfigured; but her eyes were dim, and the lids heavy and swollen. Since in the confusion of sleep and weakness her ears had cheated her at the sound of a man’s voice and step, her sight was evidently not clear enough to correct the impression.

‘She takes you for her father,’ said Jane Wardlaw, who had risen to her feet, and stood holding by the rail of the bedstead, swaying slightly as she stood. ‘She is fretting after him and

calling him night and day. I didn't—mean to drop asleep. And I'd better not for all the good it's done me, for the room's just turning round. I don't know what's to become of me—or her.'

Little Louie was holding out her hands imploringly, and Alick surrendered one of his own to their hot, eager grasp. With the touch of those small clinging fingers, and the little sob of relief and gladness with which she felt the grasp of his, he forgot Louis Lorimer, and remembered only that here was the one creature on earth he was most bound to serve—a child in suffering and need.

'You want some real rest,' he said, very gently, turning to the woman, whose wondering looks went from him to the child and back again. 'Go and lie down and sleep comfortably. You may leave the little girl to me.'

(To be continued.)

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

IV.—THE LEGEND OF FRIENDSHIP.

BRITOMARTIS.—PART II.

WE suspect that many people 'leave off reading the Faery Queene' somewhere in Book IV. The only way in which any sort of clue can be preserved through its mazes is by regarding it as a second part of Book III. The Temple of Venus, the home of Pure Love, which answers to the House of Holiness and to the Castle of Alma, is given in this book by Scudamour as a retrospect, and his visit to it took place before Book III. begins. The evil principle in Book III. was Cupid, in his lower and more sensual aspect; in this it is *Atè*, or Division. In the term 'Friendship' is included the love of 'wedded souls,' of faithful lovers, whose motto is—

'Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.'

The knight was never to seek for the mere possession of the maiden; the element of mutual choice must be present. Therefore, as love is the perfection of Friendship, so all the noble pairs of faithful friends are set beside the lovers in the Temple of Love; and Britomart and Amoret, *Cambell* and *Triamond* cannot be divided by *Atè*'s worst efforts. In Book III. the stress was laid on the personal purity of the knights and maidens, and in this on their faithful affection for each other; but the one depends on the other.

The difficulty in following the events is that the adventures of *Cambell* and *Triamond* are merely an episode, and the two knights themselves wanting in individual interest. Britomart's story is the only approach to a continuous thread, and that, as far as may be, it seems best to follow; but, as Scudamour's description of the *Temple of Venus* has everything to do with the sense, but nothing with the further progress of the narrative, it seems better to give it at once.

Book IV. We gather that Scudamour, when a young knight at the court of
Canto X. 4. Gloriana, heard of the perfect flower of womanhood to be found in the

Temple of Venus, and set forth to endeavour to win her for his own. He came to a lovely island, on which the Temple of Venus was built—a temple more renowned and older far than those of Paphos or of Cyprus (being, one would suppose, the esoteric shrine, the very soul of Love's worship, of which these others were the outward sign only). The island was defended by a castle, before which hung the *Shield of Love*, which was won by Scudamour in spite of the opposition of twenty powerful knights. Then he must needs pass *Doubt, Delay, and Danger*, till, through the *Gate of Good Deserts*, he came safely into the island Paradise.

There was

‘every tree of count, that in the greenwood growes,
Fresh shadowes fit to shroud from sunny ray,
Fair lawnds to take the sunne in season dew ;’

with every other kind of garden beauty to delight the thousand pairs of spotless lovers who sported among them. Here also, in another part, were all the pairs of faithful friends—David and Jonathan, Pylades and Orestes, and many others. In the midst of this lovely spot stood the Temple itself, with *Concord* for a door-keeper, holding Love and Hate at one (notice the beauty of the description of the work of Concord).

She admitted Scudamour into the inmost temple, where were a hundred altars, tended by maiden priests ; and in the midst, on an altar of pure crystal, stood the veiled statue of the mystic Venus, the Earth-Mother. (This whole description is full of mysticism, old, but ever new.) Hapless lovers round her altar made their sad complaint, and at her feet were a bevy of lovely damsels—Womanhood, surrounded by Shamefastnesse, Cheerfulnesse, Modestie, Curtesie, Silence and Obedience. There in the lap of Womanhood was lovely Amoret ; and Scudamour, as has been before told, led her away in triumph, while Venus smiled on his choice.

We know already how Busyrane snatched Amoret away on her wedding-day and kept her prisoner for seven weary months, till Britomart rescued her, and would have at once restored her to Scudamour if he had not gone away, despairing of the life of his lady or of her champion, of whose sex, it is important to remember, he was not aware. Neither at first was Amoret, and she half feared her deliverer, until, on coming to a castle, Britomart first claimed her as her own prize and lady, and then, letting down her golden hair, revealed her sex, so that Amoret fearlessly rested in the strong protection of a brave and faithful friend.

When they left the castle, they met two couples riding towards them (we see a sort of parody of honest comradeship in these unworthy alliances)—*Duessa*, ready again to work mischief, in companionship with *Sir Paridell*, who had been deserted by the worthless Hellenore, and *Atè*, in whose service was a certain Sir Blandamour (who seems to represent the flirt of society). This faithless youth, endeavouring to

X. 5.

X. 10.

X. 21.

X. 29.

X. 32.

X. 41.

X. 48.

X. 56.

Book IV.

Canto I. 5.

I. 12.

I. 17.

I. 19.

- I. 36. snatch Amoret from Britomart, was soon overthrown, and the two
 Canto IV. maidens rode on together until they came to a place where a great
 43. tournament was being held.
- Canto I. 39. No sooner had they passed out of sight than Scudamour, with Glaucè,
 came by, and Atè (*Division*) persuaded the unfortunate knight that
 Amoret had deserted him for a rival, and was now Britomart's love.
 I. 54. Upon which he turned furiously upon Glaucè, who was afraid to tell him
 Canto II. 3. the real truth, though she managed to soothe him before they went on
 their way. While Atè and Blandamour, Paridell and Duessa were still
 II 4. together, another pair (note that all the characters go in pairs in this
 book) came riding up to them, namely, *Sir Ferraugh* and the false
Florimell. From Sir Ferraugh they learned that *Sir Satyran* had offered
 Book III. the golden girdle, dropped in her flight by the real *Florimell*, as the
 — prize of a great tourney, to which all knights were to bring their ladies,
 II. 27. the bravest to win the girdle and give it to the fairest. The others all
 decided to go and try their fortunes, and on their way overtook the two
 II. 30. brave knights, *Cambell* and *Triamond*, with their ladies, *Canace* and
Cambine, bound in the same direction. (Here follows the story which
 is supposed to illustrate perfect friendship and harmony, occupying the
 whole of *Canto III*.)
- Canto IV. 6. With the addition of *Braggadocchio*, the whole party took their way to
 the lists, with many incipient disputes, which *Cambine* managed to
 settle. When they came to the place of tournament, they—
- IV. 13. 'found in fresh array
 Manie a brave knight and many a daintie dame
 Assembled for to get the honour of that game.'
- IV. 15. Sir Satyrane brought out the golden girdle and hung it aloft in view.
 IV. 35. After much fighting, a knight, disguised as a 'salvage wight,' appeared
 and nearly carried off the honours, when a second stranger dashed into
 the lists and bore him to the ground.
- IV. 42. So Britomart, by virtue of the sacred spear, won the golden girdle,
 and ignorantly defeated the very knight whom she was seeking so
 eagerly, *Arthegall* himself. (This tournament answers to the House of
 Pride and the Castle of Malecasta in Books I. and III. It is the test
 of the quality of the 'friendship' between the couples, and offers temp-
 tations both to discord and to inconstancy.)
- Canto IX. No sooner had the prize of the tourney been awarded to Britomart,
 than disputes arose as to which lady deserved to receive it from her
 IX. 5. hands. This golden girdle (the cestus of Venus) would only fit a lady
 pure in heart and life, as well as surpassing in beauty; and each displayed
 in turn his own fair one. *Arthegall*, who had no lady, had withdrawn
 in anger at his defeat. Britomart showed her lovely Amoret, but the
 IX. 13. magical charms of the false *Florimell* surpassed even hers, and the girdle
 IX. 16. was assigned to the witch-maiden. Needs not to say that neither she,

nor any lady conscious of secret blame, could fasten it. Amoret alone was able to wear it; but so bewitched were the judges by Florimell's false charms, that they assigned the girdle to her and herself to Britomart. But the warrior-maid, scornful of the light and dazzling lady, declared that Amoret was her only love, and, leaving the others to dispute for the possession of Florimell, went away with her charge to continue that anxious search for their true lovers on which their faithful hearts were set. (The relation between Britomart and Amoret reminds one of Rosalind and Celia, Beatrice and Hero; the circle of true love would not be complete without this sweet pair of woman friends.),

IX. 20.

IX. 29.

But their fair companionship was rudely broken, for, as they travelled through a wild desert, Britomart lay down to sleep, and waking, found that her dear companion was gone, and travelled on alone, wearily seeking her, till she came across the 'Salvage Knight' and Scudamour, who, in company with Glaucè, had vainly sought for Britomart, under the impression that she had stolen Amoret from him. He had spent the night in the abode of Care (the carping, worrying spirit of doubt, distrust, and anxiety, who may be compared with the spiritual Despair, with whom St. George had to contend), and afterwards meeting the Salvage Knight, who was sore at having had the honours of the tourney reft from him, they were exchanging their grievances against the young knight with the 'hebene speare,' when he appeared upon the scene, and first striking down Scudamour with this magic weapon, also overthrew the disguised Arthegall, who, however, at once sprang up again, and a mortal combat ensued between them.

Book VI.

IX. 35.

IX. 9.

IX. 32.

IX. 5.

IX. 10.

IX. 19.

Then, at last, the spear of Arthegall struck off the helmet of his foe, and—

'With that, her angel's face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddy morne appeared in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore;
But somewhat redder than beseemed aright,
Through toylsome heate and labour of her weary fight.

'And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosed their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare.'

Then Arthegall and Scudamour also sank on their knees as before a heavenly vision, and poor Glaucè clasped her nursling in her arms, rejoicing in having found her at last; and, truce having been made, the knights took off their helmets, and Britomart saw the face of Arthegall in the flesh.

IX. 25.

Then maiden fear and shame seized on the undaunted champion.

IX. 27.

'She armed her tongue and thought at him to scold;'

but her tongue refused its office. Blushing and shy, she feigned dis-

pleasure at the sight of the face and the sound of the name of him whom she had sought so long. It was his turn now to seek, and seek
 IX. 41. he did, wooing so well that at last her reluctance gave way, and she took him for her lord, and betrothed herself to him.

But for the present they must part and follow the objects on which they were bent. Their noble and ideal love was not to interfere with their devotion to the adventures set before them.

IX. 45. Only poor Britomart, who had never feared for herself, could hardly let Arthegall go to face unknown perils, and delayed him, forgetting, like Juliet, 'why she did call him back,' and letting him go at last with a heavy heart. Then she went herself with Scudamour, who of course now accepted her again as a comrade, to seek but not to find the lost Amoret.

They went on together, vainly seeking her, with Glaucè in attendance, until they came upon the knights of the tourney, still disputing
 IX. 22. over the lost Florimell, who had given herself to Braggadocchio. This dispute, with the help of Prince Arthur, they managed to appease, and
 Canto X. we leave Britomart listening to Scudamour's story of the Temple of Venus, in company with Prince Arthur and Sir Claribell.

(The story of Marinell and of the true Florimell is continued with exquisite beauty in Cantos XI. and XII., and concluded in the next book. The adventures of the lost Amoret take us back to Belphebe, whom we left tending Timias, Prince Arthur's wounded squire, *Book III., Canto V.*, and link the fourth book to the person of Prince Arthur.)

Canto VII. - Amoret, while Britomart was asleep, had been snatched away, as she
 4. walked fearlessly in the wood, by a horrible savage (the embodiment of lawless violence), who dragged her away to his cave in the depths of
 VII. 9. the forest, where, when she awoke from her swoon, she heard another hapless maid wailing and lamenting her fate. She told Amoret that their horrible master was also a cannibal, and might any day devour them, though she, Æmylia, had hitherto escaped his fury.

VII. 21. Then Amoret fled for dear life, and, as she fled, Belphebe and Timias, hunting together, came that way, just as the savage overtook Amoret, and, while the squire was struggling with him, Belphebe came up, and at sight of her he fled back to the cave, where she overtook him
 VII. 31. and shot him dead. Then Æmylia and the horrible hag who served the savage came out of the cavern, and the huntress led them back to where she had left Amoret with the squire, who, as he tried to rouse her from her swoon, kissed her between her lovely eyes.

Then cried Belphebe, so long the object of his humble devotion :

'Is this the faith? and
 Turned her face and fled away for ever more.'

(Professor Dowden remarks that 'this is not jealousy, but deeper disdayne and great indignity' on the part of the free-hearted virgin;

but it certainly resembles the probable conduct of her royal prototype in like case.)

Poor Timias, who was not really inconstant, pined almost to death at her displeasure, and, even when his long-lost lord, Prince Arthur, found him, he refused comfort, and seemed to the prince as a madman, so that Arthur went forward alone on his travels. (Here follows the story of the squire's reconciliation with Belphebe.)

VII. 44.

VII. 47.

The Prince found Amoret, abruptly deserted by the repentant squire, with Æmylia, both in evil case, worn out with their troubles, and persecuted by the cruel hag, *Slander*. Arthur mounted them both on his horse, pacing slowly beside them in his heavy armour, and in difficulties with the excessive weariness of Amoret, the desire of his steed to trot as usual, and his own unusedness to long walks.

Canto VIII.
19.

(Here follows the episode of the Squire of low degree. N.B.—There are three squires: *Timias* and the *Squyre of Dames*, a cynical detractor from female virtue, and this *squire of low degree*, who is now brought on the scene to illustrate the demands of faithful friendship.

In the two beautiful verses beginning this canto, we see a sentiment as noble as :

Canto IX.
1.

‘I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more.’

Unselfish, faithful devotion is set above any feeling which does not imply self-denial, or can be rewarded by personal enjoyment.

The *spirit* of this high friendship can be found in the love between knight and lady, as Spenser shows elsewhere. Notice the respect felt by Placidus for Amyas's faith to Æmylia. It is, however, a quaint incident, and Placidus seems to carry friendship in another way, as far as did Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, when he offered to resign Sylvia to Proteus, as a token of forgiveness.

Prince Arthur, having restored Æmylia to her lover, took Amoret away with him. (This incident is perhaps introduced in order that Amoret's constancy may stand the trial of Arthur's attractions, as it had already withstood force and violence.)

IX. 17.

They travelled on together until just before they reached the quarrelsome knights of the tournament, with whom were Scudamour and Britomart; but Amoret must have been left behind, out of sight, when Arthur pressed forward to join in the fray, or to reconcile the disputants. Either she then went away of her own accord in search of Britomart, or fell again into some cruel trap, or else Arthur waited till he had heard Scudamour's story (Canto X.) before revealing that the object of his search was close at hand. We do not know, for we can read no more of her story.

IX. 20.

IX. 32.

The absence of any conclusion to the story of Amoret is most disappointing. How and when she and Scudamour were united, if in the

unwritten or lost cantos of that book of Constance which their story would so well have illustrated, we shall never know. We may presume that the devotion of the faithful squire to Belphebe would never be more than a humble devotion, even after he was forgiven for his lapse. This fair creature also now passes from our view. In the lovely wedding procession of the Thames and the Medway, we are reminded of how, in Book II., Nature sympathises with the spirit of the poem. Love and harmony and the joys of happy union spread to the world of waters, and the rivers too unite in happy friendship.

The suggestion made in the comment on the papers sent in on the Legend of Holiness that Christian aspirations were expressed by Spenser under classical forms, was anticipated in an article on Sacred Poetry by Mr. Keble, originally published in the *Quarterly Review* for June, 1825, and since reprinted in the second volume of his essays.

Some quotations from it are here given, most interesting in themselves, and as expressing in the best possible manner, and with the highest authority, the view which these papers have endeavoured imperfectly to indicate.

‘The claim of Spenser to be considered as a sacred poet does by no means rest upon his hymns alone, although even these would be enough alone to embalm and consecrate the whole volume which contains them, as a splinter of the true cross is supposed by Catholic sailors to ensure the safety of the vessel. The Faery Queene is a continual, deliberate endeavour to enlist the restless intellect and chivalrous feeling of an inquiring and romantic age on the side of goodness and faith, of purity and justice.’

(Mr. Keble considers that the underlying allegory is not only a safeguard against any danger that might arise from the sensuous beauty of the poem, but that there is a delicate reverence in veiling sacred allusion under classical forms peculiarly congenial to Spenser’s genius.)

‘Spenser’s writings are replete with tacit allusions to the language and the doctrines of sacred writ—allusions breathed, if we may so speak, rather than uttered, and much fitter to be silently considered than to be dragged forward for quotation or minute criticism.’

‘Not that it is necessary to bend and strain everything into conformity with it (the allegory); a little leaven of the genuine kind will go a good way towards leavening the whole lump.’ (He considers that the chief moral excellence of the poem lies in this breathing through of sacred truth, not in the formal allegory. It is the opposite of caricature, giving noble, instead of debasing, associations.)

Characters continued in Book V. :—

Florimell and *Marinell*, left at the moment of reunion.

Artegall } pursuing their adventures.
Britomart }

Prince Arthur.

Braggadocchio, who had gone off with the false Florimell.

Guyon, who flashes into sight for a moment.

Questions.

13. Relate the story of Cambell and Triamond.

14. What were the characteristics of Placidus, Blandamour, Canace, Timias, and Paridell?

15. Give some illustrations of 'Friendship' as recorded in this book.

16. Illustrate Mr. Keble's view by not more than six instances, taken from the four first Books of the poem.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

Class List for August.

Class I.

Jon 40	Lisle 37	Alice Winham)	
Alexandra 38	Robin 36	Moonraker }	. . . 33
		Jessamine	32

Class II.

H. T. 30

The nine papers are all good in their way. I think, with regard to Prince Arthur's part in the defence of Alma's Castle, that as the representative of all the virtues combined, he is bound to help in the defence of each. He seems to have been in physical not moral danger in this case; perhaps he had a fit of malaria fever! He is also the connecting link for the whole story. *Maleger*, who derived his evil influence from the earth, had to be lifted off it, before he could be destroyed. *Jon* remarks, 'Might not Furor, Cymocles, and Pyrocles typify temptations of the devil, Mammon temptations of the world, and Acrasia temptations of the flesh?'

Moonraker's remark on the connection between physical and mental evil is also a good one.

[C. R. COLERIDGE.

Church History Society.

THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS.—THE SCHOOLMEN.

Questions for October.

33. Make a list of eminent Schoolmen (including Scholastic Mystics), distinguishing between earlier and later. Where known, add scholastic title—e.g. Angelic Doctor, Seraphic, etc.
34. Name the distinguishing characteristics of each of the five great Schoolmen of the later Schools, showing what each contributed to Scholastic Theology ; adding one or more of the works of each.
35. Give a life of any one of the Schoolmen, showing clearly the causes and the basis of Scholastic Theology.
36. Explain the disputes between Thomists and Scotists ; Nominalists and Realists.

N.B. Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Book XIV., chap. 3, and Trench's *Lectures*, XIV. and XVIII., and the article on Schoolmen in Blunt's *Dictionary of Sects and Heresies*, are specially recommended.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by November 1st.

July Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda	} 36	Andromache	35	Cratægus	32
Papaver			Honeysuckle	34	Water Wagtail	31
Hermione		35	Ierne	33		

Class II.

Erica	29	Verena	} 25	*Trudel	} 23
White Cat	28	*Λαμβδα			Stokes		
Veritas	} 26	Maidenhair		Fidelia	22	
Gooseberry			Jumbo	24			

Class III.

Meniza	19	*North Wind	15	†De Maura	6
Miss Molly	17	Laura	13		

* Three answers only. † One answer only.

REMARKS.

25. *Hermione* and *Andromache* have on the whole done the Interdict and making of *Magna Charta* best. *Hermione* and others : The Interdict was partially observed in the Dioceses of Norwich, Bath, and Winchester. To give one instance. Some lovely 16th-century ruins in a burying-ground are visible from Basingstoke Railway Station. This was an Interdict cemetery (for *White Cat* must remember that to say 'the dead lay unburied on the roads' is a flower of rhetoric). It was afterwards consecrated, as were many such, and the Chapel Liten of the Holy Ghost built in it, the predecessor of the present ruins. And the Winchester Churches, including the Cathedral,

were certainly closed. Light at first, the Interdict became more complete as clergy fled or died, and none were appointed. *Gooseberry*: King John *had* admitted Papal authority when he sent his nominee to Rome. Here was his mistake, and here too was Innocent's excuse for meddling. The Interdict lasted over six years. *Cratægus*: The Canterbury monks at Rome were *not* 'in duty bound to accept the Pope's nominee.' *Stokes*: Langton was English, not French. *Laura* does not say how the Interdict was observed. *Fidelia* does not mention the taking off of the Interdict. *Veritas*: March 24th, not June 15th, was the date of its pronouncement. *Λαμβδα*: Horrible as John was, he was not weak-minded. With the strong hand of his mightiest predecessors, and with a conscience wholly unscrupulous, he seized and turned in his own favour the most disastrous circumstances. That submission to Rome was his only way out of the net drawn round him, and was almost statesmanlike in its terrible audacity. *Water Wagtail* and others: When we speak English we say Great Charter, pronouncing *ch* as in *charnel*. When we use the Latin term, it is Magna Charta, *ch* said as in *character*. 'The Charta,' or 'Magna Charter,' is inadmissible. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Veritas*, etc.: Magna Charta is not signed anywhere. John probably could not write. The exact copies placed at once all over the kingdom have no signatures. More than one of these are to be seen in the British Museum. The scorched one mentioned by Green *may* be older than any. At Runymede it seems to have been read, sentence by sentence, agreed to, and perhaps ratified by the Royal and other seals. Many careful histories talk of 'signatures,' but this must be a corrupt following of some one who did not verify his assertions. No marks are deducted. *Water Wagtail* gives none of the Provisions. *Papaver*, *North Wind*, etc.: In a Church History Paper, the first and last clauses should be given, reiterating that the Church of England shall be free, and enjoy her rights and privileges. Her right to settle spiritual matters in her own courts has been much disputed in this century. Yet Magna Charta is not repealed! No one has shown what were the extant Laws and Charters in 1215, which the framers of Magna Charta had before them. They were as follows:—The Laws of Ethelbert (c. 600), Ina (690), Alfred (c. 890), Canute (1016–35), and those commonly called 'the good laws of Edward the Confessor,' only known by being recorded as such in 1070. Also, Edgar's Ordinance (10th cent.), the Charters of Henry I. (1100), Stephen (1136), and Henry II. (1154), the Constitutions of Clarendon (1164), Assizes of Clarendon (1166), Northampton (1176), of Arms (1181), of the Forest (1184). It would be interesting to trace each clause of the Great Charter back through these.

25. Grossetête's Life is exceedingly well done by *Etheldreda* and *Water Wagtail*. His predecessor at Lincoln was *Hugh* de Welles, not Thomas, as *Ierne* says. *Honeysuckle* and *Ierne* omit his troubles with the Exempt Orders, which were the cause of his second visit to Lyons. *Verena*, *Honeysuckle*, *Meniza*, and *Trudel* confuse his two visits to Lyons. The first, in 1245, was to attend the *Council* of Lyons, and to get the Chapter dispute settled; the second, in 1250, to go to the Papal Court, which still remained at Lyons, and get the Pope's sanction to his Visitation of the Exempt Orders and to his appointment of Vicarages. It was on the latter occasion his remarkable sermon was delivered. *Λαμβδα* and others omit the works of Grossetête; and few do justice to his marvellous scholarship. He was consulted by the learned everywhere, and it is probably owing to his diligence in collecting Greek MSS., and himself translating what is now known as the Middle Greek Recension of St. Ignatius, that Ussher and Vossius in the 17th century got on the track of the original version of those Epistles.

27. The reaction against Rome is very well traced by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, and *Honeysuckle*. The following points at least should have been noticed. Members must correct their mistakes themselves. After the indirect bearing of the struggle in John's reign, we notice:

1. Honorius' demand for prebends refused	1226
2. Gregory IX.'s demand of 10th refused by barons	1229
3. Lewythiel Riots	1231
4. Otho's exactions resisted	1237
5. Gregory IX.'s demand for 300 benefices resisted	1240
6. Grossetête's opposition	1247-1253
7. Parliament of Oxford remonstrates with Alexander IV., who temporises	1258
8. Statue of Mortmain or <i>De viris religiosis</i>	1279
9. Convocation of Canterbury outlawed for submitting to Bull <i>Clericis Laicos</i> , and forced to grant supplies	1297

The persistent, though often unavailing, resistance of this century is really important, because it was the period of slavish submission to Rome everywhere. And this is just the time when many people believe the Church of England mysteriously disappeared, the Church of Rome being substituted for it; which Church, by magic (certainly not by Act of Parliament), quietly received all the property of the former Church of England. This 'Roman Church' is therefore believed to have been rather summarily and unkindly ejected at the Reformation, and its lands and goods (again by a magical process, of which no documentary evidence ever existed) were transferred to a newly constituted 'Church of England.' It suits Rome to take this view of the transaction. But no century witnesses more strongly to the survival and continuity of the old historic Church of England than the 13th.

28. The notices of Langton, St. Edmund, St. Richard, and Peccham, are best done by *Honeysuckle*. The first two are the favourites. *Veritas*: Langton died in 1228, not 1230, and was succeeded by Richard Wethershed, not St. Edmund, who was not consecrated till 1234. *Miss Molly*: St. Edmund was not in Stephen's reign, and St. Richard died in 1253, not in Edward I.'s reign. *Water Wagtail*: Not the tyranny of the king, but the Papal Order to provide 300 benefices for Romans, broke St. Edmund's heart. Alban Butler naturally suppresses this cause. *Fidelia*: St. Edmund was not a Friar. *Λαυβδα*: He died in 1240. *Hermione, Papaver*, etc.: The excellent Constitutions of Peccham (1279 and 1283) should have been mentioned.

Bog-Oak begs those who wish for a holiday month next year (if the Society continues) to send a vote at end of the October paper, saying which month. Votes against a holiday may be recorded also.

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

TOTAL MARKS . . . Maximum 600.

Dame Durden . . .	590	L. E. S. . . .	532	M. A. G. . . .	339
L. F. B. } . . .	577	B. G. C. . . .	527	Grizel	313
Bede } . . .		M. E. W. . . .	512	Speranza . . .	288
Capercaillie . . .	566	Scawfell . . .	510	Gretchen . . .	257
Eidechse	564	Kitto	482	Camensis . . .	255
Sam	563	Spes	461	Brownie	240
Weissnichts . . .	562	E. M. B. . . .	424	Fleurange . . .	235
Undine	560	Karlsruhe . . .	423	White Cat . . .	216
Richmond	545	Klump	400	Creagh-au-Fittheach	206
M. L. C.	543	Nigra	383	Dear Me	92
Inge	539	Grosmitter . . .	347	Oublions	88
Zell-am-See . . .	535				

Received too late for insertion in August, *Weissnichts*, 97.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

The Influence of Fashion is morally, intellectually, æsthetically, and socially prejudicial. Is this so?

By Fashion is of course meant the instinct of following the example of numbers instead of waiting for our own spontaneous impulses. Some of the debaters have supposed the question to apply to the present fashion exclusively, and one, *Voyageur*, seems to take 'Fashion' to mean fashionable dress, and argues that it does not prevent people from being 'æsthetic' or as intellectual as she thinks they ought to be. Of course it does not. The question is, Is it well to be æsthetic or intellectual *because* it is the fashion to be so, and for no other reason? Also, Chelsea China thinks that a worse instance than Hurlingham of the beneficial influence of fashion could hardly be found, and she considers Ascot an extremely doubtful one.

Chelsea China's own view is that Fashion in itself, like some other things, is 'non-moral.' Its influence, taken as a whole, probably hangs between good and evil. It is possible to rise above it, and to fall below it. The question of the effect on character of the spirit of imitation goes much deeper, and might perhaps be discussed in a more direct form.

Papers received from *Smut*, *Stanzerl*, *Blackbird*, *Veritas*, *Bildad*, *Anita*, *Anchor*, *Jessamine*, *Voyageur*, *Undine*, and *Apathy*. *Anita*, *Stanzerl*, and *Undine* are given.

If there is one thing more characteristic of fashion than another it is its changeableness, and surely it would be too hard to say that in the course of its changes it never happened to be right. Once upon a time we all wore hooped dresses and aniline dyes because they were the fashion. Now we do just the contrary; but does it follow that because we still are fashionable we are æsthetically all wrong? It is fashionable to be interested in education—to be rather philanthropic. Is fashion intellectually and morally prejudicial when it sends people to listen to lectures and 'go slumming,' or is it only not a sufficiently strong motive?

Of course even if a particular fashion chances to be good there is the possibility that the general result of following the multitude will be morally and intellectually weakening, and then æsthetic and social deterioration follow naturally. But also there are other possibilities. Fashion, the *vox populi*, is after all only one form of the tremendous power we call influence, and it is possible for people who begin to do sensible things from imitation to go on doing them from conviction. Of course it would be better for themselves and their work if they started from their own initiative; but, supposing they have none, it is better to begin with a low motive and work up to a higher than not to begin at all.

Fashion is very much a question of copying. Supposing the model in dress, or art, or literature to be a good one (and it is too much to suppose all fashionable ideals are bad in themselves) there are two chances, that the imitator will vulgarise the model, or the model will raise the imitator; but I think the very familiarity with a thing worth copying is a gain in itself. The æsthetic craze of a few years ago was sufficiently ridiculous; but it has left good behind it. People have learnt to look at Botticelli, even if they have talked nonsense about him, and have become bold enough to furnish their own drawing-rooms instead of ordering in 'a suite,' even if they have made material for *Punch* with their blue pots and brass fenders.

I should give my vote for fashion—at least on the intellectual and æsthetic matters—because people who have ideas of their own worth following are unlikely to be fettered by it, and people who have none are better for having a guide.

STANZERL.

Yes, because in all one should aim at perfection, which, though unattainable, yet ever urges upward and onward. Excelsior! it cries, and thus demands supremest effort. The influence of fashion is cramping; individuality and originality both suffer from it in timid and sympathetic natures; in fact, all ordinary natures are open more or less to its prejudicial tendency, and instead of aiming at the highest height in their own peculiar style, are satisfied in making at best a good imitation, failing that, a caricature. Fortunately Genius soars above all fetters in wayward independence and with self-determinate ideal.

ANITA.

Imagine the world without fashions! Imagine our town, our street, our neighbours! Imagine Mrs. Brown, Miss Jones, and Lady Robinson if they all had to invent their own costumes! What would be the æsthetic result? And oh! what, if we all had to invent our own ideas, would be the intellectual outcome? Would all those new ideas, which are so very slowly enlarging our notions of our duty to our neighbour, would they have sprung from our own moral intuitions? And if no one had set the fashion of afternoon teas and garden parties, how should we be entertaining each other? I suppose every one did not think at the same moment of asking each other to come over to the next cave and have a piece of bear. I can't imagine our town with no fashions to follow!

UNDINE.

Blackbird's contribution to the debate on the franchise, for which there was no space last month, is here given.

As a member of the very small and select but, I hope, increasing body, who, under the leadership of Mr. Auberon Herbert, style themselves 'Individualists,' I should like to explain the views on the franchise question of the party to which I belong.

To begin with, why should we have a Government at all? What right has any set of individuals to impose their will on others? Simply this: every State is exposed to two dangers—that of foreign foes without, and that of evil-disposed persons within—who, unless held in check, would rob, assault, or murder others. In primitive tribes, every man has to guard himself against these two dangers by his own arm; but as a nation develops and industries multiply, this necessary work of defence is gradually delegated to a few specially trained and qualified for it, that the many may be set free to devote their whole strength to other occupations. And it is the need of superintending these delegated powers, of seeing that their work is efficiently and equitably carried out, that forms, as we hold, the sole *raison d'être* of Government, which therefore, if it would keep within its right, should interfere with the liberty of no one but those who, by force or fraud, which amounts to force, interfere with the liberty of others. Government, therefore, whether a monarchy, an oligarchy, or a democracy, is simply delegated physical force; and as we

women have not got the physical force to delegate, we have no more claim to a share in the government than we have to share in framing the rules of a club to which we cannot afford to subscribe. Whatever our theories may be, the fact remains that we exist at the mercy of man. If they combined to make slaves of us and rob us of all our possessions we could not resist them, so I cannot see what right we have to help in controlling and coercing them. To do so would only add another element of unreality to the muddle-headed sham which now goes by the name of politics.

It has been pointed out to me that this argument would equally exclude the lame, the blind, and the infirm from a share in the election of our rulers ; in strict logic, I admit that it would, but the numbers so disfranchised would be so insignificant compared to the great mass of voters, and the difficulty of drawing the line between the partially crippled and the absolutely impotent, between those who were *hors de combat* at some particular election, those who had been incapacitated for active employment from birth, and those who had only become so after arriving at maturity, would be so great, and would open the way to so much official prying into private matters, that the gain to strict logical justice would hardly be worth the time, trouble, and expense at which it would have to be purchased. As the distinction between man and woman is the one hard-and-fast line that Nature has drawn, it seems best for the political hard-and-fast line to be drawn there too.

BLACKBIRD.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,

OR

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

SECOND COMPLICATION.

Rector's wife writes to the Squire's daughter rebuking her for setting a bad example by laughing and talking in the churchyard.

Most of these letters are very suitable. Some make a little too much of the offence, some show rather too great an awe of the Squire's daughter's position. Personally, Chelsea China thinks that invoking the deceased mother would not have a soothing effect. It is too like the 'Your dear aunt *never* did so and so,' which has aggravated so many rising generations. Chelsea China is much puzzled between two letters, which seem to her both equally good, but which treat the matter differently. *Alice Carrington*, being an old friend of the girl she addresses, and *Jean Bruce*, writing as a stranger and new-comer, evidently much more nearly of the same age. The prize should perhaps be *Jean Bruce's*, as she has attempted the more difficult situation, but *Alice Carrington's* letter is printed also. *Honora Guest*, *Apathy*, *Marian Moore*, *May Leslie*, *Mary Hamilton*, *Mary Carmichael*, all good. Nineteen letters received, including *A. C. Craig's* from Italy, a very nice one.

In answer to a question Chelsea China points out that it makes no difference at all to the effect in print if the letter is done up like a genuine letter or not. But it is easier to read and print from MSS. written on one side only.

MY DEAR MISS HARGREAVES,—

August 31st, 1891.

I have just come from the Church where I have been superintending the laying of the new matting, and I must write at once to tell you how nice it looks. We do think it so very kind of you to take all the trouble of choosing it for us, for we know well how much you have to do during your

fortnight in London. Every one admires the colour, and I am sure will appreciate the quiet; for I think all felt that the clatter of schoolchildren's boots on the bare boards was anything but conducive to devotion. Altogether St. Mongo's looks so much more 'church-like' now, in spite of its architectural deficiencies, that I am sure feelings of reverence will grow naturally stronger. The children already try to come in more quietly. I only wish we could induce them to defer their shouts of jubilation after service until they are outside the churchyard. I cannot blame the children for this entirely, for the whole congregation seems to me moved with the same impulse. The grown-up people do not indeed dance and shout; but they do begin to talk and laugh when barely out of the porch. A reaction after sitting so long silent is so natural and so extremely difficult to prevent—especially with children—that I am going to ask if you will be so very kind as to help me in this matter. You have such an immense influence with the people—so much greater than comparative new-comers like us can have—that I am convinced if you would markedly refrain from that much-coveted chat with your friends till you get outside the gate, your example would soon be followed. Chattering outside the porch is just a habit. No one thinks of talking *in* the Church, and surely it would be quite easy to walk on three or four steps through the churchyard, and then to turn and enjoy a chat all the more from having deferred it three seconds! Please do not take what I say amiss. You are always so kind and enter so readily into our ideas that you have made me venture to write this.

I hope you are thoroughly enjoying your change, and are having as lovely weather as we have here. We are looking forward to having you back again next week. With kind regards and many thanks from Mr. Bruce,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

JEAN BRUCE.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—

The Vicarage, August 23rd, 1891.

Thank you so much, dear, for your kind offer of assistance in the parish. I think now you have left school you are quite right to wish for definite work. The Sunday-school is well provided with teachers at present; but Miss Smith will leave us in a few weeks, and you might like to take her class of girls. Then in the Girls' Club we should be glad of your voice in the singing-class and for entertainments, and I have no doubt you will find plenty of other things to do. I am pleased to read in your letter 'I really feel my responsibility as eldest daughter towards father's tenants;' but, my dear child, where was your sense of responsibility last Sunday morning? I was distressed to see you with your sisters laughing and talking as you went through the churchyard up to the very door, and not quite ceasing even then. And after service again you loitered in the churchyard discussing plans for the week with Miss Stewart, and laughing with your little brother. I do not like finding fault, especially after your kind letter; but I do want you to think seriously of the bad example you set. How can you influence the village girls when they see you behave like that? There now, dear Margaret, I will not say any more, but just make up my mind that in future you will set such a good example that I shall gladly hand over Miss Smith's class to you and accept your help in the Girls' Club.

With renewed thanks and love,

I am, yours affectionately,

ALICE CARRINGTON.

THIRD COMPLICATION.

Young lady submits artistic or literary efforts to an experienced friend with a view to making money. The friend has to tell her that they are not up to the mark, and that she had better abandon the idea.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

1. In the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with 'as many sheep as could be put in for nothing.'

2. Geraldine in *Christabel*—

'And bound me on a palfrey white.'

3. Macbeth's Castle—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene 6.

4. Sir Lancelot, in *Idylls of the King*, when he wore Elaine's sleeve as a disguise.

5. Becky Sharpe in *Vanity Fair*, when she threw away Miss Jemima Pinkerton's parting present.

6. Lady Teazle before her marriage.

'Drawing patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up.'

SHERIDAN'S *School for Scandal*, Act II., Scene 1.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Laleham, 30; Accipiter, 20; Ethne, 2; Alexandra, 18; Theodora, 12; Helen, 30; Honora Guest and Co., 30; Three Rock, 30; Magdalen Millard, 30; Gabrielle Festing, 30; Nemo, 18; The Muffin Man, 24; Jessamine, 6; Primrose, 24; Smut, 22; K. Anstey, 30; Stanzerl, 30; The Cousins, 18; Olwen, 30; Swansey China, 24; Magnet, 30; Sandford and Merton, 30; Innisfail, 12; Scotch Mist, 12; Three Sisters, 24; L. N. V., 15; Jacopilus, 30; Proud Maisie, 24; Child of the Mist, 12; Ali Baba, 18; Halliday, 18; Crown Derby, 12; Bridget, 12; Old Maid, 24; M. R. Awdrey, 6; Only Herself, 12; Rule of Three, 24; Cedar, 27.

Magdalen Millard credited with 12 signed *Hampshire Hog*. Eveline Berenger is accepted as correct, she was really *tied* to her palfrey, which in another place is said to have been white. Una was never bound on to hers. The Marmion reference is unintelligible. Sir Thomas of Kent did not wear the night gown as a *disguise*, but as a token of devotion. Amelia, in *Vanity Fair*, did not *design* her fancy work, nor did any of the girls quoted from Miss Yonge's novels.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Who risked his life for 'nothing better than ——'s old ram?'
2. Where is the line found, 'Coming events cast their shadows before?'
3. Who was unhappy because he was a sham?
4. When did the stealing of a cow promote a marriage?
5. Who wore a 'bow' on the congregation side of her bonnet?
6. Who paid for poison with a kiss?

THIRD SHELF.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTICE'S PERPLEXITY.

So many interesting letters have reached Chelsea China with regard to this difficulty that she has resolved to set it as the subject for the next debate, asking writers to view the matter as it affects young lady parish workers. The letter signed *Churchwoman* calls attention to sad facts which do not affect *Letlice* working in her father's parish, and though such require consideration in the right quarters, nothing would be gained by their discussion in a magazine such as this. To respect the office when the holder of it is contemptible is a lesson which the well-educated may indeed endeavour to teach to the young and ignorant. It is a hard one.

APPEAL.

THE GUILD OF AID.

This Guild has for many years past trained young women of the upper and middle classes in all sorts of domestic work, and has thus formed a staff of 'Aids' who are sent out to give assistance in various ways in emergencies. During the holiday season the demand for these 'Aids,' as cooks, nurses, temporary servants, caretakers, especially in the homes of the country clergy, far exceeds the supply; and the Secretary is willing to entertain applications from persons who are willing to act as 'Aids' during this time. The Guild would provide uniform, and pay not less than £1, nor more than £2, per month. Of course this would only apply to women already competent; but others, less capable, might wish to be trained in domestic work in preparation for the time soon coming, when governesses will be required to teach that subject as well as the ordinary lessons. Such persons could be boarded, lodged, and taught at the Guild of Aid Home at Zeals for a sum which would probably not exceed their usual holiday expenditure; and might find it well worth their while to spend their time in thus fitting themselves for some other career besides that of teaching, should they be unable to obtain situations as governesses. In Canada, for instance, women who are trained in domestic work are easily placed as Mother's Helps, though untrained girls are a drug in the market. The Guild of Aid is a Church Society, and candidates must be communicants of the Church of England. Applications to be made to Mrs. Henslow, Hon. Org. Sec. Guild of Aid, Zeals Rectory, Bath.

C. E. DENISON.

*Member of the Council of the Guild of Aid,
196, Cromwell Road, S.W.*

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I want to say a word about Browning, over whom there has been so great a discussion lately. Now I fairly say I am not an admirer of his poems. There is much that is beautiful and 'transcendant' in his poetry, but can it be possible that ordinary people—girls—understand him? Take my own case, a very common one I take it, for girls not quite young. I was educated mainly by a governess, but partly at boarding school, of the transition type, not altogether modern, but growing out of old-fashioned ways. I received as good an education as any other girl then, except at the few High Schools then started, and those were very few. There must be hundreds of your readers in like case. Since the time my schooldays ended, I have, of course, read and discussed many subjects, but never yet can I bring my own education 'up to' Browning. I should so like to hear from some of your correspondents whether they appreciate the difficulties I find in these poems. It seems almost uneducated not to enjoy Browning, but I cannot; and I should like to hear if I have any fellow ignoramuses.

Trusting you will insert this in your correspondence.

SMUT.

Chelsea China can quite understand *Smut's* state of mind, as for many years after she was 'not quite young,' she held precisely the same opinion. She does not think it is so much a matter of education as of experience, which comes at very different times, and in different forms, to different people. She thinks it worth while, if one dislikes a writer of high reputation, to try him at intervals, and see if the dislike continues.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Will some readers of the 'Monthly Packet' kindly give the names of some books on Cottage Nursing, for the use of a Mission woman; and also mention the price of the books.

R. C. SCOTT.

Quotation asked for, possibly Faber's, 'Dead; and the world goes on without us!' Not in the 'Conference on Death.' CATHERINE GUERNSEY.

Author and where to be found of the hymn or sacred verses beginning—

'Take courage yet.
O, pray not that thy days may be
Full of repose;
From all life's cares and burdens free,
Without its woes.'

ELLEN E. GODDING.

ANSWERS.

G. H. will find 'A Caprice'—by Florence Wilford—of which one of the heroines is Maud Ingledew, in the Christmas Number of the 'Monthly Packet' for 1883. THEODORA.

9, Kent Gardens, Ealing, S. W.

I have a copy of the book containing, 'Madam Fortescue and her Cat,' and will gladly lend it to *The Muffin Man*, if she will send me her address and pay postage both ways. MISS METCALFE.

A REPLY AND A QUESTION.

I find that 'A little further on' has excited some small attention, both in the 'Monthly Packet' and out of it. If I may, I should like to add a word or two on a subject which yearly presents greater difficulties to me. To my kindly defenders I would gratefully say that I meant more than they imagine. To my critics I would answer that they have not touched the kernel of my thought; and to one critic in especial, I would explain that in depicting an organist standing on his head on a music-stool, I described an act, which, though it would have been touching in its self-devotion and loyalty, did *not* actually occur.

As to Church services, who and what am I that I should say one word against our Liturgy rendered 'In excelsis,' 'It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty' that we should give our poor best to the Best; but at the same time the evisceration of almost everything which cannot be sung, does sometimes strike me painfully, even although I am given as a consolation that 'no young person' would come to Church if the service were cold and dreary. I have borne much and sacrificed much for that shadowy 'young person,' and my article was partly a helpless squeal under his and her tyranny. Allow that it is good to get the 'young man' to Church on any pretext. It keeps him out of mischief, and besides, he has a vote, and is our master. Yes—but then? I am honestly puzzled, because I have known professed infidels attend High Celebration and sing the Nicene Creed with musical fervour, and I have even heard them talk calmly of entering a London choir for the sake of 'getting voice.' These men would not have attended Church at all in the old days. Is it better or worse? I do not know.

It is good to get the 'girl' to Church at all, considering that, as I was informed the other day, hundreds of upper middle-class girls never now enter a place of worship, and she would certainly not come to a plain service; but then she goes out after the third Collect, detesting sermons, and plays tennis all the afternoon. Is it better that she should go to Church or stay away? I do not know; I honestly ask.

On the one hand, we have the coming race steadfastly refusing the smallest modicum of religion unless so much amusement is chopped up with it, that the flavour is almost imperceptible; on the other hand, there is the great dragon of Secularism, with its horrible maw wide open to devour those crowds on crowds of young people who are only linked to us by such cobweb ties.

And now as to amusements. I recognise that if we do not amuse our people, Secularism will step in and do it for us—with a vengeance! I see that the Church should be known as willing and able for Feast as well as Fast, that the social life of the place should spring from her, and that the rectory should head the subscription for an 'outing' as readily as for a Mission. Still, I cannot get used to seeing 'cricket' and the Eastward Position in an advertisement for a curate; and when I received from the most energetic and hard-worked of incumbents a circular, conjuring me to 'make some sacrifice for the glory of GOD and the good of His Church,' and to buy a full-sized billiard-table for the village club, it *did* strike me as peculiar! I knew that they played billiards at the public's, and betted frantically; I knew that (presumably) they did not bet at the club. I own that 'Nap' at the club is as much better than 'Nap' at the public, as the club coffee is better than the 'Jubilee Arms' beer: and yet things seem mixed, and not quite right.

No one, who is not behind the scenes, knows how the country and provincial clergy are torn to pieces by the difficulty of keeping their parishioners—amused. Football, smoking-concerts, readings, lectures, dances, theatricals, in the winter. Excursions, cricket, school-treats, bazaars, choir 'outs,' in the summer. How to do like other places, have some semblance of novelty, some little fresh attraction; how to get a programme with available materials; for villagers are critical nowadays, and few labouring men will come to 'A Penny Reading'; how to secure a lecturer who knows anything approaching what he is talking about; and how, when the next 'Entertainment' is painfully got together, to induce people to go, and secure an audience, even if you give away the tickets; these are the pastoral cares which haunt the Rector's brains in place of classes and visits. It is all, they tell me, to keep the young man from the public-house that this time, labour, and money are expended; and sometimes I am wicked enough to think that if my only chance of the young man lies in being more amusing than the public-house, I must give up in despair like a sick clown; I cannot be amusing any longer! Is the method to any extent a mistake, or am I mistaken?

In the parish in which I live, twenty-six years ago, there was a night-school of twenty-eight young men, studying according to their ability. We taught them higher arithmetic, measuring timber, logarithms, algebra, and so on. These youths are many of them now master men and foremen. With greater teaching power, we cannot now get any young men for tuition. They are nice fellows enough, but they say they cannot be bothered with teaching after a day's work. They will come for a game of whist or billiards, or for a dance, or to sing a song, but they steadily refuse to learn anything. They behave well; but it does seem to me a disproportionate expenditure of money and trouble. A little further on, and what *shall* we do to amuse them?

SPERO.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

THE ANCHOR.

WHO knows what strain of Viking blood had set the boy's heart beating?

He wearied for a sailor's life, the land no longer pleased him;

And then, when he had gained his wish, and there was no retreating,

Some foretaste of his homelessness, and all it meant, had seized him.

But the old blood was fighting blood; he hid his fears and fancies;

His gay good-bye—so gay it was!—it set his mother grieving.

He sailed afar, to countries rife with legends and romances,
And fiercely dashed away the tears for all that he was leaving.

His heart leaped with the leaping waves, and throbbed with exultation,

As the good ship rode out each storm unharmed, and still ploughed onward;

And yet, the nearer that he drew to the far-distant station,
His thoughts more steadily went home, as turns the sunflower sunward.

His father's honest, cheery ways, and jests that set them laughing;

His sister's ready helpfulness and sisterly caressing;

His brother's loyal comradeship and merry-hearted 'chaffing';

His mother's tender confidence and daily love and blessing.

All these kept knocking at his heart. Why had he never
prized them

As now he did, when well he knew that those dear days
were over?

The homely joys that once were his, why had he so despised
them,

And been so sure that happiness was only for the rover?
The mother of his heart. Ah! how could he have dared to
grieve her?

And how, through all the coming years, could he best love
and thank her?

'You thought I had cut loose,' he writes, 'but I'm a gay
deceiver;

I've paid out cable all the way, and, mother, *you're* the
anchor!'

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOPES.

THAT last sleep lasted long, till the sound of the little tinkling bell came through the open window, and then the first waking thought that Mite was alive was at first taken for a mere blissful dream. It was only the sight of the woolly dog that recalled with certainty the conversation with Ida.

To pursue that strange hint was of course the one impulse. The bell had ceased before Frank had been able to finish dressing, but the house was so far from having wakened to full life, that remembering the lateness of the breakfast hour, he decided on hastening out to lay his anxious, throbbing feelings before his God, if only to join in the prayer that our desires may be granted as may be most expedient for us.

Nor was he without a hope that the girl whom Constance described as so devout and religious might be found there.

And she was; he knew her by sight well enough to accost her when she came out with 'Miss Rollstone, I believe.'

She bowed, her heart thumping almost as much as the father's, in the importance of what she had to tell, and the doubt how much she had a right to speak without betrayal.

'I am told,' Lord Northmoor said, with a tremble in his voice, 'that you think you saw my poor little boy.'

'I am almost sure I did,' said Rose.

'And when, may I ask?'

'On the evening of the Wednesday in Whitsun week,' said Rose.

'Just when he was lost—and where?'

'At the North Station. I had got into the train at the main station. I saw him put into the train at the North one, and taken out at Waterloo.'

‘And why—why, may I ask, have we been left—have we never heard this before?’

His voice shook, as he thought of all the misery to himself and his wife that might have been spared, as well as the danger of the child. Rose hesitated, doubting how much she ought to say, and Mr. Deyncourt came out.

‘May I introduce myself,’ said Frank, hoping for an auxiliary, ‘Lord Northmoor. I have just heard that Miss Rollstone thinks she saw my little boy in the London train the day he disappeared; and I am trying to understand whether there is really any hope that she is right, and that we can recover him.’

Mr. Deyncourt was infinitely surprised, and spoke a few words of wonder that this had not been made known. Rose found it easier to speak to him.

‘I saw Louisa Hall with him; I did not know she was not still his maid. I thought she had been sent to take him somewhere. And when I heard from home that he—he was—drowned, I only thought the likeness had deceived me. It was not till Mr. Morton came home, and we talked it over, that I understood that Louisa Hall was dismissed long ago, and was eloping to Canada.’

‘And then,’ for she had spoken falteringly, and with an effort, as their sounds of inquiry elicited each sentence.

‘And then, Mr. Morton said he would follow her to Canada. He did not want Lady Northmoor to be tortured with uncertainty.’

‘Very strange,’ said the gentlemen one to the other, Lord Northmoor adding—

‘Thank you, Miss Rollstone; I will not detain you, unless you can tell me more.’

Rose was glad to be released, though pained and vexed not to dare to express her reasons for full certainty.

‘Is this only a girl’s fancy,’ sighed the father.

‘I think she is a sensible girl.’

‘And my nephew Herbert is a hard-headed fellow, not likely to fly off on a vague notion. Is this Hall girl’s mother still living here?’

‘Certainly. It has been a bad business, her going off with that Jones; but I ascertained that she was married to him.’

‘Jones—Sam Jones, or Rattler?’

‘Even so.’

‘Ah! She was dismissed on his account. And I detected

him in imposing on Miss Morton. Yet—where does this Mrs. Hall live ?'

'Along this alley. Shall I come with you ?'

'Thank you. It may induce her to speak out, if there is anything to hear. I dare not hope ! It is too incredible, and I don't understand those children's silence.'

He spoke it almost to himself, and the clergyman thought it kinder not to interrupt his thoughts during the few steps down the evil-smelling alley that led to the house, where Mrs. Hall was washing up her cup after breakfast. It was Mr. Deyncourt who spoke, seeing that the swelling hope and doubt were almost too much for his companion.

'Good morning, Mrs. Hall ; we have come to you early, but Lord Northmoor is very anxious to know whether you can throw any light on what has become of his little boy.'

Mrs. Hall was in a very different state of mind from that in which she had denied all knowledge to Herbert, a mere boy, whom she did not like, and when she was anxious to shelter her daughter, whose silence had by this time begun to offend her. The sight of the clergyman and the other gentleman himself alarmed her, and she began by maundering out—

'I am sure, sir, I don't know nothing. My daughter have never writ one line to me.'

'He was with her !' gasped out Lord Northmoor.

'I am sure, sir, it was none of my doing, no, nor my daughter wouldn't neither, only the young lady over-persuaded her. 'Tis she as was the guilty party, as I'll always say.'

'She—who ?'

'Miss Morton—Miss Hida, sir ; and my gal wouldn't never have done it, sir, but for the stories she told, fictitious stories they was, I'm sure, that the child wasn't none of my lady's, only a brat picked up in foreign parts to put her brother out of his chance.'

'What are you saying ?' exclaimed Lord Northmoor. 'My niece never could have said any such thing.'

'Indeed, but she did, sir, my Lord, and that's what worked on my daughter, though I always told her not to believe any such nonsense ; but then you see, she couldn't get her passage paid to go out with Jones, and Miss Hida give her the money if so be she would take off the child to Canada with her.'

'And where ?' hoarsely asked the father.

'That I can't tell, my Lord ; Louey have never written, and I

knows no more than nothing at all. She've not been a dutiful gal to me, as have done everything for her.'

There was no more to be made out of Mrs. Hall, and they went their way.

'There is no doubt that the little fellow is alive,' said Mr. Deyncourt.

'Who can guess what those wretches have done to him?' said Lord Northmoor under his breath. 'Not that I am unthankful for the blessed hope,' he added, uncovering his head, 'but I am astounded more than I can say, by *this*——'

'It must be an invention of the woman,' said Mr. Deyncourt.

'I hope so,' was the answer.

'Could Miss Rollstone have suspected it. She was very unlike herself, as I have seen her before.'

They separated for breakfast, agreeing to meet afterwards to hunt up the Jones family.

Ida had suffered a good deal all the night and morning as she wondered what her confession might entail on her. Sometimes she told herself that since all would come out in Herbert's letters on the discovery of the child, it was well to have the honour of the first disclosure, and her brother was certain to keep her part in the matter a secret; but, on the other hand, she did not know how much Louisa might have told her mother, nor whether Mrs. Hall might persist in secrecy—nay, or even Rose. Indeed, she was quite uncertain how much Rose had understood. She could not have kept back guesses, and she did not believe in honour on Rose's part. So she was nervous on finding that her uncle was gone out.

When he came in to breakfast, he merely made a morning greeting. Afterwards he scarcely spoke, except to answer an occasional remark from her mother. To herself, he neither looked nor spoke, but when Mrs. Morton declared that he looked the better for his morning walk, there was a half smile and light in his eye, and the weight seemed gone from his brow. Mrs. Morton asked what he was going to do.

'I am going out with Mr. Deyncourt,' he answered.

And Ida breathed more freely when he was gone.

But she little knew that Mr. Deyncourt had gone to Rose Rollstone in her father's presence, and told her of Mrs. Hall's revelations, asking her if this had been the cause of her silence. She had to own how the truth had flashed at once on her and Mr. Morton.

‘It would be so very dreadful for them if it were known,’ she said. ‘He thought if he brought back the boy, his sister’s part need not be known.’

‘Then that was the secret!’ exclaimed Mrs. Rollstone. ‘Well, I’ll not blame you, child, but you might have told us.’

Secrets were safe with the ex-butler, but not quite so much so with his wife, though all three tried to impress on her the need of silence, before Mr. Deyncourt hastened out to rejoin Lord Northmoor. The inquiry took a much longer time than they had expected, for the family wanted did not live in Mr. Deyncourt’s district, and they were misdirected more than once to people who disdained the notion of being connected with the Rattler, if they had ever heard of such a person. At last they did find a sister-in-law, who pronounced George Jones to be a good fellow, so far as she knew. He sent home to his mother regularly, and lately had had out his brother Sam, and a good job too, to have him out of the way, only what must he do but go and marry that there trolloppy girl, as was no good.

Yes, George had written to say they had come safe to Toronto, but she did not hear as he said anything about a child. The letter was to his mother, who had taken it into the country when she went to stay with her daughter. This deponent didn’t know the address, and her husband was out with a yacht.

Nothing could be done but to pursue the mother to a village about five miles off, where she was traced out with some difficulty, and persuaded to refer to her son George’s letter, where he mentioned the safe arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Sam, but without a word about their bringing a child with them. This omission seemed to dash all former hopes, so as to show Frank how strong they had been, and besides, there had been more than time for Herbert to have written after reaching Toronto.

However, the one step of knowing George Jones’s address had been gained, and with no more than this, they had to return, intending to see whether Ida had any notion as to what was to be done.

It was evening when Lord Northmoor came in. Mrs. Morton was alone, and as she looked up, was answered by his air of disappointment as he shook his head.

‘Oh! it is so dreadful,’ she exclaimed, ‘it is all over the place! We met Mr. Brady and his sisters, and they cut Ida dead. She is quite broken-hearted, indeed, she is.’

‘Then she has told you all?’

‘She could not help it. Mrs. Rollstone came to ask me if it was true—as a friend, she said, I should say it was more like an enemy, and Mrs. Hall came too, wanting to see Ida, but I saw her instead. The wicked woman to have given in. And they have gone and told every one, and the police will be after my poor child.’

‘No, they would not interfere unless I prosecuted, and that I certainly should not do unless it proved the only means of tracing my child. I came home intending to ask Ida if she gave any directions about him. It seems certain that he was not brought to Toronto.’

‘Indeed! She made sure that he would be there!’ exclaimed Mrs. Morton, much dismayed. ‘Let me go and see. She is so much upset altogether that she declares that she cannot see you this evening.’

Mrs. Morton went, and presently brought word that Ida was horrified at hearing that little Michael was not with the Joneses. She had trusted Louisa to treat him kindly, and only dispose of him to some of those Canadian farmers, who seemed to have an unlimited appetite for adopted children, and the last hope was that this might have been the case, though opportunities could have been few on the way to Toronto.

Ida had cried over the tidings. It must have been worse than she had ever intended that the child should be treated; and the shock was great both to her and to her mother.

Mrs. Morton really seemed quite broken down, both by sorrow and fear for the boy, and by the shame, the dread of the story getting into the papers, and the sense that she could never go on living at Westhaven; and her brother-in-law quite overwhelmed her by saying that he should do all in his power to prevent publicity, and that he entirely exonerated her from all blame in the matter.

‘Ah! Frank dear,’ she said, ‘you are so good, it makes me feel what a sinful woman I am! I don’t mean that I ever gave in for a moment to that nonsense of poor Ida’s, which was her only bit of excuse. No one that had ever been a mother could, you know; but I won’t say that I did not grumble at my boy losing his chances.’

‘I don’t wonder!’

‘And—and I never would listen to you and Mary about poor Ida. I let her idle and dress, and read all those novels, and it is out of them she got that monstrous notion. You little

know what I have gone through with that girl, Frank, so different from the other two. Oh! if I could only begin over again!'

'Perhaps,' said Frank, full of pity, 'this terrible shock may open her eyes, and by God's blessing be the beginning of better things.'

'Oh, Frank, you are a perfect angel ever to bear the sight of us again!' cried the poor woman, ever violent in her feelings and demonstrations. 'Hark! What's that—I can't see any one.'

'Please, ma'am, it's Miss Rollstone, with a letter for his Lordship.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CLUE.

'BEST OF ROSES,—

'I don't know where my uncle is, so please send him this. I got to Toronto all right, and had not much trouble in finding out the steady-going Jones, who is rather a swell, chief mate on board the *British Empress*. He was a good deal taken aback by my story, and said that his brother had come out with his wife, but no child. It was quite plain that he was a good deal disappointed in the Rattler, and not at all prepared for Mrs. Louisa, whom neither he nor his wife admired at all, at all. He had got his brother a berth on a summer steamer that had just been set up on Lake Winipeg—being no doubt glad to get rid of such an encumbrance as the wife, and he looked very blue when he heard that I was quite certain that she had taken the kid away with her, and been paid for it. There was nothing for it but to go after them, and find out from them what they had done with poor little Mite. Jones is a right good fellow, and would have gone with me, but that he is bound to his boat, and a stunner she is; but he gave me a letter to Sam, so I had to get on the Canadian Pacific Railway, so that I should have been nonplussed but for your loan. Splendid places it goes through, you never saw such trees, nor such game.

'As good luck would have it, I was in the same car with an Englishman—a gentleman one could see with half an eye, and we fraternised, so that I told him what I was come about. He was awfully good-natured, and told me he lived a mile or two out of Winipeg, and had a share in the steam company, and if

I found any difficulty I was to come to him, Mr. Forman, at Northmoor. I stared at the name, as you may guess! There was a fine horse and buggy waiting for him at the station, and off he went. I put up at the hotel—there's sure to be that whatever there is not—and went after the Joneses next. I got at the woman first, she looked ill and fagged, as if she didn't find life with Rattler very jolly. She cried bucketsful, and said she didn't know anything, since she put the poor little Mite to sleep after supper in a public-house at Liverpool. She was dead tired, and when she woke he was gone, and her husband swore at her, and never would tell her what he had done with the boy, except that he had not hurt him. Then I interviewed Sam Rattler himself. He cut up rough, as he said my Lord had done him an ill turn, and he had the game in his hands now, and was not going to let him know what was become of his child, without he came down handsome enough to make up for what he had done him out of. So then I had to go off to Mr. Forman. He has such a place, a house such as any one might be delighted to have—pine trees behind, a garden in front, no end of barns and stables, with horses and cows, fine wheat fields spreading all round, such as would do your heart good. That is what Mr. Forman and his brother-in-law, Captain Alder, have made, and there's a sweet little lady as ever you saw, Alder's sister. The Captain was greatly puzzled to hear it was Lord Northmoor's son I was looking for. He is not up in the peerage like your father, you see, and I had to make him understand. He thought Lord N. must be either the old man, or Lady Adela's little boy. He said some of his happiest days had been at Northmoor, and he asked after Lady Adela, and if Miss Morton was married. He came with me, and soon made Mr. Rattler change his note, by showing him that it would be easy to give him the sack, even if he was not laid hold of by the law, on my information, for stealing the child. They are both magistrates and could do it. So at last the fellow growled out that he wasn't going to be troubled with another man's brat, and just before embarking, he had laid it down asleep at the door of Liverpool Workhouse! So no doubt poor little Michael is there! I would have telegraphed at once, but I don't know where my uncle is, or whether he knows about it, but you can find out and send him this letter at once. I have asked him to pay your advance out of my quarter; and as to the rest of it, it is all owing to you that the poor little kid is not to grow up a pauper.

‘I am staying on at Northmoor—it sounds natural ; they want another hand for their harvesting, so I am working out my board, as is the way here, at any rate till I hear from my uncle, and I shall ask him to let me stay here for good as a farming pupil. It would suit me ever so much better than the militia, even if I could get into it, which I suppose I haven’t done. It is a splendid country, big enough to stretch oneself in, and I shall never stand being cramped up in an island after it ; besides that I don’t want to see Ida again in a hurry, though there is some one I should like no end to see again. There, I must not say any more, but send the enclosed on to my uncle. I wish I could see his face. I did look to bring Mite back to him, but that can’t be, as I have not tin enough to carry me home. I hope your loan has not got you into a scrape. Yours ever (I mean it)

‘H. MORTON.’

The letter to Lord Northmoor, which the servant put into his hand, was shorter, and began with the more important sentence—‘The rascal dropped Michael at Liverpool Workhouse.’

The father read it with an ejaculation of ‘Thank God,’ the aunt answered with a cry of horror, so that he thought for a moment that she had supposed he said ‘dropped him into the sea,’ and repeated ‘Liverpool Workhouse.’

‘Oh, yes, yes ; but that is so dreadful. The Honourable Michael Morton in a workhouse !’

‘He is safe and well taken care of there, no doubt,’ said Frank. ‘I have no fears now. There are much worse places than the nurseries of those great unions.’ Then, as he read on, ‘There, Emma, your boy has acted nobly. He has fully retrieved what his sister has done. Be happy over that, dear sister, and be thankful with me. My Mary, my Mary, will the joy be too much ? Oh, my boy ! How soon can I reach Liverpool ? There, you will like to read it. I must go and thank that good girl who found him the means.’

He was gone, and found Rose in the act of reading her letter aloud (all but certain bits, that made her falter as if the writing was bad) to her parents and Mr. Deyncourt. And there, in full assembly, he found himself at a loss for words. No one was so much master of the situation as Mr. Rollstone.

‘My Lord, I have the honour to congratulate your Lordship,’ he said, with a magnificence only marred by his difficulty in rising.

‘I—I,’ stammered his Lordship, with an unexpected choke in

his throat, 'have to congratulate you, Mr. Rollstone, on having such a daughter.' Then, grasping Rose's hand as in a vice, 'Miss Rollstone, what we owe to you—is past expression.'

'I am sure she is very happy, my Lord, to have been of service,' said her mother, with a simper.

Mr. Deyncourt, to relieve the tension of feeling, said 'Miss Rollstone was reading the letter about Mr. Morton's adventures. Would you not like her to begin again?'

And while Rose obeyed, Lord Northmoor was able to extract his cheque-book from his pocket-book, and as Rose paused, to say—

'I have a debt of which my nephew reminds me. Miss Rollstone furnished the means for his journey. Will you let me fill this up? This can be repaid,' he added, with a smile, 'the rest, never.'

Mr. Rollstone might have been distressed at the venture on which his daughter's savings had gone, but he was perfectly happy and triumphant now, except that, even more than Mrs. Morton, he suffered from the idea of the Honourable Michael being exposed to the contamination of a workhouse, and was shocked at his Lordship's thinking it would have been worse for him to be with the Rattler. Then, hastily looking at his watch, Lord Northmoor asked when the post went out, and hearing there was but half an hour to spare, begged Mr. Deyncourt to let him save time by giving him the wherewithal to write to his wife.

'She would miss a note and be uneasy,' he said. 'Yet I hardly know what I dare tell her. Only not mourning paper!' he added, with an exultant smile.

In the curate's room he wrote—

'DEAREST WIFE,—

'I have been out all day, and have only a moment to say that I am quite well, and trust to have some most thankworthy news for you. Don't be uneasy if you do not hear to-morrow.

'Your own FRANK.'

There was still time to scribble—

'DEAR LADY ADELA,—

'I trust to you to prepare Mary for well-nigh incredible joy, but do not agitate her too soon. I cannot come till Friday afternoon.

'Yours gratefully,
'NORTHMOOR.'

Having sent this off, his next search was for a time-table. He would fain have gone by the mail train that very night, but Mr. Deyncourt and Mrs. Morton united in persuading him that his strength was not yet equal to such a pull upon it, and he yielded. They hardly knew the man, usually so equable and quiet as to be almost stolid.

He smiled, and declared he could neither eat nor sleep, but he actually did both, sleeping, indeed, better and longer than he had done since his illness, and coming down in the morning a new man, as he called himself, but the old one still in his kindness to Mrs. Morton. He promised to telegraph to her as soon as he knew all was well, assured her that he would do his best to keep the scandal out of the papers, that he would never forget his obligations to Herbert's generosity, and that if she made up her mind to leave Westhaven he would facilitate her so doing.

Ida was not up. She had had a very bad night, and indeed she had confessed that she had been miserable under dreams worse than waking, ever since the child was carried off. Her mother had observed her restlessness and nervousness, but had set a good deal down to love, and perhaps had not been entirely wrong. At any rate, she was now really ill, and could not bear the thought of seeing her uncle, though he sent a message to her that *now* he did not find it nearly so hard to forgive her, and that he felt for her with all his heart.

It was this gentleness that touched Mrs. Morton above all. Years had softened her; perhaps, too, his patience, and the higher tone of Mr. Deyncourt's ministry, and she was, in many respects, a different woman from her who had so loudly protested against his marrying Mary Marshall.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HONOURABLE PAUPER.

LORD NORTHMOOR'S card was given to the porter with an urgent request for an interview with the Master of the workhouse.

He steadied his voice with difficulty when, on entering the office, he said that he had come to make inquiry after his son, a child of three and a half years old, who had been supposed to be drowned, but, as he had now discovered, had been stolen by a former nurse, and left at the gate of the workhouse, and as the Master paused with an interrogative 'Yes, my Lord?' he added—

‘On the night between the Wednesday and Thursday of Whitsun-week, May the 18th.’

‘Children are so often left,’ said the Master. ‘I will ascertain from the books as to the date.’

After an interval really of scarcely a minute, but which might have been hours to the father’s feeling, he read—

‘May the 18th. Boy, of apparently four years old, left on the steps, asleep, apparently drugged.’

‘Ah!’

‘Calls himself Mitel Tent—name probably Michael Trenton.’

‘Michael Kenton Morton.’ Then he reflected, ‘No doubt he thought he was to say his catechism.’

‘Does not seem to know parents’ name nor residence. Dress—man’s old rough coat over a brown holland pinafore—no mark—feet bare ; talks as if carefully brought up. May I ask you to describe him.’

‘Brown eyes, light hair, a good deal of colour, sturdy large child,’ said Lord Northmoor, much agitated. ‘There,’ holding out a photograph.

‘Ah ! said the master, in assent.

‘And where—is he here ?’

‘He is at the Children’s Home at Fulwood Lodge. Perhaps I had better ask one of the Guardians, who lives near at hand, to accompany you.’

This was done, the Guardian came, much interested in the guest, and a cab was called. Lord Northmoor learnt on the way that the routine in such cases, only too common, was that the child would be taken by the police to the bellman’s office till night and there taken care of, in case he should be a little truant of the place, but being unclaimed, would spend a few days at the Union, and then be taken to the Children’s Home at Fulwood. Inquiries had been made, but at first the little fellow had been still under the influence of the drug that had evidently been administered to him, and then was too much bewildered to give a clear account of himself. He was in confusion between his real home and Westhaven, and the difference between his appellation and that of his parents was likewise perplexing ; nor could he make himself clear, even as to what he knew perfectly well, when interrogated by official strangers who alarmed him.

Lord Northmoor was himself a Poor Law Guardian, and had no vague superstitions to alarm him as to the treatment of children in workhouses ; but he was surprised at the pleasant aspect of

the nursery of the Liverpool Union, a former gentleman's house and grounds, with pure air and beautiful views.

The Matron, on being summoned, said that she had from the first been sure, in spite of his clothes, that little Mike was a well-born, tenderly-nurtured child, with good manners and refined habits, and she had tried in vain to understand what he said of himself, though night and morning, he had said his prayers for papa and mamma, and at first added that 'papa might be well,' and he might go home; but where home was there was no discovering, except that there had been journeys by puff puff; and Louey, and Aunt Emma, and Nurse, and sea, and North something, and 'nasty man,' were in an inextricable confusion.

She took the visitor therewith into a large airy room, where the elder children were busied under the direction of a lively young nurse, in whole rows of little beings in red frocks, building up coloured cubes, 'gifts' in Kindergarten parlance.

There was a few moments of pause, as all the pairs of eyes were raised to meet the new-comers. With a little sense of disappointment, but more of anxiety, Frank glanced over them, and encountered a round, somewhat puzzled stare from two brown orbs in a rosy face. Then he ventured to say 'Mite,' and there followed a kind of laughing yell, a leap over the structure of cubes, and the warm, solid, rosy boy was in his arms, on his breast, the head on his shoulder in indescribable ecstasy of content on both sides, of thankfulness on that of the father.

'No doubt there!' said the Guardian and the Matron to one another, between smiles and tears.

Mite asked no questions. Fate had been far beyond his comprehension for the last five months, and it was quite enough for him to feel himself in the familiar arms, and hear the voice he loved.

'Would he go to mamma?'

The boy raised his head, looked wonderingly over his father's face, and said in a puzzled voice—

'Louey said she would take me home in the puff puff.'

'Come now with father, my boy. Only kiss this good lady first, who has been so kind to you.'

'Kiss Tommy too, and Fanny,' said Michael, struggling down, and beginning a round of embraces that sufficiently proved that his nursery had been a happy one, while his father could see with joy that he was as healthy and fresh-looking as ever,

perhaps a little less plump, but with the natural growth of the fourth year, and he was much the biggest of the party, with the healthfulness of country air and wholesome tendance, while most of the others were more or less stunted or undergrown.

Lord Northmoor's longing was to take his recovered son at once to gladden his mother's eyes ; but Michael's little red frock would not exactly suit with the manner of his travels.

So he accepted the Guardian's invitation to come to his house and let Michael be fitted out there, an invitation all the more warmly given because it would have been a pity to let wife and daughters miss the interest of the sight of the lost child and his father. So, all formalities being complied with and in true official spirit, the account for the boy's maintenance having been asked for, a hearty and cordial leave was taken of the Matron, and Michael Kenton Morton was discharged from Liverpool Union.

The lady and her daughters were delighted to have him, and would have made much of him, but the poor little fellow showed that his confidence in womankind had been shaken by clinging tight to his father, and showing his first inclination to cry when it was proposed to take him into another room to be dressed. Indeed, his father was as little willing to endure a moment's separation as he could be, and looked on and assisted in making him into a little gentleman again in outward costume.

After luncheon there was still time to reach Malvern by a reasonable hour of the evening, and Frank felt as if every moment of delay was almost a cruelty to his wife. The Guardian's wife owned that she ought not to press him to sleep there, and forwarded his departure with strong fellow-feeling for the mother's hungry bosom.

From the station Frank sent telegrams to Herbert, to Mrs. Morton, and to Rose Rollstone, and one besides to Lady Adela, containing only the reference, Luke xv. 32.

People looked somewhat curiously at the thin, worn-looking, elderly man, with the travelling-bag in one hand, and the little boy holding fast by the other, each with a countenance of radiant gladness, and again, to see how, when seated, he allowed himself to be climbed over and clasped by the sturdy being, who seemed almost overwhelming to one so slight.

When the September twilight darkened into night, Michael, who had been asleep, awoke with a scream and flung both arms round his father's neck, exclaiming—

‘Oh, Louey, I’ll not cry! Don’t let him throw me out! Oh, the nasty man!’

And even when convinced that no nasty man was present, and that it was papa, not Louey, whom he was grappling, he still nestled as close as possible, while he was only pacified in recurring frights by listening to a story. Never good at story-telling, the only one that, for the nonce, his father could put together was that of Joseph, and this elicited various personal comparisons.

‘Mine wasn’t a coat of many colours, it was my blue frock! Did they dip it in blood, papa?’

‘Not quite, my darling, but it came to the same thing.’

Then presently, ‘It wasn’t a camel, but a puff puff, and *he* was so cross!’

By-and-by, ‘I didn’t tell anybody’s dreams, papa. They didn’t make me ride in a cha-rot, but nurse made me monitor, ‘cause I knew all my letters. I should like to have a brother Benjamin. Mayn’t Tommy be my brother? Wasn’t Joseph’s mamma very glad?’

Michael’s Egypt had not been a very terrible house of bondage, and the darker moments of his abduction did not dwell on his memory; but years later, when first he tasted beer, he put down the glass with a shudder, as the smell and taste brought back a sense of distress, confusion, and horror in a gas-lit, crowded bar, full of loud-voiced, rough figures, and resounding with strange language and fierce threats to make him swallow the draught which, no doubt, had been drugged.

(To be continued.)

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

VI.—JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

BY FANNY L. GREEN.

THE newspaper press has been called 'the grave of genius,' but there is no profession that demands more varied talent of its votaries from the generals of the craft—the editors—to the humble infantry who perform what is thought—by outsiders—to be the mere mechanical work of reporting.

A woman whose idea in 'taking up journalism' is to provide herself with an easy, lucrative and unexacting career, had better leave it alone. It is as arduous and engrossing a pursuit as any of the recognised 'learned professions,' law, medicine, and divinity. But it is one of the most fascinating of callings, and at present there are but few women who have gained a substantial footing in it.

The title of 'journalist,' like the allied term 'author,' is often used by budding aspirants who have no real claim to it, but the word legitimately covers a variety of *rôles*. The Institute of Journalists in its rules allows a wide scope to the term. 'A journalist,' it says, 'must be *professionally and habitually* engaged as editor of a journal; or upon the staff of a journal in the capacity of leader-writer, writer of special articles, artist, special correspondent, literary manager, assistant editor, sub-editor, or reporter; or in supplying journals with articles, illustrations, correspondence or reports.'

Into all these departments women have found their way, but there is still room for them, especially for those of their number who take as their chosen particular field social and political questions of special interest to their own sex.

It is only of late years that the desirability of a special training for journalists has been recognised, and there are many people still, who think that pen, ink and paper, combined with

natural talent, are a sufficient stock in 'trade for the embryo newspaper writer. The barrister must have acquired the legal knowledge sufficient for his 'call,' the solicitor have passed his examinations, the doctor have walked his hospitals, the clergyman have read for ordination ; but the men who control the world's press stand in no need of special training. This is the popular opinion, and though I think it is an erroneous one, I should personally be very sorry if the examination principle were to invade journalism.

As a matter of fact, successful journalists do as a rule get a special training. They begin on the lower rungs of the ladder and work up to the top. The refusal of editors to take unsuitable 'stuff,' and the knowledge of men and affairs which comes from being—even in a humble capacity—'in the swim,' joined to their own talent and business habit of mind, are the means by which they climb. In the more literary part of journalism, such as leader writing, eminence in the field of letters, and scientific or legal distinction accompanied by facility of expression are often, indeed, a sufficient passport to the press for their fortunate possessors. But leader-writers form but a very small portion of the great army of pressmen.

The usual traditional course, then, for a woman who wants to be a journalist is to content herself at first with 'the day of small things,' and gradually fit herself by the experience that comes from effort and failure for more important work.

Many men gain a footing on the press as shorthand reporters, but comparatively few papers have women reporters on their salaried staff. *The Women's Penny Paper*, which has lately changed its name to *The Women's Herald* and which claims to be the only paper 'conducted, written and published by women,' last year made an unsuccessful application for the admission of one of its staff to the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons. This proceeding occasioned considerable public interest, but while there is so little room in the Gallery for men who have already won their place, women must be content to comment on political affairs from 'Outside the Gallery,' unless they can get admission—as women, not as reporters—to the Ladies' Gallery.

Unattached reporters are usually known as 'liners,' though 'lining' strictly speaking is manifold paragraphing, or reporting supplied to several papers. It is from this source that the record of inquests, fires and accidents, and the chronicling of the smaller social functions of the day, often find their way into the papers.

The remuneration for this class of work is not excessive, varying as it does from a penny to twopence a line ; and the woman who makes it her mainstay is likely to degenerate into the purveyor of the thoughtless—but none the less heartless—personal paragraphs which are one of the worst features of ‘the New Journalism.’ No woman, however, need despise legitimate lining in view of the many interesting events which pass every day unchronicled. It is on record that the famous war correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. Forbes, once in his early days received ninepence for a paragraph of news he contributed to its columns.

Careful, accurate and intelligent verbatim reporting is not a bad introduction to a department of journalism in which women are making their mark—that of descriptive writing. At their head is Mrs. Crawford, ‘the queen of journalists,’ whose brilliant contributions to *Truth* and the *Daily News*—of which she is the special Paris correspondent—are better known than the chronicle and exposition of French politics she at one time contributed to the *Weekly Dispatch*. Harriet Martineau’s ‘Letters from Ireland’ on the social and political condition of that country were a contribution to this field, and Miss Power Cobbe, Miss Faithfull and a young writer, Miss Billington, have all done good work in this direction.

As time goes on, and the newspaper grows more and more to aim at being a faithful reflection of the whole life of the nation, it is probable that descriptive writing will to a large extent absorb the department of reporting. The crisp and vigorous paragraph which gives the picturesque side of an occurrence, the main thread of a speech, already finds more readers than any accurate, detailed, but bald report. The great British public likes its meat spiced.

Here, then, is a field in which women may work with profit to themselves and advantage to the community, and in it, if they are wise and modest, they will seek to be not the rivals but the *collaborateurs* of men. At their hands they will in the majority of cases meet with perfect fairness, warm appreciation and generous help.

Leader-writing is one of the most influential and highly paid branches of newspaper work, but up to the present women have had but very small share in it. Probably there are very few of their number who possess the thorough training in history, philosophy, economics and politics, the mature judgment, and the power of clear, concise and forcible expression that made

Harriet Martineau's work in this direction so valuable and successful. Mr. Hunt said of the leaders she wrote for the *Daily News* under his editorship: 'They are read in the clubs; they precede the debates and modify the *Times*.' For him and his successor, Mr. Weir—the 'master of the library of Europe'—this able *litterateur* wrote about sixteen hundred leaders. Their subjects 'cover the whole field of national and political action, philanthropic effort and agricultural statistics.' Jewish, Irish and American subjects, anti-slavery, economical and West Indian interests, Indian and educational reform, foreign politics, reviews of important books, were all dealt with by her in the leading columns of the *Daily News* from her home in the Lake District, 'several hundred miles out of the way of the latest intelligence.' Miss Power Cobbe has written leaders for the *Echo*, and Miss Orme has performed the same service for the *Weekly Dispatch*. Leader writing however, from the nature of things, cannot be entrusted to any one whose opinion does not carry weight with it. The leader writer is in no sense a tyro in letters.

Women with a strong critical faculty, suitable training and a certain facility of expression, have several departments of criticism open to them. If they are specialists, like Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, they will find the columns of the papers specially devoted to criticism, such as the *Athenæum*, open to them. If human foibles are their subject matter, they may lash society from the pages of the *Saturday Review*, as Mrs. Lynn Lynton did in her amusing sketches, 'The Girl of the Period.' If art is their mistress, they may be art critics like Lady Colin Campbell, of the *World*, or they may combine criticism with description in the pages of the art magazines and reviews. Nor are the ranks of musical and dramatic criticism closed against women. Miscellaneous book-reviewing sometimes also falls to their lot, but this is a path that leads to neither fame nor wealth.

Sub-editing has been rather condescendingly declared to be a very suitable pursuit for women, because 'to a certain extent this is mere easy mechanism and quiet work,' but it demands judgment, a sense of proportion, and a business ability and training which are rather rare among women at present.

Perhaps more women have sat in the editorial chair. Madame Adam, of the *Nouvelle Revue*, is the most distinguished woman-editor now living. George Eliot, when she was at the head of the *Westminster Review* called herself 'a miserable

editor,' but no one who examines the volumes of the review that appeared under her editorship will echo that opinion. The ideal editor has all the literary qualities of a successful writer, together with a fineness of tact and knowledge of men and things that would bring him to the front in any profession.

'The New Journalism' has introduced the practice of interviewing—an effective mode of advertisement which has its enthusiastic upholders and its no less vigorous depreciators. It undoubtedly makes pleasant reading, and where confidence is not violated, and a depraved taste for personal puerilities pandered to, it would seem to be, on the whole, an unobjectionable way of giving information. A writer in the *Scots Observer*, however, has made the system the theme for an indictment of women journalists which is hardly borne out by facts. He admits that women are the best interviewers, and goes on to say that this success is due to the unscrupulousness of their methods. 'The woman interviewer,' he says, 'is determined to succeed. If her victim is a lawyer, she will take the name of one of his clients; if a doctor, she will call herself a patient; if a politician, she pretends to be the wife of his agent. In short, there is no lie to which she will not resort, and her conscience is so dead that she boasts of her methods when they have succeeded. It is the lady interviewers who ask their victim whether it be true that he is applying for a divorce, and what his proof is, and which is the stool his wife flung at him.'

Miss Emily Faithfull, whose work in furthering the employment of women in various fields has met with the recognition of a pension from the Civil List, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of her sex in this matter. She was frequently interviewed during the three tours she made in America, and her report is that the few interviewers 'against whom a reproachful word must be uttered were men, not women.' One gentleman, she says, did not scruple to knock at her door at a Chicago hotel, rousing her from a peaceful slumber, and since she refused to see him at that hour of the night, he printed an imaginary interview with her in the next day's paper. At San Francisco another interviewer who was shown into her sitting-room discovered that it communicated with her bedroom; and though he was informed that Miss Faithfull could not possibly see him, as she was suffering from severe neuralgic headache, he proceeded to open the door, and say that he could put all his 'leading questions' in that fashion without disturbing her. A third

journalist who was interviewing her, when she refused to give an opinion on a particular subject, said he should have to invent one for her. Miss Faithfull indignantly replied that she should contradict it if he did, to which he rejoined smilingly, 'Ah, but that will not matter—my statement will be a day ahead of your denial.'

There is, then, a seamy side to interviewing ; but in America nearly every person of any prominence from a social, political, or literary point of view, has submitted to be interviewed as the readiest and most popular way of getting the public to read what he wants it to know.

Special gifts are required for interviewing. A master of the craft, Mr. Frank Burr, claims that 'a man to be a successful interviewer must have a thorough knowledge of the world, touch elbows with every class of society, be a careful student of human nature, have a quick and trustworthy memory, good judgment, good faith, and an intelligence broad enough to thoroughly grasp any subject he is discussing with his victim. Good correspondents,' he adds, 'generally make good interviewers.' Miss Friedrichs, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is perhaps the best known woman interviewer.

There is a large and increasing department of newspaper work about which I have up to the present said little or nothing—the work that professes to be written by women for women, though no inconsiderable part of it is at present done by men. Miss Low, of the *Queen*, and Miss Temple, of the *Women's Herald*, are, I believe, the only two women who edit 'women's papers.' The *Gentlewoman*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, *Mistress and Maid*, *Woman*, the *Lady* all have a man at their helm, though there are women on the staff of these papers who do useful work in paragraphing and contributing special letters and articles. The bright and breezy letters of Mrs. Humphreys, the 'Madge' of *Truth*, and the careful Women's Column contributed by Miss Faithfull to the *Ladies' Pictorial*, and by Mrs. Fenwick Miller to the *Illustrated London News*, are all devoted to the subjects in which woman is supposed to have a special interest, while the fashion article, both here and in America, is left almost wholly in the hands of the 'clothes-women.'

Journalism, as I have sought to show, is an art, and like all arts it can be taught, though there is at present only one School of Journalism in London where systematic instruction is given in all branches of the craft. Mr. David Anderson, of the *Daily*

Telegraph, whose vivid picture of the Parliament of 1880—'Scenes in the Commons'—has met with wide appreciation, undertakes in the course of twelve months' practical tuition to make any well-educated person a thoroughly trained journalist. He has lately consented to read individually with women pupils, and women who in sober earnest mean to be journalists will save themselves much time and misdirected effort by availing themselves of his wide experience, his kindly interest, and his unbiassed critical faculty. 'The London School of Journalism,' founded by him, is in the Outer Temple, and the course of study covers paragraphs, reviewing, shorthand, interviewing, special and war correspondence, preparing telegrams, leaders, art and dramatic criticism, sub-leaders, sub-editing, and the writing of stories and magazine articles.

The Institute of Journalists, to which a charter of incorporation was granted at the beginning of 1890, admits women to membership on the same footing as men. Its general aims are stated by the President to be to make itself the organ and mouthpiece of the whole body of working journalists, to furnish advice and assistance to those who need it, to ascertain and define professional customs and usages, to establish a code of professional honour which all its members will recognise and adopt, and to define and establish a recognised educational standard to which journalists will conform. The Institute demands of its members that they shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, and shall before joining have been engaged in actual practice as professional journalists for at least two years. It is a development of the National Association of Journalists, which was founded in 1884, and has already done useful work.

With regard to the vexed question of remuneration, journalism on the whole compares favourably with other employments open to women. It has this great merit. The woman teacher has longer hours and much lower pay than men who teach; but the woman journalist is as well paid for the work she does as if she were a man. Unless, however, she gets to be known and does really good work, her income will be a small one. Mrs. Humphreys is stated to have £500 a year for the weekly letters she contributes to *Truth*, and there are a few other women who are highly paid; but the woman who is content to do mediocre work in journalism, work that is distinctive neither in style nor treatment, will not earn much.

Some journalistic work, however, is highly remunerative. At the head of the English press is *The Times*. Some interesting particulars of the salaries earned by the staff of this great paper have been lately given by Mr. Cuthbert Hadden. None of its leader-writers have a retainer of less than £1000 a year, but they are not allowed to contribute even to magazines or quarterlies, though they may write books. The musical critic of *The Times* has a salary of £450 a year and seven shillings and sixpence for each concert he attends. The salaries given to correspondents vary. M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent, is paid £3200 a year; the Berlin and Vienna correspondents have £2500 each; the correspondents at Rome and St. Petersburg respectively have the rent of a residence added to their fixed salary of £2000. The lesser correspondents, who do not, on an average, wire more than a dozen columns in the course of a year; have varying salaries. Senor Diaz at Madrid has £1000, Herr Lax at Brussels has £500, and though Mr. Heinrich at Christiania, has only £250, his salary is at the rate of nearly £17 per message.

The salary of the editor of a London daily ranges from £1000 to £5000 a year, and a leader-writer's retainers from £500 to £1000. The leader-writers on the *Daily Telegraph* have a retainer of £800 a year, and its war correspondents a salary of £100 a month, with all expenses, when on actual service. Mr. Sala's 'Echoes,' which are published in a syndicate of papers, bring him in £40 a week. For articles contributed to their columns *The Times* pays five guineas, the *St. James's Gazette* three guineas, the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* three to five guineas, and the *Globe* a guinea.

Physical health is an important factor in successful journalism. The journalist has often to rush from place to place, to snatch a hurried meal when time and opportunity offer, and to postpone sleep itself. It does not often fall to the lot of women journalists to be sent—like Miss Bisland, of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*—round the world at fifteen minutes notice; but sudden and unforeseen demands are always liable to be made on their resources. Mrs. Crawford is said once to have left a great state ball in the midst of a terrific storm, and since the streets were deserted by the cabmen, to have rushed on foot, 'in satin shoes and delicate ball dress,' to the telegraph office in order to despatch a description of the function to London. Nor is the way in which her account of the debate of the 25th of May, 1871, and the defeat of the French government reached England less

instructive to the journalistic aspirant. By special favour she was admitted to the front row of the *large grille* at Versailles where she sat from seven in the morning to midnight, unable to move or take a single note. Then she returned to Paris, sat up all night writing, and by the early mail despatched the first full account of the defeat of the Government that was received in England.

NOTE.—For certain of the particulars of salaries and workers given in this article, the Author is indebted to papers which have appeared in the *Spectator* and *Echo*, and to Mr. Dawson's 'Practical Journalism.'

LOVE AND LETHE.

PITY, who guessed my dumb untold despair,
Led me to Lethe's stream, and bade me drink,
And thus forget the Past, and never think—
Ah! never more—of Love, dear Love, so fair,
So cruel, yet so tender-eyed. And there
I knelt me down, and bending o'er the brink
Of those deep waters, slowly, link by link,
I tried the enchanted chain of Love to tear.

But Love stood by me with reproachful eyes:
'Wouldst thou give up the memory of the Past?
Wouldst thou exchange the Love that never dies
For dull Forgetfulness, which, though it last,
Can find no place for me, whom thou didst prize?'
I caught the hand of Love, and held it fast.

ANNIE L. KNOWLES.

COUSIN AMY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

I.

JOANNA opened the library door at Rosedale and glanced about with an anxious air. It was a dull day ; rain had been falling in torrents during the morning, and the sky had not yet cleared ; but Floyd, the little 'young lady of the house,' as the servants called her, had ordered a fire to be lighted in the library, and its glow gave something like cheerfulness to the room, flinging friendly beams upon Mr. Anderson's well-lined bookshelves, his big writing table and comfortable easy-chair, the white wool rugs, deep sofa, and tapestry footstool, where of a winter's evening Floyd had her seat in the corner of the hearth, while her father read or wrote, stopping now and then for a word or a laugh with his little daughter. But a point where dejection and gloom seemed to concentrate was in the deep eastern window. Floyd, with eyes reddened by much weeping, with long brown locks dishevelled, and hands tightly clasping a damp little wad of a handkerchief, was standing there, looking defiantly, pitifully, appealingly all in a moment at Joanna.

'Oh, are you there, Miss Floyd?' the nurse said compassionately. She looked at the drooping little figure, wondering if the child 'knew everything.'

'Of course I'm here!' exclaimed Floyd, flinging her head up impatiently. 'Don't you see me? What a stupid question, Joanna!'

'Oh, I know, my poor lamb,' said Joanna, shaking her head mournfully—'I know ; but I'm that upset I don't know what I'm saying. Dear, dear ! great changes are coming.'

And Joanna, with the air of a person who would say, 'Let us be comfortable as long as we can,' stooped down to put a fresh log on the glowing fire.

‘What are you doing, Joanna?’ Floyd said pettishly. She wanted to assert her fast fading authority as much as possible. ‘Don’t you see there is fire enough? And it isn’t chilly now, as it was this morning when I ordered it. Any way, I don’t think it was needed after all.’

‘But you must keep warm, deary,’ said Joanna, still compassionate if not actually pitiful in tone. She looked up from the hearth as Floyd came out of the gloom of the window curtains and stood still for an instant trying to force back her tears. Only two days ago Floyd had been the acknowledged power and authority in her father’s house, and now even the smallest ‘orders’ to the servants, as the little girl well knew, were received with a desire to ‘humour her’ for the brief space of time left her to rule, and obeyed merely out of compassion. It was intolerable, thought poor little Floyd, clenching her hand tightly over the damp pocket-handkerchief and repeating in her mind, ‘Oh, papa, how could you? How mean of you!’

‘What did you want of me, Joanna?’ said Floyd aloud. ‘I don’t mean to change my dress for dinner, if that’s it. And it’s too late for a walk.’

‘Oh, I know, my lamb!’ said Joanna softly. This indifference on Floyd’s part to ‘dressing up’ for dinner—her usual delight—was in the nurse’s eyes the most melancholy symptom possible. But she could not blame her, the nurse said to herself. Poor child, poor child! What a terrible come-down it was for one of her spirit and temper, to be sure! But I am afraid there was just a grain of satisfaction in Joanna’s view of things. Joanna probably cared more for the little girl than anybody else in the great, lonely, luxurious house; but even Joanna had been made to suffer from Floyd’s selfish, domineering ways. No doubt it was the fault of her bringing up; still the fact that she could tyrannize in a very unpleasant manner when she chose was well known to all the household, and Joanna had broken up holidays, bad headaches, and loss of temper to remember, with Floyd as the cause. And how, Joanna asked herself, how would it be when the new mistress—the step-mother Mr. Anderson was about to bring home—would rule at Rosedale?

‘There’ll be high old times for awhile, you’ll see!’ Dan the gardener had said yesterday morning after Floyd, in a perfect whirlwind of misery and rebellion, had gone among the June roses fairly devastating Dan’s pet bushes, and then, not knowing what to do with her spoils, had strung the rich deep-coloured blossoms

into long strings, which she festooned all over a little arbour built for her dolls two years ago. There, what with the sun and the tightly twisted cord, they had drooped within an hour, and hung in mute, pathetic testimony to Floyd's temper.

'Yes, high old times!' Dan had said to Joanna. 'If the new madame puts up with that sort of thing, she's not the woman I take her to be'; and Dan, who had seen the lady in question a few weeks previous, went back to his clipping among the rose bushes, wagging his head in a way that would have made Floyd furious had she seen and understood its meaning.

'What do you want, I say, Joanna?' Floyd demanded again. 'I know you've something to say by the way you look. I wish you'd speak.'

'Why, yes, dear—yes,' Joanna hastened to explain. 'It's only that Mrs. Bainbridge is here, and she's—she's been to Dover, and I thought you'd like to see her. She might—tell us something,' added Joanna, lowering her voice confidentially.

'Of course I want to see her, and it's just like you, Joanna, to wait and wait ten hours before you can speak! Where is she?' demanded Floyd, darting towards the door. 'Oh, in the kitchen, I suppose,' she went on; 'but you would take a year to tell me.'

And before Joanna could answer, Floyd had rushed out of the room and was flying down the wide hall, banging open and shut the green baize door which led to the servants' domain, and only checking her steps, from a sense of thirteen-year-old dignity as 'young lady of the house,' when she neared the kitchen.

The kitchen was, as Floyd confessed in her heart, the most attractive place in the house. No 'messaging,' as Mrs. Jones, the cook and housekeeper, called it, was done there, a big pantry near by serving for such purposes, while the pastry room beyond was used for desserts and dainties, and the servants had their meals in an adjoining room; so that the kitchen was a bright 'homely' place, with its gay red carpet, its shining tins and brasses, its comfortable rocking chairs and window with Dan's canary birds hanging in it, and in one corner a tall clock with a brass face and a fascinating way of telling time and the courses of the sky and days of the month. The blue and white china on the dresser, the chimney-piece ornaments of delft—all had belonged to Floyd's grandmother when she was a bride of sixteen in this very house, and Mrs. Jones had been a child at the time, four or five years of age, the daughter of 'Madame Anderson's' gardener. Beyond

the wide open kitchen door and through the window glimpses of garden beds, box walks and currant bushes, and rows of hollyhocks were to be seen. Altogether, what look of simple home and good cheer there was about Mr. Anderson's quiet house seemed to have concentrated in the servants' quarters, and no wonder, in spite of her strenuous efforts at dignity and young-ladyhood, little Floyd felt the genial influence there diffused.

Mrs. Bainbridge was drinking a cup of tea in the canary birds' window when Floyd made her appearance. She was a fat, good-humoured, foolish-looking old woman in a round black straw bonnet with a cape to it, and a coarse black lace shawl over a black alpaca dress. She had been Mr. Anderson's nurse when he was a baby, which accounted for her freedom with all belonging to the family; and Floyd was really fond of her, even though her innate sense of honesty made her wince under the silly old woman's compliments. She knew perfectly well that when Mrs. Bainbridge told her how 'pretty' she was growing to be it was not true, but she could not help feeling just a little bit pleased by it. Floyd longed to be pretty—like the picture of her mamma in the seldom used drawing-room, or like Del Hopkins, who was merely a pink and white doll; but she knew that she had no right even to Joanna's occasional bits of flattery.

'Oh, my lovey-dovey!' exclaimed Mrs. Bainbridge, holding out her fat hands, encased in black mitts, as Floyd entered the kitchen. 'Come here to old nurse, my precious pet! I'd have gone up to your room, dearie, only I wanted my cup of tea, and I'm tired out coming up from Dover.'

'I'd just as lief come down here,' said Floyd shortly, and taking a chair near the table in the window. 'Have you been to Dover, nurse?' she added in a moment, her little dark cheek flushing redly. It was in Dover her father had met that destroyer of her home, the 'new mother.'

'Yes, dear. Oh, I know what you're thinking of, my pet! Dear me, it'll be a great change all around, Mrs. Jones,' added the foolish old woman, with an ominous shake of her head.

Mrs. Jones paused in her preparation of a custard to say, rather shortly—

'Well, Mr. Anderson's a right to suit himself, of course; and every house is better off with a mistress to it. I'll give the new ways a fair trial, and if I can't stand them I'll have to go, though it's been a good home to me these twenty years—long before

Mr. Arthur was married at all, indeed,' added the cook, with a sigh.

'But there are those that *can't* go!' half whispered injudicious Mrs. Bainbridge, with a glance at Floyd's upright little figure and watchful face. 'But it may turn out all right. I saw her—was I telling you?—myself.'

'Saw her!' cried Floyd, all eagerness. It was only yesterday that the vague rumours about the great event had taken definite shape, but it seemed to Floyd as though she had lived through a year of misery since then. That her father was to be married this very week; that the lady lived in Dover—these facts were now clearly known, but not one of the household could give the anxious little girl any information as to what manner of bride—or 'new mother'—her father was bringing home. Floyd had certainly never seen her. She had never been to Dover, and the visitors to Rosedale were very few and far between, since there would, generally speaking, be only two children to receive them—Floyd and her little brother Arthur—Mr. Anderson spending a large portion of his time away from home, and the children being curiously destitute of feminine relations.

When the 'news' was first rumoured, the servants, from Mrs. Jones down, knew that to keep it from Floyd would have been impossible, and in their anxiety to find out how much she knew about it, as well as from a natural love of gossip, they had discussed the subject with her, plunging the child into a condition of abject misery, indignation, and rebellion, while now, on this afternoon, old Nurse Bainbridge had arrived to add her quota to the already over-full stock of information, prediction, and surmise.

'What is she like, nurse?' cried Floyd, forgetful for once of her dignity as young lady of the house, and leaning over on the table to be nearer the guest. 'Oh, do tell us! We don't know a thing!'

'Well—h'm,' reflected Mrs. Bainbridge, turning from one to another of the equally interested audience and looking out at the neat flower-beds finally. 'Well, let me see how to describe her. It was in to Mis' Simmons's. They're making her wedding-dresses, it seems, and I stepped in for a word with Mary Jane Myers, who works there, and this Miss Beckwith—that's the name, you know—came in. Well, of course she's rated a beauty, but I can't say it's my style at all. She's tall, and quite a fine figure; but holds herself as though nothing was

'too good for the likes of her to trample under foot ; and she's dark, very dark-complected, but with a fine high colour—most as good as Miss Molly Mitchell's—and has black eyes and hair like a raven's wing.'

Floyd's cheeks were crimson, and her lips shut tightly together ; but she endured and listened.

'Mary Myers told me who she was, soon as she went out,' pursued Mrs. Bainbridge, warming to her subject, so that the signals of defiance and wrath in Floyd's hot cheeks and flashing eyes were unheeded. 'It seems, beauty that she is and with all her money, folks say that Mr. Anderson will have his hands full with my lady ! Her own people are glad to be rid of her—she's that vile-tempered ! My goodness gracious, what's the matter ?' cried Mrs. Bainbridge suddenly, for Floyd, unable to endure another word without breaking down—a thing not to be thought of before the servants—had rushed away quite as tumultuously as she had appeared ; and while the old woman and Mrs. Jones and Joanna were compassionating—but scarcely sympathizing with—her, the little girl was speeding along the passages and back to the library, where she flung herself upon the sofa, and, burying her face in the pillows, burst into a flood of angry, passionate, rebellious weeping.

Poor little Floyd ! With all her self-pity she had not the least idea how lamentable her case really was. No training for a child of Floyd's disposition could possibly have been worse than that which Mr. Anderson had permitted since his wife's death, six years ago. Left almost wholly to the care of servants, who found that pampering and indulging were easier than combating the high-strung, imperious, and self-willed little creature, Floyd had come to regard herself as a person of unlimited authority and independence. Her vivacity, her real cleverness and intelligence pleased her father as much as her little airs of young-ladyhood and authority amused him ; and being a dreamy sort of man in his way, and absent from home a great deal of the time, it was only when exhibitions of Floyd's temper, or some flagrant act of disobedience on her part, aroused him keenly that he realised that something in the education of his little daughter must be very wrong, for surely it could not be that poor Lucilla—his wife, who had never been known to possess a will of her own, or, indeed, express an original idea—could have a daughter with a strong dash of the vixen or virago in her, moreover capable of openly disregarding his commands in the

face of the entire household whenever it so pleased her to defy them! During his last long stay at Rosedale the atmosphere had been peculiarly stormy, and Floyd was well aware, even while she bewailed her lot as a most unjust and cruel one, that she had been in the wrong on more than one occasion. For instance, when, in a spirit of downright rebellion, she had flung Dan's best bulbs into the well because he would not attend as soon as ordered to the making of her special garden beds, she knew well that she deserved to be sent by her father in disgrace to her own room; and when there, what right had she to climb out of the window and get into the garden, thence over to the Hopkins' place, where she and Del spent a delightful afternoon? How had she felt when after tea her father quietly and sadly talked to her, telling her what it cost him to send her away to her room all the beautiful sunshiny afternoon? At all events, Floyd confessed to her wrong-doing—admitted to the stolen enjoyment—whereupon Mr. Anderson had flung himself away in despair. What could he do with such a—responsibility? And Floyd, childish as little Arthur in some ways, was precocious in others. How unlike poor Lucilla, the little, girlish, simple-hearted wife, who had faded out of life gently and noiselessly as she had lived her six-and-twenty years. To have asked himself 'What would Lucilla do with her?' was out of the question. Looking at Floyd's dark eyes and proudly-curved lips, her upright little figure, the rebelliously lifted head with its shower of chestnut hair falling to her waist, Mr. Anderson knew that this impetuous, daring, self-opinionated young creature would have simply dismayed and subdued such a one as her mother; and perhaps it was as well, the poor man thought with a sigh when he was alone again, that 'Lucilla' should have been spared such trials as Floyd was giving him; but he said over and over again to himself, 'Where did the child's nature, like her cleverness, come from?' The Andersons had tempers of their own—he was hasty enough himself, too often even with Floyd—but it was not like her headlong passion; there was no lawlessness, he was sure, either in the Anderson or Birney blood, and, except where she was making rules for others to obey, Floyd was as untamed and regardless of authority as a young deer.

And now, with little or no warning, a terrible blow had been struck!

All in a moment her defences were destroyed, her castle and her authority taken from her! Bitterest of all was the reflection

that her father had not consulted her—had not even told her anything about his future wife in the little note received that day, and which very briefly announced his intentions!

Floyd's tears flowed unstintingly as the accumulated miseries came over her, and Nurse Bainbridge's melancholy information rang in her ears. 'Dark complected—and her family glad to be rid of her!' 'Oh, oh, oh!' wailed Floyd to the sofa-cushions in despair.

'Floyd, are you there? Where are you?' piped a voice at the door.

Floyd sprang to her feet. It was Arthur of course. 'Poor Arthur!' moaned Floyd, as she sprang forward to admit him, in fancy already seeing him in the clutches of the dark-complected, high-tempered lady. 'Oh, my darling!' she exclaimed, embracing the little boy with unusual warmth; 'you've nobody to love you now but Floyd! You must promise, Arthur, to come to Floyd for everything—not to mind one word any one else may tell you—then you can have everything you want.'

Arthur, who was a small pink and white cherub with the bluest of eyes and the brightest of golden hair, regarded his sister with evident satisfaction. He did not fully appreciate the breadth and sweep of Floyd's idea, but he quite understood the main point. If he didn't pay attention to what anybody else might say, Floyd would give him everything—that was quite sufficient for the moment.

'I wish it wouldn't rain no more,' he began dismally, 'cos you could come out in the arbour and fill my clam shells, couldn't us, Floy?'

'P'r'aps—after tea,' Floyd was just saying when a peal sounded from the front door bell. Floyd drew Arthur quickly into the room and closed the door. It was nearly six o'clock and raining again heavily. Who could it be? Floyd thought, with a sudden bewildering fear lest it might be her father and his terrible bride. The child's face blanched at the idea, and for an instant she meditated an escape—flight into Del Hopkins' garden—but Nora's footstep was heard in the hall-way. Floyd, clasping Arthur's hand tightly in her own, listened with bated breath while the maid opened the front door and answered someone's inquiry.

'Yes, ma'am, Miss Floyd's at home,' she heard Nora saying. 'Would you like to see her? This way, if you please, ma'am.' And after an instant's fright lest Nora meant to usher the visitor,

whoever she might be, into the library, Floyd with relief heard the door of the seldom-used drawing-room opened, then there was a brief pause, and the maid's step came briskly towards the library. Floyd opened the door cautiously and looked with eager question in her eyes at Nora.

'It's a lady to see you, Miss Floyd,' said the girl, whispering; 'she's come with some message from your papa, she says. Oh, you won't go right in as you are, will you, dear? Do smooth your hair a bit!'

But Floyd's mood was still 'dangerous.' Papa had sent some one no doubt to try and make peace with his injured, wronged little daughter! Well, they should see for themselves just how wretched this affair was making her! She waved Nora aside with an imperious gesture in which Arthur was included, and holding her head very high, walked out of the library and across to the drawing-room, not deigning to smooth one rebellious lock or do more than wipe the actual tears from her eyes and cheeks.

The room was in half light, the windows, beaten with rain, gave but poor illumination, yet Floyd saw the face and figure of her visitor very distinctly in the first glance. She was seated in an easy-chair near the window and rose quickly as Floyd entered—a tall young lady in a grey gown and pretty black lace bonnet with some white flowers in it. Her face, if a trifle delicate, was very fair and pleasant; the eyes were soft grey; the framework of hair, some loose rings of which showed waving from under the little bonnet, was pale golden. Floyd had an indistinct sense of familiarity with something about her 'unbidden' guest; just what it was she could not define, but the question sent a puzzled frown into her brow, which, perhaps, the lady mistook for annoyance, for she spoke quickly.

'This is Floyd, I suppose?' she said, in a very sweet voice, and coming forward offered to kiss the little girl affectionately.

'You don't know me, dear; I am a sort of cousin of yours—Amy Farrand.'

Floyd almost repulsed the kiss, but as hostess she knew it behoved her to say something polite.

'How do you do, Miss—cousin—Miss Farrand?' she contrived to say. Floyd scorned the whitest of fibs, and would not say she was glad to see the strange cousin. 'Are you wet from the rain?' she added, blushing furiously. 'Did you have to walk up?'

Miss Farrand smiled.

‘Oh, no ; I found a carriage easily. I am sorry I couldn’t let you know I was coming. It was quite unexpected. Your father asked me to stay with you until he comes home.’

For an instant Floyd was silent, trying to force back the nervous rising of tears. At last—

‘When is he coming?’ she asked, in a low voice, and compelling herself to look the stranger in the face.

‘Not for two or three weeks,’ Miss Farrand answered, cheerfully. ‘He sent a letter by me,’ she added, handing Floyd an envelope which she had drawn from her pocket.

Floyd took it in silence, and going to the window read as follows :—

‘MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER,

‘Miss Farrand is kind enough to say she will stay with you until your new mamma and I can come home, and I hope you will make her visit a very pleasant one, for it may be we can induce her to take your lessons next winter in place of mademoiselle, who is going home to France. She promises to look over the house for me and make any changes she thinks right, and you must help her. She has known your new mamma a long time, and will tell you a great deal about her. We expect to be at home before the 4th of July. Give Arthur my love and a kiss, and the same for yourself, from your

‘LOVING FATHER.’

Floyd was white to the lips as she finished reading her letter. So this was all papa had to say on such an important occasion. No regrets, no begging her to try and love her ‘new mamma,’ no expressions of sympathy for her loneliness! Only a stranger sent to ‘look over the house,’ and ‘make any changes’ she thought ‘right’! *Her* house—*her* home! Floyd’s cheeks began to redden again ; then she was conscious that Miss Farrand, from her station on the hearthrug, was quietly watching her. ‘I’ll show her I’m papa’s housekeeper,’ thought Floyd, turning around with a great effort at politeness. She knew what was to be expected from the ‘young-lady-of-the-house.’

‘I wish we’d expected you, Miss Farrand,’ she said, with as much dignity as she could summon to her aid in voice and manner, ‘then Nora would have lighted a fire up-stairs ; but I guess the blue room’s pretty comfortable. Will you come up-stairs? I keep house for papa,’ she added, somewhat loftily,

leading the way out into the wide, dim hall. In all her enforced self-possession she was trembling with nervous excitement—half rage, half misery—and going across the hall knocked over one of the china pots of palm which were Dan's delight.

'Oh, never mind!' she said loftily and with a freezing smile when her guest turned back a moment; 'I'll send one of the servants to see to it. Don't trouble yourself, Miss Farrand.'

And wishing that Del Hopkins could see her, Floyd, still smiling in a frigid manner, led Miss Farrand up the beautiful staircase and to the 'best' spare room. It was all in order, and murmuring something about seeing to Miss Farrand's trunk, Floyd made her escape. Once down-stairs again, her dignity vanished. She rushed away to the kitchen, full of excitement. Next to consulting Del Hopkins there were the servants, and Floyd poured forth a voluble account of the visitor's arrival and what she had come to do.

'Well, upon my word! It's one thing to have one new mistress,' declared Mrs. Jones, 'but I can't say as I relish the idea of two on 'em. So she's to make any changes she likes, is she? Well, we'll see where she begins to-morrow, I say.'

Meanwhile, the visitor had laid aside her hat and gloves and was seated in the window of her room, looking out across the rain-drenched gardens and rolling country. The summer storm could not hide the loveliness of the landscape before her. The veil hanging over it was slowly lifting, and the rain dying away.

Miss Farrand's lips curved into a smile, but there was something wistful in the look of her grey eyes.

'It seems as though they ought to be happy here,' she was saying to herself. 'Well, will it be their own fault if they are not?'

II.

FLOYD, as she faced her visitor at the head of the tea-table an hour later, felt that the occasion was a critical one. She must begin by showing Miss Farrand that she was the mistress of the house, that she 'managed' very well indeed, and was in no need of any assistance, no matter who her father chose to send in advance of the step-mother's arrival. Yet she could not help acknowledging that there was something very pleasant, and yet impressive, about this Miss Farrand. Floyd, as she asked her whether she took cream and sugar in her tea, was wondering how old she was, and decided that she was about twenty-five, the age

of Del's famous 'Cousin Louise,' whom she was always imitating and quoting. Was she pretty? Floyd thought, with a careful glance while Miss Farrand's eyes were bent upon her plate, ye--es--no—not exactly; but how interesting her face was! Her complexion was clear white, and Floyd was quite fascinated by the way her hair waved loosely and naturally on her brow, and also—why she could not have told you—by the little dash of freckles near her temples: pale, golden-coloured freckles they were, and seemed to make her white skin look all the clearer. Then her hands were very pretty, and what beautiful rings she wore! Floyd decided to ask to look at them after tea, when they got better acquainted. Then Miss Farrand lifted her grey eyes, with their dark lashes, and Floyd said to herself: 'Yes—she was pretty—well, handsome.'

By-and-by they were in the library, and Miss Farrand had Arthur in her lap and was sitting in the deep easy-chair before the fire. The question burning on Floyd's lips came out now.

'Miss Farrand,' she said, trying to seem unconcerned, 'I wish you'd tell me something—about—that lady—papa is going to marry.'

Miss Farrand smiled.

'He is married, dear,' she said gently. 'They were married this morning, I believe.'

'Oh!' said Floyd. She gave a log on the hearth a push into place. 'Nurse Bainbridge saw her,' she continued, 'and says she's dark complected—she means complexioned, I suppose—and has a terrible temper, and her family are glad—yes, glad—to be rid of her.'

It was out now, and Floyd felt relieved. Miss Farrand was looking rather grave.

'Who is Nurse Bainbridge?' she enquired, and when Floyd explained, she continued—'I am sorry she prejudiced you against your step-mother, Floyd dear. She really is not so very disagreeable. If her family were glad to be rid of her—well, that may as well not be discussed. I know, from what I have heard her say, she is very anxious to make you happy.'

'But I'll hate her,' declared Floyd. 'And Arthur is to mind me.'

'And have everything I want,' said Arthur, solemnly. 'Ain't I, Floy?'

Floyd coloured, and Miss Farrand laughed.

'That's a fine prospect, eh, Arthur? What do you want so badly, little man?'

‘A bicycle,’ announced Arthur, ‘like Tony’s.’

‘He means Tony Hopkins,’ said Floyd. ‘They live next door. Del is my dearest friend. She says she’d show my step-mother——’ But Floyd paused. Confidences might not be safe with Miss Farrand, she reflected.

‘What, dear?’ the young lady asked pleasantly. ‘I suppose Del, as you call her, has read some terrible tales of what a step-mother is like! But, Floyd, you asked me to tell you something of your father’s wife. Let me see—I don’t know where to begin. She has lived a great deal in Europe and has had a rather lonely life, I fancy, for when she was a little girl her parents died, and she had no very near relatives except a step-mother. Yes, she too had a step-mother, but she died when Maude—that is her name—was quite young. The step-brother—Dick his name is—was left to Maude’s care, and so they have become very good friends.’

‘But nurse said her family——’ Floyd was beginning, when Miss Farrand interposed. ‘Oh, yes; I suppose this Mrs. Bainbridge meant her step-mother’s family. She has been with them for a little while, it is true. I never heard them say they were glad to be rid of her. I think it likely that was idle gossip. To begin with, Maude has been so little with them.’

‘Did she and her step-brother live all alone?’ inquired Floyd. She was very anxious to know what he was like, as of course he would be brought to Rosedale, she concluded.

Miss Farrand shook her head.

‘No—not exactly. After her step-mother died, an old lady, a friend of Maude’s, travelled with them for two or three years; then when they came back to America, a few months ago, they went to Dick’s grandfather’s for awhile, and then to his aunt’s near Dover.’

‘And there was where papa saw her,’ said Floyd slowly. How hateful Dover seemed to her!

‘Well, he had met her before, I believe,’ said Miss Farrand thoughtfully, stroking Arthur’s curly head, while Floyd watched the flash and sparkle of her pretty rings on the smooth white hand. ‘But she was quite young then, and, curiously enough, she was in a dreadful passion, she says, the only day he saw her that time.’

‘Oh!’ laughed Floyd.

‘Yes, she had a pretty good temper of her own, and nobody to discipline her; and on this occasion she was very, very angry

with her step-mother for forbidding her to go to a certain picnic. Her mother was perfectly right. Indeed a kinder, wiser woman seldom lived ; but Maude in those days went on the principle that step-mothers must of necessity be disagreeable, and so she caused a great deal of unnecessary trouble for a woman who proved to be her best friend. Well, while she was in this rage your papa happened to call. He had heard Maude's outburst of temper, and she says she heard him say, "What a little virago ! I wonder, Mrs. Beckwith, how you can put up with it." Then she heard Mrs. Beckwith answer sadly, "She has no mother of her own, Mr. Anderson." '

Miss Farrand paused, and Floyd turned her eyes towards the fire. She was wondering what the young lady would say if she knew how often she—Floyd Anderson—gave way to her ill temper, and caused trouble for those around her.

'I think the lesson did her good,' Miss Farrand continued. 'At all events, before her step-mother died they were much better friends, and surely looking back she sees now how often she was in the wrong.'

'But, Miss Farrand,' said Floyd a little shyly, 'that's my trouble. I've a dreadful temper. Del says it's my southern blood, and I can't help it ; she says it's my peculiar temperament, the way I'm'—Floyd tried to be sure of the term—'the way I'm organised.'

Miss Farrand laughed gaily, and gave Arthur a little squeeze and a kiss ; but in a moment she said gravely :

'My dear Floyd, I'm afraid I must dispute some of this oracular Del's theories. If we were all to excuse ourselves on the score of temperament for our faults, the world would be a hard place to live in. I don't mean that people all find it equally easy to control their feelings ; on the contrary. For instance, you may find it much harder perhaps than Del to keep cool and restrain your temper when it is tried, but you will be all the finer, nobler woman—and girl—for doing it. And think the relief to actually keep yourself in check—not to be a slave to yourself.'

Floyd listened.

'But if my step-mother has a temper too ?' she ventured.

'Then you must help each other. Try not to irritate her from the very start. To begin with, Floyd, your father wants you very much to write her a nice little letter, to say you will try to make her happy. Remember, she is a stranger.'

Floyd hung her head ; her cheeks burned.

‘I can’t,’ she murmured ; ‘I’m not—I don’t think it would be true. I don’t believe I can make her happy. I don’t want her!’

And Miss Farrand was forced to let the matter rest. She had taken in very quietly some of Floyd’s characteristics. The ‘temper’ she thoroughly believed in, but as a balance was a keen sense of justice and love of truth ; and to pay tribute to this, before going to bed she had admitted, in answer to a passionate outburst on Floyd’s part, that she thought it really would have been better if Mr. Anderson had made his intentions known earlier to his little daughter.

‘But, Floyd,’ her new friend said gravely, ‘don’t you suppose papa has grown to be just a trifle afraid of those terrible fits of temper you speak of? Hasn’t he gone through some hard times with them, dear?’

Miss Farrand laid her hand on the child’s curly brown head. The head nodded slowly under it.

‘Perhaps he was afraid you would say what you would be very sorry for later,’ suggested Miss Farrand.

‘P’r’aps!’ assented Floyd.

‘Any way,’ her companion said cheerfully, ‘look it in the face bravely, dear. You’ve three or four weeks to get used to the idea, and, Floyd, what do you suppose I want you to help me in at once?’

Floyd was all eagerness and attention.

‘Why, your father has sent up a lot of furniture from New York, and you and I are to go to work and prepare your step-mother’s rooms, and that will amuse you and help you, I am sure, to feel more kindly towards her. I think we always like people better after we have done something kind for them.’

But, in spite of some pleasure in the thought of the new furniture, Floyd was by no means sure that she relished the idea of these preparations, which would look like the welcome she certainly did not feel. She lay awake in her old-fashioned mahogany bedstead much longer than usual, thinking it all over. Of one thing she was glad—that Miss Farrand would stay until the ‘step-mother’s’ arrival ; and to-morrow she would ask all kinds of questions about the boy Dick. The one drawback to Arthur, Floyd had always felt, was that he was not a ‘big brother.’ Dick might ‘do’ if he proved to be over fourteen.

III.

MISS FARRAND must have been a very early riser, for Nora discovered her opening the blinds in the dining-room when she came down at half-past six ; and the parlour-maid, with a toss of her white muslin cap, reported the fact to the kitchen cabinet at once.

‘You’d think she owned the place,’ said Nora, ‘the way she was looking about her ! Joanna says Miss Floyd’s new mamma and this one are cousins. We may count on two bosses, I’m thinking.’

‘They’ll count without calculating then,’ declared Mrs. Jones, turning her lamb cutlet angrily over in batter. ‘And I that have seen Mr. Anderson in his cradle !’

Whatever Miss Farrand had in mind, she was not disconcerted by Nora’s severe manner as she laid the breakfast cloth, but asked the maid various questions, and finally went out of the French window and across the lawn with a most unconcerned air. A window being flung up disclosing Floyd’s dark head, the visitor called out cheerfully to her to come down.

‘I want you to show me your hens and chickens,’ she said, smiling ; and presently Floyd came running down, with Arthur at her heels, and was out in the garden, delighted to display her possessions in the poultry-yard. Then Miss Farrand had to describe the way in which a cousin of Dick’s managed her fowls. She had begun with half a dozen, and now had, as ‘Jimmy Brown’ would say, ‘morinahundred,’ and she kept a regular set of account books, selling eggs and chickens to the cook and buying everything herself. Floyd was enchanted with the idea, and Miss Farrand suggested that when she wrote to her father she should ask if ‘Cousin Amy’ might help her to have a ‘henery’ like Dolly Beckwith’s. This had to be discussed all through breakfast, and when the meal was over Floyd dashed away to write the letter. It was finished very quickly, and brought—not over free from blots—to Miss Farrand for approval.

‘Ye—es,’ that lady said, after a careful reading, ‘but, Floy, don’t you think just now your papa would like you to say something more ? In this you speak of nothing but permission to lay out the little farmyard.’

Floyd coloured.

‘I suppose I might say something else,’ she admitted. ‘But I won’t say I’m glad, because I’m horribly sorry.’

And so the letter went with a very slight amendment; but at ten o’clock, Peter, the stable-boy, came in with the mail, and there were two for Floyd, one from her father and one from the new ‘mother.’ They were both brief, but kind and written soon after the wedding. If Floyd indulged in a few tears as she read her father’s and realized the ‘deed was done’ she could scarcely be to blame, thought Miss Farrand, who wisely slipped out of the room and pretended to know nothing about it when half-an-hour later Floyd came to find her. The visitor’s door was closed, but Floyd heard voices, and to her surprise Mrs. Jones, very red in the face, emerged from the room when Miss Farrand bade her enter. Floyd flew after her.

‘Oh, Mrs. Jones,’ she half whispered, ‘I forgot about dinner! You’ll have everything lovely, won’t you?’

The old cook looked down compassionately upon Floyd, whose reign was so nearly over.

‘Yes, yes, dearie! Would you like a nice cherry pie and cream and an apple custard.’

‘Yes, yes,’ assented Floyd; then she added, ‘What were you and Miss Farrand talking about?’

‘She sent for me,’ said the cook shortly, and no more would she vouchsafe, although Floyd thought it going a little too far, even if her father had told Miss Farrand to ‘look over everything.’

But on entering the visitor’s room there was something to attract Floyd’s attention at once. Miss Farrand had opened her trunk and taken from it a number of photographs, among others some in the pretty card frames covered with flowered silk then newly in fashion. Floyd, like most girls, delighted in photos, and she at once asked permission to look at these.

‘Have you any of—her, and of Dick?’ she inquired at length.

‘I have one of Dick, I am pretty sure,’ said Miss Farrand, searching among her small belongings. ‘Oh, here it is! It isn’t very handsome, as you will see; but’—she laughed lightly—‘it’s just like him.’

Floyd laughed too as she took the picture in her hands and carefully examined it. But a moment later she was quite grave and interested, for she liked the face—liked it thoroughly. Miss Farrand had been quite right. Dick was not handsome. The picture represented a tall, muscular boy of sixteen or thereabouts,

with a plain face and an awkward manner, but there was something singularly attractive in his expression.

‘Dark or fair is he?’ Floyd asked.

‘Fearful to relate,’ laughed Miss Farrand, with her hand on Floyd’s shoulder, ‘he has red hair and freckles.’

‘I don’t care, I like him,’ said Floyd, in her downright fashion; and when she answered her father’s letter she said in a postscript, ‘I’m glad about Dick; I hope he’ll live here.’

‘Will he, Miss Farrand?’ she inquired.

This was the second evening. They were beginning to be very good friends by this time, and taking her father’s consent for granted had already staked out the new dwelling for the hens and chickens, and gone through the house discussing certain alterations.

‘That depends,’ was Miss Farrand’s answer. ‘The last I heard about it was this. Maude said nothing would induce her to bring Dick here if he would not be welcome; that is, made to feel himself so.’

‘Well,’ said Floyd brusquely, ‘she needn’t talk; she’s coming herself, and I’m sure she’s not welcome! I like her drawing the line at the only one we’d really care to see!’

Miss Farrand laughed heartily. Floyd’s sentiment towards her step-mother was so absolutely uncompromising and so freely avowed.

‘My dear, I’m afraid poor Maude is not going to be very happy here just at first,’ she said finally. ‘You are determined not to admit her, I see, on any terms.’

‘I’m not going to pretend,’ declared Floyd; ‘I wouldn’t over that Dick! I know I’ll like him; I can tell in a minute about people.’ She looked up at Miss Farrand, her honest little face aglow. ‘I like you,’ she added, with an effort. ‘Perhaps if you and I went on—without quarrelling—I’d love you.’

Miss Farrand’s face flushed for a moment, then the colour ebbed away. She held out one of her hands to the little girl, who was half ashamed of her own admission.

‘Floyd,’ she said quietly, ‘let us make a compact, dear, not to quarrel. Don’t you know it takes two to succeed in that? Now, I mean to love you, if you’ll let me.’

‘Do you?’ half whispered Floyd.

It had crossed her mind more than once that day—chiefly when they were discussing Dick Beckwith, and how much he and his sister were to each other—that, when she looked into it, real

love had not formed much of her life. Her father humoured her, the servants indulged her; but Floyd was too keen and honest not to know she had not been given by any one—or, indeed, given herself—the sort of feeling which existed between Dick and his sister. And, when Miss Farrand drew her closer, there was something in the way she did it, or perhaps something in the gentle and frank look of her grey eyes, that made Floyd's heart beat sadly and yet hopefully.

'I wish—I wish you could,' the little girl said, in a low voice; and then, putting her arms impulsively about her new friend's neck, she whispered, 'And I wish you——'

'What, dear?'

'Oh, never mind!' cried Floyd, suddenly; 'nothing—nothing!'

But Miss Farrand must have guessed something of what Floyd 'wished,' for she got up very quickly and suggested going out on the terrace for a little while, and there certainly were tears in her eyes as she did so.

IV.

FLOYD was amazed to find that the next fortnight fairly flew by, and that, quite of herself and honestly, she had written a letter to her step-mother which, if not exactly cordial, was at least not absolutely forbidding, Miss Farrand said, laughing, when Floyd read it aloud to her.

'Well, she'll have to make the best of it,' Floyd said, with a sigh. 'Wild horses wouldn't make me say any more.'

And in course of time a nice, kindly answer came, not very affectionate in tone, perhaps, but then what could Floyd expect when she signed herself 'very truly yours, Floyd Anderson,' and began 'Dear Mrs. Anderson'? In regard to Dick, his sister rather stiffly thanked Floyd for her 'kind enquiries,' but said she thought Dick had best remain this year with his 'own family.'

'Oh, dear me!' sniffed Floyd, as she read this sentence to Del Hopkins; 'I suppose she considers us her family.'

Del giggled and glanced warningly in Miss Farrand's direction.

'Well, I hope she does, Floy,' said that lady, turning towards them. 'Isn't she one of the family now?'

'No, ma'am,' said Floyd decidedly; 'she's—she's a relation by marriage, that's all.'

And Miss Farrand was so much amused by this classification that she mentioned it in writing that day to Mr. Anderson. She

told him about the new rooms, and asked permission to refurnish Floyd's.

'It's not a girl's room: I'd like to see pretty, bright things in it, and I believe Floyd would appreciate it.'

And she did, especially on learning from her father's letter that 'Mrs. Anderson,' as she called her step-mother, was much pleased with the idea, and after that it was easier to be interested over the other rooms Miss Farrand was transforming. When the latter would say, 'Floyd, we must do this or that; your new mamma will like it,' she could bear it without frowning or shrugging her shoulders in contempt, as she had done at first, and actually reached a point when she made some suggestions herself.

They were in reference to the pretty, chintz-hung dressing-room, and Floyd suggested a deep window-bench, with 'comfortable cushions, you know, Cousin Amy.'

'To sit down on?' queried Miss Farrand, looking earnestly at Floyd; and she added—'We'll fix a special corner for you, when you feel like coming in here. We'll say'—and the soft, grey eyes twinkled—'we'll say when "Mrs. Anderson" has been behaving particularly well, and you reward her with a visit.'

Floyd laughed, but she said stoutly—

'Well, supposing I did, wouldn't I like a nice seat?'

'And you shall have it, my darling,' exclaimed Miss Farrand; 'and I know you'll let me write we have designed Floyd's window-corner in the dressing-room.'

'Oh, I don't care!' said Floyd, shamefacedly.

But the little corner was made most inviting, and near by a rack for what Cousin Amy called 'rainy day' books hung up.

It would be difficult to say how, during the next three weeks, Floyd found herself gradually slipping into a routine of life totally different from anything she had been used to, which yet seemed at last so much pleasanter than the old, slipshod, rambling, desultory way of spending her time. Of course Cousin Amy had done it all, but it was quietly, just as she had managed other matters, with apparently no great effort or self-assertion. To begin with Arthur had become her constant care, and she contrived—without apparently offending her in the least—to superintend all of Joanna's management of him. He had no neglected, no over-indulged hours. He was rosier, brighter, bonnier than any one had ever seen him, and Floyd had actually begun to teach him regularly an hour a day.

Their walks included miles of the country around, and 'Cousin Amy' found out every one—there were not many—who could be helped to work or out of want from Rosedale, and told Floyd they must write to her father and 'Mrs. Anderson' all about it. Then, too, Del Hopkins was gradually drawn into confidential relation with Floyd's guest, and it was Miss Farrand who induced Mrs. Hopkins to yield to Del's great desire to take up art as a serious study; and so won over by the young lady's arguments was she, that, to Del's joy, arrangements were definitely made for her to spend the next season in town with her married sister, and be systematically taught.

But a cloud always hung on Floyd's horizon. If, for the first time in her little life, she was really contented, she knew it could not last. The pleasant, busy, sunshiny days; the confidential twilight talks; the cosy evenings; the loving 'Good night,' always spoken after she was in bed, and followed by a tender kiss from Cousin Amy; the awakening to another active, satisfactory day—all of this was near its end, for, as a letter received one evening announced, the 'travellers' would be home within a week.

V.

'OH, do relieve my mind, Cousin Amy! Is it anything very dreadful? Will "she" be here sooner than we expected?'

Miss Farrand put down the letter she was reading and laughed in her gay, almost childlike fashion.

'My dear Floyd, is your mamma always to be "she"? Poor Maude! I thought we had got to a point where we said, "Mamma will like this or that."'

Floyd coloured and looked a little vexed.

'That was just once—when I forgot,' she said, in a dignified tone. 'I never shall call her mamma to her face! I couldn't!'—and Floyd screwed her eyes up and shook her head with resolution; but she opened them in an instant and renewed her pleading. 'What is in the letter? I can see by your face it's important.'

'Well, it is—and nice, too. Papa says they—the dreadful she and the darling he—are going to be at Saratoga on Monday, and they wish us—the nice us, I should say—to meet them there. How does that suit your young ladyship?'

Floyd's eyes sparkled and then fell.

'It would be grand, only——'

‘She?’ suggested Miss Farrand.

Floyd nodded her head solemnly.

‘Still we must go. Papa says we are only to spend the day there, or, more properly speaking, you are——’

‘But, Cousin Amy, where will you be?’

‘On my way home, dear little girl,’ said Cousin Amy, just a trifle sadly.

And so Floyd’s prospect of a pleasant day at Saratoga was marred. However, before the eventful Monday dawned, in the very nicest of their twilight talks, as Floyd always remembered, Miss Farrand promised a visit—a good long one—in the winter.

‘When you and she will be such friends, Floy, that “Cousin Amy” may be forgotten,’ she said gently.

But Floyd shook her head. She knew better. A whole strange, new set of feelings and impulses and ambitions had wakened in the little girl’s nature. Her love of domineering had grown foolish in her eyes; her idling, wondering what to ‘do next,’ her enjoyment of silly gossip with Del Hopkins, had vanished completely, so full and pleasantly active was her life to-day. And who but Cousin Amy had wrought this change? Forget her? Floyd, resting her dark head on Miss Farrand’s knee, let one or two silent tears fall in token of her fidelity, and not a word needed to be said; all the easier, however, for this ‘last’ talk came the resolution at least to meet her step-mother ‘half-way.’

‘Five o’clock!—time for Amy to be here.’

Mr. Anderson spoke half to himself, half to the tall, merry-looking boy near him. They were sitting in a summer-house not far from the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, and for the last half-hour Mr. Anderson had apparently divided his time between watching a pathway leading to the house and studying his watch. Truth to tell, he was very nervous and impatient, and the afternoon had dragged heavily. Before making known her step-mother to her, Mr. Anderson wanted a talk with Floyd quite alone, and on this understanding had written to Amy telling her to bring the child at once to the summer-house, and leave them half an hour together.

‘There’s Amy!’ Dick Beckwith exclaimed suddenly. ‘And is that Floyd? Of course—easy to see the likeness.’

And so it was, Mr. Anderson’s clear dark skin, brown eyes and hair being reflected in his little daughter; only Mr. Anderson

was considered a very handsome man, especially since the tinge of grey had come into his short-cropped locks, and all that could be said of Floyd was that her face was 'attractive.' It was especially so at this moment. She was leaning on Cousin Amy's arm and talking eagerly, confidentially, to her, her eyes aglow, her whole face animated, and for the first time in his life Mr. Anderson thought his little daughter charming. As for Cousin Amy, her eyes were fixed upon the two figures in the summer-house, with both of whom she exchanged bright looks of recognition before Floyd saw them; then, standing still, and with an unusual pallor in her cheeks and a something tremulous in her voice, Cousin Amy said gently—

'Floyd, there is your father in the summer-house. Go on without me, dear. He is alone.' (Dick had vanished.) 'Tell him I will come back in just half-an-hour.'

There was no time to dispute it; Miss Farrand walked quickly away, and in another moment Floyd, half-crying, half-laughing, was in her father's arms.

'Oh, papa,' she said presently, 'are we alone? Where is——'

'Your new mamma, dear? She has gone for a walk out of consideration to us.'

Floyd beamed approval.

'You see,' said Mr. Anderson, sitting down in one of the rustic arm-chairs, while Floyd occupied another, 'I have not been quite frank or—well, straightforward with you, Floy, in this business.'

His eyes twinkled; but Floyd said very gravely—

'No, papa, you have not. I'm glad——' she stopped short, and twirled the little gold bangle Cousin Amy had given her with some shyness.

'Glad I know it, eh, little one? Well, then, let me confess it all. I knew that there would only be a terrible scene and uproar if I told you I was going to be married, and so I decided to do it without your permission and advice, knowing well, little girl, how happy the new mamma would make you.'

Floyd's lip curled, half-sadly, half-scornfully, and she feebly shook her head.

'Wait a minute! I expected to be married in September, not June, Maude declaring she could not be ready sooner; but during my long talks about home matters—about you, dear—with her, our plans were changed. And with what result do

you suppose, Floyd ?' Mr. Anderson's voice was very gentle ; his gaze wandered beyond Floyd's eager face to a grove in the distance, where a slim grey figure could be seen moving quietly up and down. 'Well, that Cousin Amy should go to Rosedale for three or four weeks, and teach you to love and welcome your new mother ! "If Floyd begins disliking her step-mother," she said, "there will only be unhappiness for the poor child. Let me go there and help her over the worst of it." And so, dear, it happened that on the 10th of June in the most informal way we were married, and that afternoon Cousin Amy went to Rosedale. Has she helped you, Floyd ?'

Floyd had risen to her feet, and a queer look darted across her face.

'Yes ; but she is going away, papa !'

'Not unless you drive her, dear,' said Mr. Anderson, drawing Floyd closer to him. 'Have you never suspected our little deception, my darling ? Have you never guessed ? Cousin Amy is your mother !'

'But, papa,' Floyd was saying breathlessly five minutes later, 'I can't understand it yet. How is her name Farrand, and Beckwith, and Maude, and Amy ? And Nurse Bainbridge said she was dark complected, and her family were glad to be rid of her. And, oh, it's all such a mix, but it's lovely—lovely !'

Floyd laughed hysterically, and her father laughed too.

'I'll straighten all that out,' he said finally, while Floyd sat down on his knee and wound one arm about his neck. 'I know it all ; you see "Cousin Amy" has kept me well posted. To begin with, a distant relation of mine with the same name—David Anderson—was going to marry a Miss Beckwith, one of Amy's cousins. It was through them I met your mamma again. I am sorry to say, dear, that this young lady has rather a high temper and was not a particular favourite in her family ; she had never learned self-control—as Cousin Amy, let us say, has. Well, it was very easy to confuse matters, especially when the gossips knew I was constantly at old Mr. Beckwith's house ; and so Nurse Bainbridge—who is too fond, I am afraid, of listening to chatter—and Dan the gardener got hold of merely foolish talk. But, Floyd, what I want you to appreciate is the generosity of Cousin Amy's action. She agreed with me that we ought to be married before she went to Rosedale ; but was it not hard, don't you think, to face a little lady of your disposition and win her over all alone ?'

Floyd nodded and looked down.

‘And to listen to all you said about the step-mother?’

‘Oh, papa!’ wailed Floyd, with scarlet cheeks, and hiding her face against his shoulder. ‘But she knows I love her,’ she added.

‘As for the name, ‘Amy’ is the only real deception in it,’ laughed Mr. Anderson, ‘for she was christened Maude Farrand. Beckwith was her surname—until June the 10th. The day after she arrived at Rosedale she took the servants into her confidence to avoid any misunderstanding.’

‘Oh, papa, did she? Now I know why they were so nice!’

Mr. Anderson laughed.

‘Precisely! And now you know, little daughter, why everything—with God’s help and our good hearts—is going to be always more than nice, to be happy and blessed and peaceful, as home should be.’

Floyd Anderson and her step-mother are never tired of going over the events of the month ‘Cousin Amy’ spent at Rosedale. They have all manner of secret jokes about it, and sometimes fall back into their old way of talking about ‘her’ and ‘she’ out of pure fun, and delight in their present bond of sympathy; but Floyd is sixteen now—old enough to appreciate better the delicacy and tact, the gentle consideration which governed her father’s wife in what must have been a trying experience, and any tendency to the old outbursts of temper can be checked at once by some reference to those old days when Floyd confessed her fault and learned that it had been conquered in one she loved and honoured so truly. The window-corner, you may be sure, proved to be occupied on more than rainy days—it came to be a sort of ‘confessional’ when Floyd felt the need of the counsel her stepmother was always so ready and so affectionate in giving; and Floyd has proven to Dick that he is more than welcome at Rosedale, his absences at college being times of perpetual longing for holidays to come; but the only thing which puzzles strangers, who see Mrs. Anderson and her tall, bright-looking step-daughter together on such loving terms of comradeship, is that, for reasons best known to themselves, the former is always and only ‘Cousin Amy’—a name too dear to Floyd to be given up, and Mrs. Anderson herself has quietly expressed her opinion that only to one should the name of mother be given.

A 'WHITE WORKROOM.'

BY EMILY CONSTANCE TAYLOR.

SOME eleven years ago, the idea of starting a White Workroom in the parish of St. Albans', Holborn, occurred to one of the Clergy there. The sufferings and privations of the poor needlewomen whom he so often fell in with, filled him with a burning desire to do something to help,—to try whether it would not be possible to secure for those poor workers a decent wage ; and he found a willing coadjutor in Mrs. Alison, a lady working in the parish, who volunteered to undertake the management of such a Workroom. In an 'upper room' in a quiet street in Holborn was the venture made ; and in this room a small band of grateful workers assemble day by day ; to this room would many more find their way, if only an increased number of orders for work would permit of it. They are quiet, respectable, hard-working women, some of them having sad stories to tell of early widowhood, or a desertion by a good-for-nothing husband. All are skilled needlewomen, though some can earn a good deal more than others. The wages cannot be called high, though they may perhaps seem so to those who have been taught by bitter experience to look upon six shillings a week as a very fair wage. The forewoman and a machinist—the only persons in the establishment who are engaged at a permanent weekly salary—earn respectively a guinea and eighteen shillings a week ; the others work by the piece, and if orders do not come in, may not always have full work. Their wages vary from eight to fifteen shillings, according to their efficiency, but very few earn as much as fifteen.

This does not seem a high wage, does it ? But to show how it compares with the ordinary rate, I give this instructive little story. For some time all the 'shirt work' of a large and well-known firm found its way to this Workroom. The price given for it was *just* sufficient to pay the workers at the above-mentioned

rate, nothing being left for rent, firing, etc. ; but Mrs. Alison was glad to accept it, as it tided them over 'slack seasons.' After a time, the firm notified that it would in future reduce the price given for each shirt by fourpence. This meant an actual loss of fourpence per shirt to the Workroom, and Mrs. Alison sorrowfully declared that she could not accept the work on such terms. The firm replied that those terms would at once be accepted elsewhere—and so they were.

This little Association was named the 'Co-operative Needlewomen's Society,' it being the hope of its promoters that at the end of the year there would be a small profit to divide among the workers ; but alas ! that profit has never as yet been seen, owing to the fact that sufficient work is wanting ; indeed, the close of every year but one has seen an actual loss. The founders of the scheme have up to the present time most kindly supplied, without interest, the capital required ; but they feel that a time must come in every business carried on at a loss, when that business must close. It would be a bitter grief to them were this to be the ultimate fate of their venture ; and the closing of the Workroom would indeed be a loss, not only to the individual workers, but to needlewomen as a body, for every effort of this kind tends to improve their position. May we not go further still, and say that it would be a distinct loss to the community at large ? That a venture of this kind should fail because the public will not support it, would indeed be enough to make one feel ashamed of one's kind.

Mrs. Alison, the devoted lady-manager, calculates that, with thirty workers, the business would pay, and would permit of a small bonus being handed over to the workers. At present she never has work for more than twenty, and sometimes can only employ twelve ; and as rent, firing, gas, and the wages of forewoman and machinist must be paid, however few there are, it is manifestly of the greatest importance to get work enough for more workers.

A 'White Workroom.' This seems to me a specially appropriate title, because there are no black tales of close, stuffy, overcrowded workrooms, of underpaying and overworking, connected with it ; and because the work done there is literally 'white,' free from the impurities which cling to much of the cheap work done in the homes of the workers. 'Can you assure me that it will all be done in the workroom ?' is a question often asked of Mrs. Alison by ladies having a vivid remembrance of the close, filthy,

and even fever-infected rooms in which really good work, for fashionable shops, is often done ; and Mrs. Alison can at once reassure them as to this.

You can take a look at the Workroom any time ; it is clean, roomy, and well-ventilated ; and Mrs. Alison encourages all the workers to take a walk during the dinner-hour, or at least to go into a second room which is now part of the premises, while the windows of the workroom are thrown open. There is a little library for them, too, so during the dinner and tea hours they can always refresh their minds, if the state of the weather precludes the refreshment of the body. Usually the women club together for dinner, thus getting a better meal than they could do if each brought her own ; and the charwoman cooks and brings it up to them. For this, and for making their tea, she receives from each woman the modest sum of twopence per week.

The hours of work are usually from nine to seven, but in a sudden press of work, Mrs. Alison allows the women, she tells me, to stop till nine. 'Oh ! they are delighted if I will let them do that,' she said, seeing, I suppose, that I seemed to question the suitability of that word *allows*, 'because then they earn overtime, you see.' I don't know how this may strike my readers. To me, who remember well the 'sweet self-pity' with which I have regarded myself, if, for once in a way, I have sat nearly all day over a piece of work which must be finished, there seems something very pathetic in the thought that these poor women, who sit day after day, day after day, at their work, from nine in the morning till seven at night, should hail with joy the promise of another two hours of labour. It hardly looks as if they were overpaid, does it ? And yet, as we have seen, there are many thousands of needlewomen who, for the same work, earn much less than the very lowest wages earned in this workroom. Does it not make our hearts bleed ? Does it not make us feel that whatever we can do to help in the matter shall be done—must be done ?

Mrs. Alison will gladly forward papers, giving a price-list and all particulars, to any who think of helping in this good work ; and letters should be addressed to her at 'The Co-operative Needlewomen's Society,' 34 and 35, Brooke Street, Holborn, while the Countess Grosvenor (35, Park Lane) and other ladies will gladly bear testimony as to the excellent work done there. Meanwhile, I may say that the Workroom is by no means in an out-of-the-way part of London, being within two minutes' walk of

Chancery Lane and Gray's Inn Road. For those who cannot call, however, the sending of a few simple measurements will generally be quite sufficient ; patterns of calicoes and trimmings will be gladly forwarded ; and a competent person will call for instructions, etc., on any who may desire it.

As to the work, which (with a few inevitable exceptions) is entirely done by hand, all kinds of ladies' and children's under-clothing are made there ; gentlemen's shirts, collars, cricketing suits, etc. ; and altar linen and surplices. Trousseaux, Layettes, and Indian outfits will be gladly undertaken. And for the prices—well, they are not what we have learned to call 'cheap,' but neither are they what we call dear. Ladies' trimmed nightgowns at from seven shillings to twelve shillings, shirts at from five-and-six to twelve shillings, babies' monthly gowns at from four-and-six to seven shillings—these are samples taken at random from the price-list, and they can hardly be called out-of-the-way charges.

As Canon Scott Holland feelingly put it, at a meeting of the *Consumers' League* :—' We do want to feel that if we force our way down the long line of persons engaged in producing articles for our consumption, we shall find at the end a man or woman who will smile and shake hands with us over the bargain.'

That 'long line' distracts and mystifies us very often ; we cannot catch a glimpse of the poor worker at the end, nor discover how much of our money really goes to him. But *here* we may be quite sure ; no middleman is employed, and customers and workers are brought as nearly as possible face to face.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

—
NO. XXVI.—OTHELLO.*Published 1622 : Supposed date 1610.*

‘The pity of it, the pity of it!’

PERHAPS no other line could more completely sum up our feelings after reading this play. Others may be as sad, may be even more awful in their grandeur and thrilling power, none are, in one sense, so painful as *Othello*. It is not, as in *Measure for Measure*, that we are oppressed with the general evil and manners of the world; on the contrary, most of the characters here have more or less nobility about them, but this only makes us feel all the more keenly the way in which evil triumphs. For it does triumph, Iago succeeds in breaking Othello's heart, and destroying him and Desdemona, and it makes no difference that the traitor ruins himself at the same time. There seems a hopelessness here which is not in the other great tragedies, Othello's noble nature and Desdemona's charm only makes them more ready victims for the destroyer. We are spared no step of the process, we have to watch the web being slowly spun round them, every link made fast, every plot succeeding, till we feel as if we were seeing a friend tortured to death, and therefore we call it the most painful of all the tragedies. It is distinguished in another way, that is by unusual symmetry of construction, as if Shakspeare had paid more attention than common to this matter, and therefore we have none of those startling jumps of time and continual changes of scene, which exasperated the devotees of ‘the unities.’ Here all goes on swift, clear, and steady, one scene leading on to another, and all connected. Shakspeare did not find his plot arranged to his hand in this good order, for the original story is but a tedious affair, and it is difficult to realise that anything so unlike our *Othello* can yet have so many features in common. In the Italian story by Cinthio we certainly see ‘the

lovely lady wedded to the Moor,' the wicked ensign who stirs up the latter's jealousy, and the innocent lieutenant also involved in the plot, while the same feeling of military grudges mixes up with private spite and revenge, but the villain's motive is different, and all the power and passion of the story, to say nothing of the poetry, Shakspeare had to put in for himself. For instance, the novel trails over a long space of time ; instead of the vindication of Desdemona's innocence following swiftly on her death, it has to be literally wrung out, for both the hero and villain are tortured to make them confess her murder months after it happens. It is singular that she is the only person in the novel who has a name, Shakspeare found those we know. But the point in which *Othello* is unique among the plays is this, that here Shakspeare chose for once to paint a human fiend, a being without one redeeming point or excuse. He came near it on other occasions, but never completely carried out the notion either before or after. Richard III. is the character which, allowing for the differences of circumstances, comes nearest to Iago ; there is the same diabolical cunning and power of achieving his aims, the same absolute indifference to the sufferings of anyone else, the same cruel humour which chuckles over the evil work. But yet we could never imagine Iago uttering Richard's moan of anguish, 'There is no creature loves me, and if I die, no soul will pity me.' Similarly there are indications of possible repentance in Iachimo in *Cymbeline*, and even in Edmund in *King Lear*, of which Iago seems utterly incapable. If Goethe's Mephistopheles had ever desired for reasons of his own to masquerade as an honest soldier of fortune, he would probably have appeared extremely like Iago, both in hideous cleverness and enjoyment of evil. In one point perhaps he might have been wiser than the Venetian, and that in the first scene of all, where it hardly seems consistent with Iago's crafty nature, that he should so openly reveal his hatred of Othello and his schemes against him to that poor creature Roderigo, who is capable of betraying him at any moment. Of course he has designs on Roderigo's purse, and means to make use of him besides, but he usually works more cautiously. It is one of Iago's peculiarities that though he can 'tell lies as fast as a horse can gallop' on occasions, yet he habitually deceives by telling part of the truth, which is a much more difficult art, though with many advantages. For one thing it prevents his being found out, and maintains his most valuable possession, the reputation

of being 'honest Iago,' the plain blunt soldier whom everybody trusts. We need not suppose, for instance, that his account of Othello's refusal to appoint him his second in command is at all false, but how much more is there behind? This deadly hatred of the Mocrish general never sprang only from mortification at getting an inferior appointment, though, doubtless, this galled Iago considerably. Shakspeare never adequately accounts for this intense malignity; perhaps the real ground of it is that Iago feels towards Othello as towards Cassio, 'He hath a daily beauty in his life that makes me ugly,' and so he will do anything to destroy him. We could find it in our hearts to be sorry for the unlucky Roderigo, seeing into what hands he has got, but in himself he is a vicious young fool, destined by nature to be gulled by somebody. This specimen of a race by no means extinct among us, thinks himself fit to marry the fairest lady in Venice, and much too good to be Othello's rival, and Brabantio actually comes to wishing that Desdemona had taken him instead of her hero! So much for Roderigo's white skin, for other merits he has none. He becomes absolutely comical from the completeness with which Iago fools him; he could be cheated of his head were it loose, and he is as nearly as possible cheated out of his life by his treacherous mentor. Now and then, gleams of the wholesome truth that he is an ass, flit across Roderigo's mind, but it costs Iago little effort to blind him to them. He is the easiest of tools, and never perceives that he is being pushed on to do all the dangerous work, whether in picking a quarrel with Cassio, or conducting the infuriated Brabantio to try and arrest Othello. This old Senator is as fiery as most of the elderly men in these Italian stories, blazing up into uncontrolled wrath on very slight provocation. Not that he has no grounds for excitement when he discovers Desdemona's flight, for the unexpected blow hits him hard. Evidently it has never occurred to him that his sweet daughter could have a will of her own, or that anything could come of her constantly seeing and hearing Othello in the privacy of her own home. The difference of colour seemed to Brabantio an all-sufficient bar, and in his blind pride he overlooked all the other qualities which drew Desdemona to the Moor. Still it is hard on the old man, and we cannot help feeling that he is not well used by the lovers, and that it is especially a trifle treacherous on Othello's part to repay his friend's hospitality by taking away his daughter without leave or license, or any effort to get Brabantio's consent. He would

certainly not have given it, but for them to begin by running away is hardly honourable. There is something to be said for Brabantio's objections to his son-in-law ; it is not surprising that he dislikes giving his daughter to one of a race and colour so different from her own, not altogether suitable in age and other respects. But his wild rage goes far beyond reason, because if Othello was fit to represent the Republic, to govern her dependencies, and lead her armies, it is folly to talk as if Desdemona had picked him out of the gutter, and therefore he must have ensnared her affection by magic.

The difference made by the point of view is almost comically illustrated by the next scene, where we are able to compare Othello's view of himself with Brabantio's frantic abuse. The superb and stately general, conscious of his royal descent and his own achievements, feels himself in no sense inferior to Desdemona, nor on any footing but of perfect equality with the proudest Venetian of them all. In spite of the sneers of Roderigo and his like, Othello represents a high-bred race and an older civilisation than that of Venice, and he acts up to his position. While he has the wild passions of a southern man latent in him, he has also a touch of Oriental dignity, and does not easily let himself lose his composure. Iago cannot irritate him against Brabantio, and when the Senator himself arrives on the scene, hurling out insults with every breath, Othello still maintains his lofty calm. Such a street fight as takes place in *Romeo and Juliet* would be intolerable to him ; he stops any approach to it with a firm command, impressing alike his antagonists and his supporters, which last, we should judge, would greatly prefer a fight for their beloved general to the compromise which takes both parties before the Duke's midnight council. Right into the midst of the grave discussions over the intentions of the Turkish fleet, and the necessity of at once despatching Othello to protect Cyprus, comes this extraordinary complaint of Brabantio's, for the curious part of the business is that he does not attack Othello for carrying off his daughter, but for bewitching her. There is something quaintly incongruous between the gravity and importance of the tribunal and the fantastic nature of the charge brought before them, a Privy Council examining into the arts of a lover ! But it is a fine scene, all the same ; we can fancy the stately magnificoes listening with all grave sympathy first to Brabantio's fierce accusations, and then to Othello's celebrated defence. He certainly belies himself

when he says he is 'rude of speech,' for his story of his wooing has a power and a music in it which have made it one of the best known passages of the play. Painters seem never tired of trying to reproduce (though they rarely succeed) the picture Othello draws of lovely, tender-hearted Desdemona hanging breathless on the recital of his past troubles. There comes out the true woman's heart, not caring for Othello because she saw him successful and triumphant and prosperous, but because he had suffered so much and needed love so badly. It is only in recalling Desdemona's tender words and self-betrayal that Othello grows diffuse, he lingers on those phrases of hers which led in the end to his winning her. The simple truth of what he says makes his way even into Brabantio's prejudiced mind, his conviction that his daughter could not love Othello is melting away even before she appears, though it breaks his proud old heart to admit it. He is too fiercely hurt and angry to bandy many words when the fair bride herself glides in among these grave and stately signors in all the bloom of her beauty, and that soft winning grace which is her crowning charm. She is no creature fitted to fight her way through a cruel world, rather she suggests some lovely pet bird, like a golden pheasant, for instance, who has never known anything but tenderness and admiration. Desdemona is too confiding to be exactly timid ; why should she be afraid when no one has ever been harsh to her? But she is intensely sensitive, feeling a rough word go to her heart, and losing all strength and courage in the face of unkindness and suspicion. She reminds one of the story of the ermine, a stain on her whiteness is death to her. It would seem impossible that such a yielding creature as she is could take such a decided step as her stolen marriage with Othello ; but here comes in the love which takes possession of her, and lends her strength foreign to her nature.

Besides, except when she is frightened, Desdemona is eminently direct in her modes of thought and action, and if, as she says, she loves 'the Moor to live with him,' why the natural thing is to marry him, and it does not occur to her that anyone else has any right to object. This gentle tenacity of purpose, combined with a certain slowness of perception of the feelings of others, turns to her bane in the end, and leads on to that fate which no one could possibly anticipate now, when she stands so sweet and bewitching among the senators. Evidently the Duke thinks that Brabantio has not much to complain of, but as it is not *his*

daughter who has run away, his feelings are not deeply stirred, and we experience some sympathy with Brabantio's ironical scorn of the very conventional consolation. The sudden break into rhyme at this point assists the effect of the Duke's formal sentences and the answer thereto. How sore and bitter Brabantio's feelings are under his forced coldness, appears in his cutting farewell to Othello, which hints at all the tragedy to follow, though neither of the lovers have the faintest notion of its meaning. True wife, Desdemona has accepted her lord for better and worse, and her pleading to be allowed to go with him to the wars is such a charming appeal from the young bride that, of course, the Duke must let her have her will, especially as it in no ways hinders Othello's departure. All that gave dignity, grace, and beauty to the scene now disappear, and we are left with the base elements, the dupe and the tempter each exhibiting their special characteristics. In the fulness of his contempt for Roderigo's understanding, Iago puts his temptation in a sufficiently undisguised form; he is not at any pains to hide his intention of profiting by Roderigo's folly—any one with half a grain of sense would see why he is so desirous that the young gentleman should provide himself with money. In order to influence the other characters Iago has to exercise some degree of craft, but to Roderigo he can administer his pills ungilded. Indeed, he goes towards the other extreme, exaggerating his character of blunt sincerity as he ruthlessly crushes Roderigo's lingering notion that love might be something else than sensuality, and his faith in Desdemona's goodness and loyalty. Up to this point, Iago has not framed any distinct plan for gratifying his spite against Othello, and has now to adjust his ideas to the new position of things. A brief review of the principal persons concerned suggests plans enough to his evil mind. With Othello so frank and loyal, yet so fiery, Desdemona so innocent, inexperienced, and guileless, and Cassio, the handsome popular lieutenant, thinking no harm either, the elements of mischief lie close to Iago's hand.

The change of scene to Cyprus brings a welcome sense of brisk air and movement. The storm of which we hear has blown itself out; but the stormy waves are still dashing and breaking, and the tempest tossed ships are making their way into port, while the inhabitants are all astir with excitement, partly hoping that the Turkish fleet is dispersed, partly fearing for the relieving squadron. It is the one bright and cheery scene of

all the play, we feel the joyous relief as ship after ship comes safely into harbour. First arrives Cassio, too anxious for his general's safety to rejoice much in his own, or in the good news which he brings of the dispersing of the enemy. Next appears Desdemona, though how she and her company escaped the storm is not very clear, as sailors will hardly accept Cassio's poetical explanation of the matter. However, there she is, more charming than ever in her tender anxiety for her husband, which she tries to hide by chatting pleasantly with Emilia and Iago; but the under-current breaks through in her sudden question, 'There's one gone to the harbour?' She evidently takes Iago's bitter speeches about women in general, and his wife in particular, as more or less said in joke, the clumsy phrases natural to the rough but honest man that she takes him to be. And all the while the villain watches her, measuring her gracious ways, calculating how her courtesy may be turned against her, just as he watches Cassio's frank admiration for the general's wife, and counts on achieving his ruin thereby. How strange it is that Othello's first happy speech on rejoining his bride contains a prophecy of his fate!

It is only too true that no such comfort is to come to him again, he stands at the climax of his happiness, no shadow on his fortune. 'If it were now to die 't were to be most happy.' Surely no one but a fiend could rejoice over the prospect of marring that music; 'as honest as I am,' sneers Iago, even at his own reputation. He loses no time in laying the foundation of his work by setting Roderigo against Cassio, but the number and variety of his hatreds make the details of his plot confused even to himself. Accident favours Iago, for the revelry which prevails in the town in celebration both of deliverance from the Turks and Othello's marriage, gives the best of opportunities for entrapping Cassio. Again, though Othello sanctions the rejoicings, both his sense of military discipline and his own stately dignity make him strongly object to anything like vulgar rioting, and therefore he is sure to be more severe towards excess on this occasion than usual. Cassio, whom now we begin really to know, is the very type of 'the man whom everybody likes.' Clever in his profession, handsome, winning in his ways, with an affectionate and loyal nature, well meaning in the main, he has yet certain weaknesses which make him a prey for Iago. He has certainly not lived a camp life with quite untainted morals, and even when he knows

where temptation lies, he has not the strength of mind to keep out of it. Knowing what is being built on Cassio's supposed passion for Desdemona, it is curious to notice his replies to Iago's double-edged praises of her. He frankly admires, but he calls her 'a fresh and delicate creature,' 'right modest,' 'perfection,' not at all responding to Iago's insinuations, so the crafty tempter drops that form of attack and adopts a more dangerous one. Cassio in his sober senses is invulnerable as a man and a soldier; but Cassio half-drunk is another matter, and unluckily that is only too easily brought about. It is interesting to compare this famous drinking scene, including Cassio's passionate grief, when his senses return, with Hamlet's scornful description of the drinking customs of Elsinore, for it is the same subject seen from slightly different points of view, and Shakspeare takes the trouble to stick his moral into his countrymen through Iago's sarcasms on English excess.

Evidently Shakspeare felt strongly about this matter, and his vivid picture of the evil done by the 'invisible spirit of wine' gain in power when we remember that it is no ascetic or fanatic who is speaking. Nobody appreciated better the pleasures of conviviality and good-fellowship; he could celebrate the virtues of 'good sherris sack,' and even have a good word for 'the poor creature, small beer;' but he seems to have been stirred up to put the other side of the matter pretty strongly, and to show his countrymen what discredit their excesses brought on them. There is something pitifully natural in Cassio's attempt to resist the danger, and then the gradual way in which he slips down, faint recollections of his better wisdom struggling with the helpless confusion which is rapidly coming on him. He is not too far gone to remember his duty, but is in the muddled state when the slightest thing infuriates him, and the two Cyprus gentlemen, half amused, half scandalised, and not too sober, are not in a condition to mend matters. Iago succeeds, in short, in that intolerable way which he keeps up through the play till one burns with the desire to spoil his game and rescue his victims. Of course, a wild uproar ensues, out of which Iago comes without any harm, Roderigo without much, and the entirely innocent Montano is half killed. In the midst of this stormy scene, while the wild clanging of the alarm bell is sounding in the air, Othello's presence produces a sort of sobering shock, especially as he is, in his dignified way, highly indignant with the unseemly uproar apparently instigated by his own officers. He is almost

irritated out of his composure by the difficulty he finds in getting any explanation between Iago's affected unwillingness to speak, poor Cassio's incapacity to do so from one cause, and Montano's from another. The general's peremptory orders give Iago his chance of making partial truth do more harm than a dozen lies, and from his way of telling the story Othello naturally concludes that it is far worse than appears, and he is all the harder on Cassio in consequence. Perhaps Desdemona's appearance makes her husband anxious to cut the scene short, with a masculine dislike to letting his womankind be mixed up with any disturbance, and so he turns from his late officer without another word. As for Cassio, he is simply stunned, the shock has completely sobered him, and he stands in a blank maze of shame and confusion. This distress is not so much for his loss, as that he should have done such a thing, should have been such an intolerable fool, and disgraced Othello as well as himself. He cannot recover himself in any way, nor remember exactly what took place during his brief madness. We feel the inward chuckle which accompanies all Iago's pretended encouragement, and the secret malignity which prompts him to hurl the coveted title of 'lieutenant' continually at the degraded soldier. Then comes in the suggestion which opens the way for all the subsequent mischief, the idea of gaining Desdemona's mediation. It looks so innocent, so entirely the best thing for Cassio to do, that even Iago is conscious of the fiendishness of using it as an instrument of evil. Nor that this turns him by a hair's breadth, any more than he lets himself be moved from his purpose by the glimmer of sense which at this point visits Roderigo. That unlucky dupe has had an idea literally knocked into him, namely, that he is making an utter idiot of himself, and that the only reasonable thing to do is to leave Desdemona, Cassio, and all the rest alone for the future, and betake himself to Venice before anything worse happens to him. Unluckily this surprising flash of sense is quickly obscured by Iago's sophisms, and Roderigo is as much fooled as ever. For the present, however, his share in the plot is played out, and he retires into the background, while Iago's unconscious instruments work out his design with deadly accuracy. Foremost among these is Cassio himself, whose elastic temperament has so far recovered itself by the morning that he is able to make vigorous efforts to press his suit. Then there is good-natured Emilia, always ready to please some one if she can ; Iago knows exactly what she is likely to do. Then comes Desdemona

with all a woman's impetuous championship, right or wrong, of a friend in trouble, especially when that friend is connected with the tenderest passages of her own life. In her generous ardour in Cassio's cause she cannot enter into Othello's view of such an offence against military discipline, and in her fatal inexperience, she reckons on either coaxing or teasing her husband into doing what she wants, much as a child might hold a lion by one hair. To be sure she might hold her lion for some time without guessing how frail is the bond, for, between love of her and liking for Cassio, Othello is more than half won over to forgive the ex-lieutenant. But just at this point Iago's poison begins to touch him, ever so faintly at first, like a waft of bad air, which may pass harmless, or may bring on madness and death.

We feel that Iago's feigned aside on entering with Othello just as Cassio disappears is the first muttered growl of the storm, which is soon to burst overhead, and therefore Desdemona's frank, warm pleading for Cassio affects us so painfully. She is so absolutely unconscious of any possible danger, she is so light-hearted, so happy, so eager to make others happy also, that it seems unbearably cruel that this should be the point at which her own ruin begins. She is digging her own grave, and never guesses it. Her bright laugh, as she goes away jesting over her own wifely obedience, sounds like a funeral knell, for then comes the horrible scene, unmatched in its kind, where Iago displays the full extent of his extraordinary power of luring on his victim. The closer we look into it, the more we are oppressed by the deadly art which distils the most fatal poison into Othello's mind without ever letting him feel the process. Somehow he seems compelled to draw everything out of Iago, whose dim hints are so artfully calculated to fit in with the working of Othello's mind, that he hardly distinguishes them from his own spontaneous ideas. Iago's feigned reluctance to say anything, his apparent care for the general's peace of mind, all help to conceal what he is really doing, so that he plays on Othello's passionate, quick moving nature, where perhaps a touch of Eastern suspiciousness yet lingers with all his frankness, as on an instrument. He guesses that Brabantio's old sneer at Desdemona's truth has not been forgotten, he knows how to touch on Othello's secret consciousness of the disparity between himself and his wife, without arousing his wrath, so that he gradually passes from one suggestion to another till he gets to a stage where he can venture on words for which Othello would

probably have stabbed him at the beginning of the interview. But not even all Iago's craft can make us forgive Othello for being deceived. It seems as if a sort of madness came on him with the first entrance of the foul whisper into his mind, and all his sense and judgment desert him. With all his love for Desdemona, it is a strange thing that he has no real trust in her, the old Oriental contemptuous feeling towards women underlies all his knowledge of her goodness and purity, and lays him open to attack. Then, as his hot blood gets fevered, he loses all sight of justice in his dealings with the helpless girl. He forgets that he is judging her merely on hearsay evidence, on the word of one man, and on slight circumstances which have no importance, except as this same man interprets them. For an instant Desdemona's sweet face drives away the clouds, but unfortunate as she is, even her loving wish to relieve her husband's supposed pain, turns to her hurt, as it enables Iago to get possession of the handkerchief which he puts to such an evil use. It is not kindly done of Emilia to filch even a small thing which Desdemona values, but the simple soul, vainly trying to please her intolerable husband, never calculates on the possible results of the theft. During this short interval Othello's fever is rising in intensity, the wildest passions, crossed by the most overpowering tenderness, put him on the rack.

What is all his glory and fame, his pride and knowledge to him now that the best of life is ended and his heart broken? But it is not his nature to pause there, nor is it Iago's intention to let him pause. Now that Othello has plunged so far into this sea of suspicion, there is no need for half hints and reserves, Iago can proceed more boldly, and he does not falter. One of his main objects is now nearly attained, he has succeeded in turning Othello's fury against Cassio, and sees his way to disposing of that victim to his art. It is not very clear whether Iago actually desires Desdemona's death, perhaps he might prefer her to live and prolong her husband's misery, but he knows that a tiger might be as easily checked when springing on the prey as Othello, once the savage desire for blood is aroused in him. Still, getting Cassio quietly assassinated is an easier task than murdering Desdemona, who is just now the most prominent woman in Cyprus, and could not disappear without much more stir than would suit Iago in any way. All the ferocity latent in Othello's nature bursts into flame as he craves for vengeance, the half-tamed savage in him breaks loose from the restraints of


civilisation. Not that the Italian noble of the period would have seen anything remarkable in Othello's taking the law into his own hands on such an occasion, it might even seem the only thing to do, but not with this wild storm of fury. No thought of consequences crosses Othello's mind, if he can only be avenged, the future is nothing.

After watching a great storm of passion which seems to obliterate the world, there is always a certain shock when we realise that the world is all the time going on much as usual. This is the feeling produced when Desdemona, Emilia, and the clown come carelessly talking across the castle court, the fair bride slightly worried at losing her handkerchief, but too much taken up with Cassio's interests to think much about it, or to notice how strangely Othello is altered when he joins her. It is part of the general conspiracy of things against Desdemona that Othello should choose to make it harder than needful for her to own that she has lost the handkerchief, but here the weakness of her nature peeps out. It is very natural that she should shrink from making him angry, but it is a fatal bit of cowardice that makes her try to deceive her husband, and then, most unluckily, select that very minute to renew her entreaties for Cassio. From that point her doom is sealed. It does not help her that she excuses Othello's roughness to her on the ground that business may be troubling him, though it is a charming bit of wifely philosophy with which she answers Iago's assertions that something must be very wrong if Othello were angry. He seems to wish only to increase her perplexity and vague alarm. Everything now tends to bring on the climax, Cassio's renewed suit, his intimacy with Bianca, even his fancy for a copy of Desdemona's lost handkerchief, all give Iago fresh advantage. By this time the unhappy Moor has so surrendered his mind and judgment to Iago that he seems to have no sense left to help himself. His physical power fails suddenly in the strain, and there is not a more horrible scene in all Shakspeare than this where Othello is lying senseless, and the exulting fiend stands over him, rejoicing in the misery he has wrought, and keeping off the real friend who still loves his general in spite of all. Othello is never quite the same after this fit, notably his power of self-control seems gone, and the stately dignity of the earlier part of the play. He can force himself to remain hidden and silent, as during the false scene which Iago plays off with Cassio, to increase his torture, but he cannot assume a part any more.

In the very midst of his fiercest wrath against Desdemona, the outbreak of that love turned to hate, which makes his heart like stone, comes one of those overpowering rushes of tenderness, of sudden recollection of her thousand graces of mind and body which so heighten his misery, that he cries out even to the mocking devil beside him, whose only answer is a brutal sneer. Othello's passionate love is the one thing which Iago finds a difficulty in controlling, he never knows where it may break out and annihilate him and his plots, so at all hazards he keeps on irritating his wrath and goading him to determine of Desdemona's murder.

The arrival of the Venetian envoys shows how completely Othello has lost all mastery of himself, when the casual talk between Desdemona and her kinsman, and the girl's unthinking pleasure at going back to Venice, make him burst out to the indignant surprise of Lodovico, equally astonished at what seems Othello's sheer brutality, and the gentle patience of his wife. We suspect here a fresh scheme of Iago's, supposing his other plots to succeed, he seems to contemplate getting rid of Othello by making him out to be mad, a notion which the Moor's demeanour would certainly encourage. Indeed, we would not like to assert that Othello is not mad with suspicion and jealousy at this point. Certainly he is not like a man in his right senses in that miserable interview with Desdemona, when she for the first time realises the frightful idea which has taken possession of her husband. Even then, when the accusation has been hurled at her in the coarsest of words, she hardly understands how such a thing could come to her. Pure to her inmost soul, shrinking even from the terms used freely enough by other women of her day, she is simply crushed by the name of evil. She has no notion of defending herself, the wild indignation which would fortify another sort of woman does not come to her, nor can she find the lofty calm of, say Hermione in the *Winter's Tale*. Her mind rather fixes on the thought that Othello does not love her now, and that is all, comparatively speaking, that she cares about. Her piteous little attempt to keep her trouble from Emilia breaks down quickly under the thought of how she had been treated, but when the warm-hearted Emilia flames out into wrath, not so much with Othello as the unknown somebody who has poisoned his mind, Desdemona cannot get angry.

Since the drinking scene we have entirely lost sight of Roderigo, but though he kept out of sight, he did not mean to



be forgotten, and one of his periodic fits of suspecting Iago brings him now to the front again. It is singular that the most foolish person in the whole play is the only one who even occasionally suspects that Iago is not dealing justly with him. This growing suspicion warns the arch-plotter that he must quickly bring matters to a climax, and once more make Roderigo his weapon against Cassio, trusting to luck, we imagine, for disposing of Roderigo afterwards. The supper to the Venetian messengers is over, and we might imagine the last scene of Act 4, and the first of Act 5 as passing almost simultaneously, within and without the castle, they follow each other so closely. In one we are reminded of the small sleeping accommodation of old days by Desdemona's using the room where she parts from the Venetian gentlemen as her dressing-room. How Queen Elizabeth, with her hoop and ruff, ever got into certain rooms still standing wherein she is known to have slept is a puzzle, unless, like Desdemona, she undressed in some adjoining chamber. It is a pathetic little scene, shadowed by a sense of what is coming, but full of Desdemona's tender grace. A nameless fear, not exactly of Othello, is lying on her, a shadowy foreboding troubles her, as she goes through the business of casting off her festal robes; she is haunted by recollections of that 'poor Barbara,' whose story is outlined in the very few words devoted to her and her pretty, foolish little song. How perfectly natural is this talk between the two women at 'curling-hair time,' always sacred to girlish confidences, and how plainly we see the differences between the two natures in this unrestrained chat. Especially natural is Desdemona's keeping Emilia to talk after she has hurried her through her undressing and wished her good-night! Not far away, two other natures are also displaying themselves after their fashion, for in the dark street Iago and Roderigo are hiding and waiting for Cassio to come by, neither perhaps perfectly easy in his mind, for Roderigo is not keen for the deed, and Iago cannot be sure of anything evil which he does not carry out himself. Careless as Cassio is on many points, he yet knows better than to go about after dark without some sort of defensive armour, and this trifling circumstance upsets Iago's scheme, for even when he comes behind to amend Roderigo's faltering stroke, he only succeeds in wounding Cassio instead of killing him outright. Yet Cassio's cry for help deceives Othello, who in the darkness does not perceive that there are two men hurt, and believes that

his vengeance has been executed on Cassio at least. Obviously Iago would be in a very awkward position if Cassio were to recognise his assassin, or Gratiano and Lodovico get any inkling of the true state of the business into which they have stumbled, so with amazing promptitude, he changes his part from the murderer to the sympathising friend, all bustle and activity in Cassio's service. The partial darkness of the scene must be remembered, for the torch Iago brought in is only showing the bleeding and helpless Cassio on whom the Venetian noblemen are naturally concentrating all their attention, so that no one sees the relentless stab with which Iago hopes to silence Roderigo for ever. Now, when the poor fool lies apparently slain, Iago can throw the light on him also, and be vehement in exclamations of horror. On the spur of the moment, as it seems, he devises the plan of implicating Bianca in the attack on Cassio, knowing well enough that it would easily appear credible in a woman of such indifferent character, and at all events, it introduces more confusion, which is always useful to him.

Now we turn back to the interior of the castle and the most heart-breaking of scenes. It is like no other murder scene in that the passionate love of the murderer for his victim keeps piercing through his deadliest mood, he has taught himself to regard the deed as a necessary execution which he is bound in honour to perform, but it tears his very heart. The sweet innocent face, lying there in childlike sleep, disarms him in spite of himself; 'one more kiss, and then one more,' and then comes over him the thought that Desdemona should not die unprepared, which first arouses the unhappy girl to a sense of her deadly peril. Even then she can hardly believe it. Her love and her conscious innocence make her feel as if this must be some hideous dream, for surely Othello could never—would never really hurt her, and her efforts to control herself, to find out what is the matter, to induce him to hear reason, are not the least pathetic features in the terrible beauty of the scene. Unhappily to Othello's poisoned mind, her most innocent words seem indications of guilt, and her natural horror at Cassio's assassination arouses once more that wild and furious rage which heeds neither entreaties nor prayers, but goes headlong to the end. Then just too late, come Emilia's hasty calls for admittance, which ring so thrillingly through the silent chamber. Something gives us the strongest sense of deathly stillness in that room, where Desdemona has ceased to struggle, it is only a moment ago, but

it seems an hour. Though Othello believes himself to be a righteous avenger, yet he is seized now by the horror of detection, the determined soldier wavers feebly at the sound of a woman's voice, distracted between Emilia's cries, and that motionless form on the bed. When he decides to admit Emilia, his manner of receiving her news would certainly betray him, were not her attention instantly attracted by that faint dying voice behind the closed curtains, Desdemona as it were, coming back from the dead. The physical impossibility of anyone speaking after being really stifled has often been noticed, but Shakspeare may have been led into this mistake by thinking of the original story, where the heroine is killed by a blow on the head and might therefore have survived for a few minutes in a dying condition. It is more important to notice how characteristic are Desdemona's last broken words. Clinging to the assertion of her innocence, she makes one wild loving effort to shield Othello even at her own expense, surely the most pathetically guileless of falsehoods ever uttered. We can hardly imagine that it deceives Emilia, though she is too frightened for the moment to speak her thoughts, while Othello is trying to keep up the pretence of innocence. But no one ever pretended worse than he does ; in one instant the mask becomes intolerable to him, and he dashes it fiercely away, scorning to hide either his action or the motive for it. As if she had caught the contagion of his passion, Emilia seems to spring up transformed, all her fear vanishes, she faces Othello with defiant scorn as frank as his own, even while struggling with the terrible idea which seizes her at the first mention of her husband's name. In the truth of her knowledge of him she would fain believe him incapable of such wickedness as this. Nevertheless, she is too profoundly stirred to rest content with aught less than the truth, and it is strange to see her woman's wit, inspired by her love for Desdemona, cutting through the webs of falsehood which Iago has so carefully woven. Even he is forced to give a direct answer, much against his will, but between Othello and Desdemona's kinsman, he is pushed into a corner. At first Othello hardly seems to recognise the sense of Emilia's passionate words, he has come to that pass when he must maintain his guilt, or be utterly maddened by horror. Some shadow of approaching death seems to be falling on Emilia, bringing strange intuitions with it.

‘Perchance, Iago, I never shall go home?’ she says, and she

seems to divine the essential part of the intrigue against Desdemona, even before she hears of the handkerchief. Then she bursts out with the truth in spite of Iago's desperate attempt to stop her. This sudden onslaught of Iago's evidently reveals to Othello the true character of the man whom he has trusted so fully, for the truth there and then comes home to him, and he turns on Iago like an infuriated tiger. Yet Iago is too quick even for him, and succeeds in adding Emilia to the number of victims—ere he escapes for the moment. It is a wild scene of confusion and death, till Othello is left alone with the dead and dying women and his own despair. We can hardly follow the quick changes of his mind and purposes, now trying to break forcibly from that chamber of death, now leaning helplessly on his sword, now stung by Desdemona's cold and silent beauty into inarticulate paroxysms of misery, all his love and passion turning against himself. Roused by Iago's reappearance as a prisoner to make another effort to revenge himself, he then falls back on his sense of the greater bitterness of life, so let Iago live, there is no good in killing him. Now comes the unravelling of all this wretchedness, the making clear to unhappy Othello how completely he has been deceived, till there is wrung from him that bitter, how bitter cry, 'O fool, fool, fool.'

We must love Cassio for saying to the man who had ordered his death and left him to die, 'Dear general, I never gave you cause,' and of course all the entanglement has to be cleared up, but after all it does not help us much. Iago has succeeded in destroying the happiness of the pair he hated, and now in his grim silence he remains victorious, no sufferings of his will bring back Desdemona. No hope of vengeance comforts Othello, he meant his sad saying that his life had reached its utmost limit, and in the most famous lines of the play, he utters his farewell to life, his grave and final judgment of himself, his errors, and love, and sorrow, the summing up of his stormy career. The old dignity seems to have come back to him, impressing his hearers as in former times. We can fancy their perplexity at his sudden transition to his long past fight at Aleppo, till the fatal climax explains his meaning. Then all is over, nothing more is left to be said, that last kiss given by the dying to the dead, fitly closes the pitiful story, which for all its power and beauty leaves us half wishing it had not been told.

'O the pity of it, the pity of it!'

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

TWILIGHT.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE COTTAGE.

‘Leaves, and rain, and the days of the year.
(Water-willow and well-away),
All these fall, and my soul gives ear.
And she is hence and I am here
(With a wind blown night and day).’—D. G. ROSSETTI.

JANE WARDLAW would not agree at first to Alick’s proposal that she should go away and rest, and did not thank him for it. With what would have been plaintiveness in another woman, but that in her sounded more like ill-temper, she said that what rest she had had already seemed to have done her more harm than good, and had only made her head ache worse than ever. But, after one or two bewildered efforts to rekindle the fire and set the room in order, she gave up, and sank into a chair in the corner, leaning her head upon her hands, and sullenly watching Alick as he took upon himself the tasks to which she was unequal.

Luckily* for them all, Alick was one of those men who are always ‘handy’ in whatever unexpected circumstances they may find themselves.

The room presented a very different appearance before he had been in it ten minutes, in spite of Louie’s frequent calls upon his attention; and when presently she fell asleep he extended his operations to the outer room and the little store-cupboard and larder, and was shocked to see the bareness and desolation that reigned there.

Jane Wardlaw had assured him that she was in no need of money, but it really seemed as though she had been in dire need of everything else: as though, either from lack of opportunity or

sullen indifference, she had barely provided what was needful for the child and had neglected herself altogether.

Alick made some tea now and persuaded her to take some, and after a while she fell asleep as she sat, with her head resting on her folded arms upon the little table before her.

The child woke, and slept, and woke again, all through the night, sometimes fretful, sometimes patient, but always recurring to the fancy that Alick was her father—imploring him not to go away—and soothed by his promise that he would not.

It was evident from her childish talk and the attentions that she claimed as a matter of right and habit, that Louis Lorimer had been a tender father as long as no other love had disputed the possession of his heart. Surely he would be back on the instant if he knew how things were ; and surely when he came to reflect he would not be content to be left in ignorance of how they might go.

‘To-morrow he will come or send,’ thought Alick. ‘At any rate Sister Margaret will turn up some time to-morrow, and I shall be released. I suppose it is the loneliness of the place that gives me such a feeling of being in prison here—as though no one could come or go, or anything happen any more. I was always an impatient beggar, and this is as good a trial for my patience as ever I went through.’

Morning came at last, long as the nights were now becoming ; and daylight brought more occupation and consequently more patience. Jane Wardlaw roused herself and went to wash her face and change her dress, and came back so much refreshed that Alick began to hope that she might not be sickening with small-pox after all. At any rate she was fit to be left in charge while he went out to meet Hudson and get supplies, and if possible some further communications from the outside world.

The cabinet-maker had brought all, and more than all, that he had been asked to bring, but no letter or telegram from Sister Margaret. Alick waited there beneath the tree, and sent him up to the Court to enquire if anything further had been heard of Mr. Lorimer. It was not long before he returned, but he brought no news with him. The servants had heard nothing of their master since he left, Hudson reported ; and the butler seemed considerably ‘put about,’ as there were several important points connected with the decoration of the house upon which Mr. Lorimer’s decision was wanted, and there was now no possibility of asking his wishes on any point.

More important matters than the colour of the breakfast-room ceiling must wait also, it appeared ; and meanwhile Alick could only arrange for Hudson to take the boy and the pony-cart from the Rectory, and go over to the town, there to send a second telegram to Sister Margaret and await the answer.

He went back to the cottage, where the child was awake, and asking for her father with fretful eager persistency. Again she seemed quite content to accept Alick in her father's place, and before he had done soothing and comforting her the doctor appeared upon the scene.

Alick was aware that the doctor must know of his being there in charge, if only to prevent him from sending in any one else ; and he was prepared for an awkward quarter of an hour—for looks of surprise that he must not even meet, if not for questions that he could not answer.

But he knew his man. The doctor's natural discretion had been intensified by years of habit, and whatever he might think, he would certainly say nothing to anyone else, and probably nothing to Alick himself.

In fact, he *did* say nothing, after his first two or three questions had elicited that Mr. Rutherford had been there all night and meant to stay all day—or until some other help arrived.

Alick followed him out at the door, and asked him what he thought of *both* his patients—for he had treated Jane Wardlaw as being as much in need of him as little Louie.

'The child may do very well, if she is well looked after,' he answered. 'She is better than yesterday, simply because she seems to have left off fretting. As for the woman, I hope it is only a touch of low fever that is hanging about her, but time will show. I told her a week ago that she must get some one in to help her, and understood her to say she would, but no one ever came.'

'I have sent for some one—an experienced nurse,' said Alick quietly. 'I have no doubt she will be here to-day. I believe Miss Wardlaw is a stranger here, and did not know for whom to send.'

Involuntarily, as it seemed, the doctor glanced significantly towards the Court ; but he said nothing more than Good morning, and so went on his way, leaving Alick to wait as patiently as he could for the return of his messenger.

It was late before Hudson returned, bringing with him a telegram, not from Sister Margaret, but from her Superior.

Sister Margaret was away on her holiday, it stated ; but the message had been forwarded to her, and she had permission to obey Mr. Rutherford's summons if she felt able and willing to do so.

Alick's heart failed him somewhat as he read.

He knew where Sister Margaret's home was—in the wilds of Cornwall, far from railway-station, telegraph or even post-office. Whether she had even received the message yet was very doubtful, and how soon she would be able to answer it more doubtful still.

And yet he knew no one else to whom he was quite willing to apply, in such circumstances ; and after all she *might* already be on her way to obey his summons.

There seemed nothing for it but to keep to his post, though chafing more and more at its dreary isolation as the prospect of relief seemed more uncertain.

He went back into the house, and prepared for a second night of watching, somewhat wearily. Sleep had never been to him a first necessity ; and it was not by any means the first time he had watched for more than one night in succession, with but little opportunity of making up for it by day. It was the strain of the situation of which he was weary, of uncertainty and indecision and fear for one dearer than himself.

Jane Wardlaw had been very silent and moody through the day, as if gratitude to her unexpected helper was merged in anger that she should have been left in a position to need such help. As night drew on she yielded to Alick's wish and went away to lie down ; but soon after midnight she came back again, startling him somewhat by appearing, grim and silent, at his elbow as he was trying to satisfy the child's faint querulous demands for half-a-dozen incongruous things at once.

'She takes you for her father still, then ?' asked Jane Wardlaw, after a moment's silence. 'A good thing too, for I believe she'd have fretted herself to death by now if you hadn't come.'

'I suppose she will find out the difference when her father really does come,' answered Alick softly, watching little Louie as she seemed inclined to fall asleep. 'And he will surely come soon now.'

'Not he ! He doesn't mean to come ! And do you think he'd be as patient with her as you are if he *was* here ?'

'More so, probably—considering that she is his own.'

'Not he ! He can't abide sick folks. I'll not do him injus-

tice—I think he did try to be good to my poor sister—but he'd have been sick to death of her if she'd been ill a little longer before she died. He made fuss enough over her when she was gone,* but if she wanted to be mourned she did well to die when she did. As for Louie, she's all there is left of the old love, and what he wants now is to be off with the old love and on with the new !'

Alick felt that he could not tell her, what perhaps she ought to know, that Mr. Lorimer was only returning to the first love of his life. He was silent, while Jane Wardlaw paused a moment, then added in a significant tone—

'But perhaps he won't find it quite so easy as he thinks.'

'What do you mean?'

He looked up quickly, but she was already turning away, and passed on into the outer room without heeding his question. It seemed useless to follow her and repeat it, for indeed the words probably referred to nothing but the speaker's helpless wish. What with illness and loneliness, and silent brooding over her wrongs—or rather those of the child—the woman seemed to have wrought herself to a state in which she was barely accountable ; and Alick had patience with her even in his thoughts, and was only more determined to watch her closely, and not to leave her save with some one in whom he could have perfect confidence.

She did not appear again that night, and in the morning said that she had slept well, and certainly seemed to be better. But Mr. Rutherford was surprised and more than a little uneasy when quite early in the day she reached her bonnet and cloak from the cupboard beside Louie's bed, and announced that she was going out for a little fresh air.

It did not seem that the effort was likely to be too much for her, and her manner was quite quiet and composed. Alick could find nothing to say against her proposal, except that the morning was very grey and damp, almost rainy, and that it would be wiser to wait until after the doctor's visit. Unwilling as he felt to let her go, he could not detain her by force, and indeed there might be nothing in her mind but the mere craving for fresh air and change of scene, with which he himself had just then great sympathy. She made no promises and no protestations, but moved away even while he was cautioning her to avoid anyone whom she might meet and not to risk carrying infection to any other family.

And Alick watched her tall gaunt figure disappear behind the dank laurel-bushes with an anxiety that he did not attempt to hide from himself; he would have followed her, even then, and insisted on her return, but for the certainty that she would not heed him, and that he must not leave the child.

Louie was better, as far as he could judge, but showed it chiefly in an increase of fretfulness, a determination not to let him out of her sight, and a restlessness that was constantly exposing her to the risk of a chill. Having evidently been spoiled all her life until lately, it was no time now to try to get her into proper subjection, even if Alick had not been, like most men, only too much inclined to indulge a little 'maid child.'

Meanwhile Jane Wardlaw was walking steadily on, down the field path which she and Louie had taken on that summer-like day not so very long ago, when Katrine Lyndhurst had found the child crying beneath the tree. Her limbs ached now as Louie's had ached then, but she did not pause, only strained her eyes through the mist that hung about the sere brown autumn trees, to see how far off lay a house whose gabled roof she had first seen on that day.

The path was not easy to miss, and her strength did not fail her, worn and haggard as she looked. After all, she had not far to go before the fields round the Court were left behind, the belt of plantation crossed, and Lyndhurst Manor was in full sight, with its broken avenue of elm and beech leading up to the garden fence.

Here she paused at last, and drew a letter from her pocket, snatching it impatiently from the envelope as if to make sure it was really there; and moving on, though more slowly, while she opened and read it.

It was the very spot where Katrine had passed, with head bent down over a letter, one day, and this letter was in the self-same hand as that which Alick with such jealous eyes had watched *her* reading. But there was no one there to note the likeness and the contrast, or to wonder why Jane Wardlaw's hard features should wear a look of triumph where the other's delicate face had looked grave and wistful and puzzled.

She was reading half-aloud, as uneducated women will, forming the words with her lips as if to make sure of them, but plainly knowing them almost by heart.

'You cannot compel me, and I will not be compelled by any

one. Your sister was my wife as long as I chose to call her so, and Louie is my child if I choose to acknowledge her, *but not otherwise*. If anything could make me forget or deny my duty to her, it would be such persecution as you seem inclined to subject me to. Understand, once for all, that I will not put up with it, and that it will be the worse for you as well as for her if you persist.'

'He came to the wrong person when he chose to try threats on *me!*' she said, with kindling eyes, holding the letter tightly in her hand, and hurrying on once more, though with stumbling, uncertain feet. 'I'll not have *that* kept hanging over Louie's head all the while she is growing a woman. If it is so, I'll take her away from him and change her name, and bring her up as we were all brought up, and see that no gentlefolks ever come nigh her, and she'll be all the happier! However it is, this grand family he wants to marry into will make out the truth somehow. And if *she* should think that a man that would treat his own child so, and try to throw shame on his own wife in her grave, wouldn't make her a good husband, how can I help that? Anyhow, he won't have things all his own way quite so easily as he thinks!'

Alick was left to his lonely watch long enough to grow very anxious and impatient, and to wonder what Jane Wardlaw could be doing, with a fear that made it almost a relief to try and persuade himself that she had probably been overpowered by illness and was resting somewhere, unable to get home.

The loneliness of the cottage was all the more marked because of the sounds of busy life near at hand with which it had no connection. He could hear the great bell at the Court clang out at twelve o'clock to call the servants to their dinner, and even the voices of the men and the trampling of the horses in the stable-yard, and one of the gardeners hailing a subordinate across the wide lawns. But Louis Lorimer's servants were of less than no avail in the present emergency, and Alick felt that his promise bound him, if possible, not even to let any of them know that he was there.

His first visitor from the outside world was the doctor, who pursed up his lips and glanced at the dull, rainy sky when he heard that his other patient had insisted on going out, and promised to look out for and send her home, but of course knew nothing of Alick's secret and most pressing anxiety. He

reported favourably, on the whole, of Louie's condition, and then went on his way, being, as usual, in a great hurry, leaving Alick to abuse himself for having been so self-conscious and absurd as to hesitate to ask if they were all well at Lyndhurst.

Next came Hudson, who had waited at the tree for some time, and at last ventured to disobey orders and come on to the cottage. He had supplies and letters, but no further communication from Sister Margaret. Alick could only hope that she would have sent a telegram by this time if she had not been on her way. But he could not stay now to consider possibilities, but at once sent Hudson off to look for Jane Wardlaw (in every direction if needful, but first along the footpath leading to Lyndhurst), with orders to use every possible means to get her quickly and silently home.

Then again came the misery of forced inaction and suspense, while the brief autumn afternoon seemed to be closing in almost directly noon was past.

Alick could not hate the child, though she was his unconscious jailer, but he hated the cottage, with its two dull, bare rooms and the dripping evergreens that crowded up against its windows, as we only *can* hate places where we have had to wait and do nothing—sick at heart—while anxious thoughts and fears and dark anticipations linked themselves with each mean, unfamiliar object. Years ago, when he was quite a boy, he had had to wait five weary hours at a roadside station on his hurried journey from school to see his mother on what proved to be her deathbed. And he was reminded now of that time, though nothing could well be less like the bleak, open railway waiting-room than his present abode. Now, as then, it seemed to him that *the place* made the worst of his trouble; that it would be bearable if only he could get away from where he was, and do or find out something; that, at least, he would not find himself so morbid and fanciful and stupid elsewhere.

Was it possible that Jane Wardlaw had remembered her half-uttered threat, and gone to carry it out? If so, what would Katrine think and say? Would she forgive all and only pity her lover for all that he had gone through, or would the shock alienate her not only from him, but from the life to which, before his return, she had been but half reconciled?

Alick started like a nervous woman when at last a step was heard upon the gravel; but his wonted shrewdness did suggest to him, even while Jane Wardlaw's figure passed the window,

that if by chance she *had* not carried out her threat he had better not, by any rash question, remind her of it.

Indeed, she was hardly in a state to be questioned, as she pushed open the door and came slowly in, sinking down upon a chair in the outer room and holding out her chilled hands towards the cheery blaze in the open grate. Mechanically, after a few moments, she began to spread out her draggled skirts and dry them; and Alick, watching her keenly and seeing the moody interest which she took in the process, began to hope that she had really nothing of more importance to occupy her mind.

She vouchsafed a kind of explanation in answer to his guarded questions, saying that she had been walking some way and had been too dizzy and tired to come straight back. And when Alick brought her some food and suggested that she should go and take off her wet things at once and lie down, she silently yielded, dragging herself into the inner room with a weary step. When presently the child called him, and Alick obeyed the summons, Jane Wardlaw was already in a deep but restless sleep upon the other bed, having thrown off her damp out-door clothes and drawn the coverlet over her. Evidently she was dreaming, and Alick would have given something to know of *what*; but her worn hard-featured face told no tales, whether of triumph, or compunction, or of vengeance desired or enjoyed.

It was not long before Hudson made his appearance, having seen nothing of her, and much relieved to hear that she had returned before him.

Alick thanked and would have dismissed him, but he ignored the thanks and shook his head over the proposal that he should go home.

'No,' he said. 'I've come here, and if there's any infection I've put myself in the way of it; though for my own part I've no fear. So now I'll stay! *I'm* going to sit up this night, sir, while you get some sleep.'

Alick had no intention of acceding to this proposal, but the mere thought of it made him feel how weary he was, and reminded him that it was not wise to exhaust his strength while his prospect of being relieved was still so doubtful. He looked consideringly at Hudson's sickly intelligent face before he replied.

'You are very good; I don't know what I should have done in this difficulty without you! I suppose I ought not to have brought you into it; but I know you are not afraid; and this

isn't the first time we have helped each other. I will not let you sit up all night. I couldn't do it, and make you useful in the day, as I intend to do ! But I will tell you what you shall do, if you will. Since you are here, you shall stay for an hour or two, and I will get some rest the while. They are both asleep, and if the child should wake and need anything, you can call me. You had better not go near her, but you can sit in the doorway, or even out here in this room, and listen for her waking. The moon will be up presently, and then you must wake me, if I should be asleep, and find your way home.'

'Very well,' answered Hudson, briefly. 'I'd rather you take a proper night's rest, but I know you'll have your own way.' And to himself he added : 'But if you think I'm going to disturb you before you've had your sleep out, you are much mistaken, that's all ! whatever the child may want, or whether I have to go near her or not.'

These rebellious mutterings were of course inaudible to Alick, who signed his lieutenant to the chair he was to occupy, replenished both fires, and drew the clumsy old-fashioned couch a little nearer to that in the outer room ; and so lay down, fully expecting to be awake to see his own directions carried out.

In that however he was mistaken. He was sorely in need of sleep as well as rest, and in the stillness of the late afternoon, with the dancing firelight within and the gathering darkness without, sleep was not far to seek. All the painful and perplexing thoughts that had been with him all day, haunting him the more when he tried to banish them, slipped away from him like water now that in the quiet he would have tried to face them. And even while he thought he was considering the position of affairs he was already fast asleep, that dead sleep of utter weariness that seems to lie like a load on limbs and brain.

Hudson came softly across the room presently and looked at him, and quietly improvised a screen to shut the firelight from those closed eyelids ; then took up his chair and carried it into the inner room and gently fastened the door behind him, as if resolved that any sounds that might arise within should not have the chance to break that much-needed slumber.

For a time Alick slept too soundly for dreaming, but our anxieties have some mysterious means of reaching us even in the deepest valleys of the land of sleep, and presently the pressure of his began to break his rest, though he was too weary to be easily wakened.

He knew at last that he was asleep, and even in a fitful fashion knew where he was, though it did not at all surprise or trouble him that between whiles came the most fantastic and incongruous visions and blurred his perception of why he was there and of how time was passing. Sleep lay on him still like a heavy hand that he could have shaken off with an effort, but that meanwhile closed his eyes and soothed his brain ; and he knew that he was dreaming, though the dreams seemed so real.

Following that law by which we do not often dream of what we think of *most*, Alick had not dreamed of Katrine more than once since that summer afternoon when he saw her first, in the fairy-world of childhood and of June.

But now she came to him ; first in a vision of that afternoon, vivid and clear in every detail, down to the shadows of the trees upon the close-cut grass, but with something bizarre and strange about it. Then she was in Alma Place, walking by Alick's side to find Louis Lorimer and his child, and he said to himself—'What will she say when she knows?' and again—'It does not matter—it is only a dream!'

And next, the hot dusty sunshine of Alma Place went out with a sudden eclipse, and she was standing in a dark room, with a gleam of uncertain light playing on her fair pale face ; while he seemed to be watching her from across a fathomless gulf, and hardly knew whether he heard her speak or *felt* her thoughts unspoken.

'The moon is up. It is as bright as day. It seemed less strange to come than to sit at home quietly not knowing. I came that I might hear the truth from you.'

'What am I to tell you?'

'Why is he gone away? He knows that his place is here. Why is he gone?'

'I know nothing—I cannot say.'

'And why are *you* here?'

'Ah, that is more easily told! I came for your sake ; because I love you.'

'I think you must be dreaming!'

'Of course! So I dare to tell you the truth. But not *why* I had to come for your sake. That is his secret, and I—good heavens! I thought I was *only* dreaming! Is it you—really you—in the body?'

Something—the flash of light from a leaping flame, the fall of a coal from the grate—startled him from his dreamy half-

consciousness of where he was to a real perception of his surroundings. The dream had been growing more and more lifelike, and it had not all fled with his waking. It was Katrine Lyndhurst who stood there in the firelight ; and a soft cool hand of flesh and blood that met the grasp of his hand as he rose dizzily to his feet.

With that instant's shock of surprise every detail of his dream was gone. *Something* he had dreamed, he knew, but it had utterly vanished, save for a vague impression that it had had to do with his strange visitor. And, indeed, for the moment there was more than enough to banish any dream from his mind.

'You ought not—you must not!' he gasped, somewhat incoherently, still holding her hand, and drawing her towards the door. 'How could any one let you come *here*? But you did not know, perhaps. I will explain to you outside.'

'I know quite well, and I am not afraid,' she answered, in tones as soft and cool as the touch of her hand. 'You must not drive me away, please! I should not fear for myself in any case, and my brother would have us all be vaccinated as soon as there was a rumour of small-pox being in the neighbourhood.'

Alick released her hand, dropped into a chair and laughed, shaken still with that thrill of terror with which he had recognised that she was really there, while the commonplace simplicity of her last words touched even then his sense of the ludicrous, so strangely did they come in amid his overstrained fears and anticipations.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, controlling himself after a moment. 'I have been asleep, and my wits are wool-gathering still, I believe. Do you know—I daresay the risk is very small, but I should be happier if you would let me talk to you outside the door? Perhaps it is only fancy, but the air here seems to me tainted—not fit for you to breathe.'

He had risen instantly, and as he spoke she let him lead her towards the door, which was open, and a silver streak of moonlight lying across the cottage floor.

Alick took a chair and set it full in the pale light outside, where the cottage wall was a shelter from the very little wind that was stirring ; then partly closed the door behind them, and waited, looking at his visitor as if he were still not quite sure whether she was of flesh and blood, or only the wraith that the weird moonbeams made her appear.

'A woman was with me this morning,' she said, speaking not

hastily, but without any hesitation. 'She told me that she came from this cottage, and that the child who is ill here is—Louis's child. Is it true?'

'I believe so,' answered Alick quietly.

'She spoke rather strangely; I thought she might be not quite in her right mind. But I was sure she believed what she said. And—you believe it too?'

'I do. I had it not only from her, but from Mr. Lorimer himself.'

Alick was trying to spare her by being as brief as possible. He would have liked to spare her by turning away his eyes also, but could not.

And, indeed, she gave no sign of surprise or dismay. If her cheek looked white, the pale moon might well account for that; and her eyes—dark by contrast almost to blackness—looked at him steadily, though he could not read the expression in their depths.

'I knew that he had been married, and that he had a child, but not that they were here,' she went on, after an instant; 'he told me part of the truth a little while ago; but only part. He might as well have told me the whole. May I—see—the child?'

'I would rather you did not, now. Please God, she will be well before long, and then you may see her; but you have run too much risk already.'

'What risk must *you* run, then?'

'Oh, I am hardened. I have knocked about often enough in the way of infection, though I have never learned to disregard it for other people.'

'And you are not at all afraid?'

'I can't quite say that! But some one must do these things; and why not I as well as another?'

'They are nothing to you—these people—though you are so good to them. The woman told me, this morning, that Louis did not love his child; that he was tired of it, and wished it dead, and her too. Do you think *that* is true?'

'No!' answered Alick, unhesitatingly. 'When I saw Mr. Lorimer with the child, it was evident, even to me as a stranger, that he was a very loving father. She must have been used to his presence and his kindness, for she fretted after him continually when her illness began, and is only consoled now because, being not quite herself, she takes me for him.'

‘Then, why are they *here*, and not there in his house? And why is he not with them?’

‘I cannot tell you! I don’t know.’

Katrine rose suddenly, and laid her hand upon his arm.

‘Tell me!’ she said. ‘Is it that he is *afraid*? Has he gone away and left his child to another man’s care because he is afraid?’

Her voice had dropped to a whisper—her slender fingers tightened upon his arm unconsciously, till the grasp was almost pain—the moonlight showed her parted lips, and the flash of eagerness in her eyes. Tone and expression had just that shuddering intensity with which, under other circumstances, a woman might have asked, ‘Is he dead?’ And Alick seemed to perceive that Louis Lorimer *would* be dead to her henceforward if this thought of hers should prove to be truth. Much she had forgiven, or perhaps forgotten, but this she would neither forgive nor forget.

But he stood silent, half averting his face from the appeal of hers, shaken by a doubt that looked to him like a temptation, and yet like an angel of light.

How did he know that it was not so? What conceivable reason could this man have for going away, and staying away, at this crisis of his fate, except this, that had occurred even to the woman who loved him?

True or false, was it not better that she should think so, if the thought freed her from her long bondage, and made her see him as he truly was, unworthy of her? Once let her really think this of him, and she would read all his past by the light this shed upon it; and no after-explanation that he might offer would ever restore the glamour that had held her blind.

The hand that was resting on his arm slid downwards till it touched his fingers, and perhaps she felt them tremble.

‘I beg your pardon, I ought not to trouble you with this,’ she said softly, as if she subdued her impatience with a great effort. ‘But you have always been a friend, even in those days when I used to hide myself among the children and knew nobody. I always knew then that you would help me if you could. Can you help me now?’

‘Tell me how!’ he answered hoarsely.

‘I want the truth. I have cheated myself with dreams and fancies long enough. You are honest; you will tell me truly what you know or think.’

‘I *know*—very little. I am almost a stranger, after all.’

‘You knew enough to make you come to help these in their trouble! How could *he* help knowing?—and was it not *his* place to come much more?’

Again her face and voice were full of a desperate earnestness of pleading; and again Alick had no answer ready. Often as he had asked himself which would be best for her—one brief stroke of fate or the long slow pain of loss and disillusionment—he was no nearer to a decision now. As for his own part in the matter, the habit of years prevented that from weighing with him as much as it does with most of us, though it was present to his consciousness, like a pain too keen to be forgotten.

But, after all, what had he to set against those probabilities that seemed so strongly against Louis Lorimer? Only his own unreasoning conviction that—though self-absorbed and heedless and impulsive, and what most people would call inconsistent—he was *not* guilty of this one baseness that would have been unpardonable in Katrine’s eyes. Was it not rather a hard fate to be a martyr to one’s faith in a man whom one neither liked nor trusted?

‘*I want the truth!*’ she had said. Was it the best thing for her; and, best or worst, could he dare to give her anything else?

Then there came over him suddenly a great wave of passion—anger, and love, and despair. Anger against Louis Lorimer and all crooked secret ways; love that seemed to demand at least the comfort and relief of speech since it was to have no other; despair that made self-control hardly worth striving after any more.

‘You shall hear the truth, as far as I know it,’ he said. ‘I do *not* believe that Mr. Lorimer has gone away because he is afraid. I think he does not even know how ill the child has been, and that he would be here if he did know; though I blame him for not having had the thought to enquire how things were going. I think he is reckless and impulsive, but neither cowardly nor cold. And you may trust me, for I am not likely to be too ready to think well of him, since he has been my rival ever since I heard of him; since that day when I first saw you, and loved you, and heard that you had given yourself to him.’

Alick had taken and held the hand with which she had touched his. But now it glided from his grasp, and he let it go. He had spoken without looking at her, and now, as he turned towards her,

the moon slid behind a thin fleecy cloud and left them both in a twilight through which he could distinguish nothing clearly, only the dark mass of her cloak and the white glimmer of her face and hands.

‘There! it is out now,’ he said. ‘I did not mean to tell you, but it does not matter; you need not think of it again. It will make no difference to you, and it shall do me no harm in the end. Only you know now why I am bound to serve you.’

In the dim uncertain light, he could see that her head was bent down and her hands tightly clasped together. Her voice, when she spoke, showed less surprise than he had somehow expected, and seemed to answer what he had thought but did not know that he had said.

‘Is it for my sake, then, that you are here?’

‘Only indirectly. I promised Mr. Lorimer that for your sake the matter should be kept secret, as far as I had any control over it. So when I found how great the need of help was, I had no choice but to come myself.’

He put on a lighter tone, as if alluding to a mere matter of business; and for a moment she seemed to be considering his words.

‘Then there is no need that it should be kept secret any longer! You can have help, now; that woman said you were killing yourself with watching.’

‘She takes a gloomy view of affairs, poor thing. I have done nothing to hurt myself yet, and I have help, too, besides herself. An old man, whom I can trust as I would myself, is keeping guard in there for me now. But I should like, as far as possible, to keep my word with Mr. Lorimer, and keep his secret till he comes back. I thought *you* would know where he was.’

‘No! not even *when* he went away. Have you been here long?’

‘Two days. It seems longer, but it is only two days.’

‘And two nights also! To-morrow I shall come and relieve you, that you may rest. I must not stay now, because they would be surprised and uneasy; but it is my right to come, and to-morrow I shall claim it. There is no more risk for me than for you, perhaps less! and there is no one at home that I need consider, for my sister-in-law and the children are all away.’

‘You know what I think of that proposal!’ he said. ‘My comfort is, that Mr. Lyndhurst will not hear of it.’

‘Don’t you know that I always have my way? Poor Arnold!’

he has felt, I think, that he could give me nothing else. But good as he is to me, he cannot help me as you can if you will.'

'How can I help you? you know you have only to tell me.'

She hesitated a moment, and for the first time during the interview showed a human and girlish discomposure.

It seemed as if she suddenly realised their relation to each other, and the full meaning of the confession he had just made to her; for even in the white moonlight he saw that she flushed up to the roots of her hair.

'I presume upon your goodness when I ask you,' she said, speaking very low. 'Perhaps it is hardly modest of me even to talk of such things to you. But I *must* find out about him. . . . You said, just now, that you heard that I had given myself to him. That was true. I *did* give myself to him, body and soul, heart and mind. . . . And now, after all these years, I have to doubt what sort of man I gave myself to; whether he has not been cowardly and cruel as well as reckless; whether for my sake he would really have cast off his own child. . . . Can you tell, I wonder, how bitter a thing that is for a woman?'

'I can guess. But you need not believe——'

'I *must* be *sure*! Though I do not know, I have a sort of clue as to where he may be found—that is to say, he *may* be there still. If I were like other women I might write, or go, or find out somehow for myself. But I am like an owl in the daylight. I want some one to see, and hear, and use their judgment for me. Besides, I would not write before, and now he may be gone.'

'I understand,' said Alick slowly. 'You want some one to trace him out and bring him back.'

'I want to know the truth from his own lips. And there are things that you know already that I must not tell to Arnold, even if Arnold had ever liked Louis or known how to deal with him.'

'Do *I* like him then so much,' thought Alick, but swallowed the bitter words, and was silent for half a moment, schooling himself to consent graciously.

Consent he must, as much as any champion of old to whom his lady had thought fit to set some uncongenial and painful task; but the cheerful spirit of those old-world heroes seemed hard to come by.

Romance apart, it was as bitter a thing, both to his pride and to his love, as he could conceive.

To seek out Louis Lorimer, when, for some inconceivable

reason, he seemed to have gone off in a huff, and to court him and persuade him to return ; on Katrine's behalf to make the best of a bad matter and patch up a reconciliation between her and the man who ought to have been humbly at her feet : the mere thought of it seemed an insult and an outrage to her !

How could she ask it ? And yet she *had* asked it, and nothing else would satisfy her or cost himself so dear. There lay the one glimmer of satisfaction—that no other man would ever love her so well, ever show her a greater proof of love than this that she had asked with such childish simplicity and would accept with so little understanding of its meaning.

‘I will do it, Miss Lyndhurst ! May I call you Katrine, just for once ? I am afraid I always think of you as Katrine. . . . I will find him, and you shall know the truth—if he can tell it to you.’

Alick could not keep back the last words, but he dropped his voice so that she need not hear them. And she looked up as if she were trying to read his face, which was dark in the shadow as hers was pale in the light.

‘I cannot thank you, and you do not wish to be thanked. You think I have not understood what you told me just now, but I understand perhaps better than you do ; you have been very sorry for me, and you are sorry for me still, and pity makes you very kind. I did not dream that any one could be so kind, though the world for me has been full of goodness. . . . I shall never forget it, never forget that you would have been ready to love and comfort the “poor ghost” that I heard some one call me once. But I have come back to life again, and you must not pity me any more. . . . Now I am going, and to-morrow I shall come back and set you free.’

‘Wait one moment and I will find you an escort,’ said Alick, just touching the hand that she held out to him. In the sort of despairing quietness that followed the effort of his resolution, it did not seem worth while to argue with her as to whether he had only loved her out of pity, any more than as to whether she would be permitted to come back on the morrow.

‘Thank you, old nurse is close by,’ she answered. ‘She will come with me to-morrow, and she has no more fear than I have, and a great deal more experience. Good-bye, and I wish it were not so much of a farce to wish you good-night.’

Again Alick half laughed, not very mirthfully, but with a touch of that pleasure with which we hear a child we love putting on a

little tone of grown-up wisdom and forethought. It was delight, not disenchantment, to him to hear her speak in an ordinary and mundane fashion.

‘Good-night, then ; and as for to-morrow, we will see !’ he said, and watched her turn away, and cross the shadow of the laurels into another patch of moonlight, where her dark slender figure was joined by another, shorter and stouter, and the two passed out of sight together.

‘They are better, perhaps, without either Hudson or me,’ he thought, turning back into the house to join his friend, and reproach him for his well-meant wilfulness—in vain, as far as producing any penitence went.

But Hudson was not allowed to carry out his wish and stay all night, and indeed Alick’s looks partly bore him out when he declared that his brief rest had done him untold good, and that he was now quite fresh again. Strenuous effort was the atmosphere to which he was used and in which he throve ; and pain for Katrine’s sake had an element of pleasure. To have seen her was much, and that she should turn to him for help in her need was more ; while the prospect of *doing* something for her, however much against the grain, seemed to break the dreary spell that had of late written *Finis* wherever he turned his eyes.

He looked forward with interest to the morrow, though he could not believe that Katrine would contrive to come herself to his release, and could not be altogether angry with Jane Wardlaw, though by her action she had done much to defeat the one purpose which had brought or kept him there.

In fact, by the time morning came she was too ill to be blamed or remonstrated with, though Alick saw reason to hope still that it was not small-pox, but only an increase of fever brought on by excitement and over-exertion. Louie was better, but quite as *exigeante* as ever, and between his two patients he was rather in difficulties, and wondering what he must do, when Hudson arrived, joyfully acting as guide to Sister Margaret.

She looked as fresh and capable after her long journey as if she had just stepped in from next door, and checked Alick’s apology for having sent for her from so far by something like an apology for having been out of reach when he wanted her.

For Jane Wardlaw she was of course able to do far more than Alick could have achieved ; but Louie clung to ‘Daddy,’ as she

still called him, and would not let a stranger come near her. To set her fretting again was not to be thought of, and Alick's release seemed still distant when the loneliness of the little cottage was broken by another pair of visitors—Katrine Lyndhurst and her old nurse.

Alick wondered how he should explain Katrine's presence to Sister Margaret, and finally decided that he had better say nothing at all, but simply name them to each other and leave them to come to an understanding, which they did, as far as he could make out, by the brief process of one instant's look into each other's eyes.

But Louie's conduct seemed to Alick the strangest and prettiest thing he had seen a long time. She fixed her eyes on the new-comers as they entered, and Katrine threw her a smiling but only half regardful look, as she stood beside the bed, talking to Sister Margaret and Mr. Rutherford; then presently drew a little nearer, and held out her hand, almost without turning her head.

Louie took and held it, stroking the white fingers and examining the rings; then signified her wish for a little more attention by a gentle pull. Miss Lyndhurst sat down in the chair beside the pillow, giving the child a glance and smile now and then in the intervals of speaking and listening to the others, but nothing more.

The hand was drawn and laid against Louie's cheek, and softly kissed two or three times; then, as that seemed unnoticed, it was patted with some impatience. Miss Lyndhurst finished what she was saying, then turned to the child.

'What is it, dear?'

'Let me whisper to you.'

She bent her head, but the whisper was perfectly audible to the others.

'Don't talk to *them* any more! I want you to talk to *me*!'

'Presently, dear! Mr. Rutherford, I think you will be allowed to go now.'

'Is Louie so fickle as that?' asked Sister Margaret, smiling.

'No; she is only bewitched!' said Alick. 'I have seen it happen before, and my feelings are not at all hurt. I think I *will* go, all the same, if I am allowed, now. Miss Lyndhurst, have you the address you promised me?'

'I think—I will not give it you,' she said. She looked slowly round the dreary room, and at the little wasted figure on the

bed ; then lifted her eyes to his, with an expression he had not seen in them before. 'You are tired out, you must go home and rest, and trouble yourself no more with other people's business. And as for them, let them do as they choose, and reap as they have sown !'

Alick caught her meaning, and the revulsion of feeling for one instant made him dizzy as if with a physical shock. Could she mean what she said ?—could the love that had survived so much have been really killed by this last blow ?

For one instant it seemed like release from a most painful task, like unknown hope for the future ; and then common-sense and despair came back hand in hand, and he became aware that the clear eyes fixed on his were full of wonder, and that Sister Margaret had turned away, as if perceiving some mystery upon which she did not wish to intrude.

'Fair play !' he said gently. 'Let us try at least to be as fair as we can. No one ought to be condemned in ignorance, or left to ruin themselves in ignorance. I *must* have that address please ; and I will rest myself in travelling, as I have often done before.'

She laid a folded paper in his outstretched hand, still looking at him, though with an expression that he could not now read so easily.

'Do you think *you* can put him in his place again ?' she asked, with an emphasis in her undertone that he could not understand. 'Well, you can but try ! And I can only thank you with all my soul—if only for showing me——'

She paused, more deliberately than as if embarrassed, and added softly—

'Please go now ! Good-bye !'

(*To be continued.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.**CAMEO CCXCI.****1730-1736.****THE WAR OF THE POLISH ELECTION.**

FRESH disturbances were preparing for Europe. Victor Amadeus of Savoy, who had become among the various changes King of Sardinia, suddenly resigned his crown to his son. The cause was apparently that at sixty-three he had fallen in love with the widowed Marchesa di San Sebastian, one of his daughter-in-law's ladies, who was forty-five, and had secretly married her on the 12th of August, 1730.

On the 3rd of the following September, without warning to her, his son, or any one else, he announced his abdication in council at his Castle of Rivoli, reserving to himself only a pension of 50,000 crowns, and then he set off with his bride for Chambery.

He had been a harsh father to Charles Emanuel, who at twenty-nine found himself so unexpectedly in possession of the throne. He changed the Ministry, much to his father's vexation, and in the course of the winter, Victor Amadeus had an apoplectic attack, which probably made him more irritable. The father and son had quarrelled, the old King was plainly tired of his retreat, and it was whispered that he was going to withdraw his act of abdication. The young King assembled his council in alarm, and the Chancellor Gattinara, Archbishop of Turin, obtained from him an order for the arrest of his father, on the plea that he was misguided by his wife.

The order was brutally executed. A party of grenadiers, some with torches, others with bayonets, entered the King's bedroom at Montcalieri in the middle of the night. His wife was wakened by the noise, and jumped out of bed with a scream. She was instantly seized by the soldiers, and just as she was, was put into a carriage and carried off to a convent at Carignan. Poor Victor Amadeus was so heavily asleep as to have heard nothing

of all this, and he did not wake till he had been roughly shaken by the Count of la Perosa. Then he could not believe that his son could have given such an order, and struggled so that he was carried off at last, rolled up in the bed-clothes. The soldiers, between whose ranks he was carried, and who were attached to him, durst not interfere. He was taken to Rivoli, and there whenever he attempted to speak to any one he was only answered by a low bow, nor were any letters allowed to reach him. He was like a madman at first under such treatment, but after some weeks two monks were sent to him, and calmed him. When he found that neither his grandson, Louis XV., nor his son-in-law, Philip V., made any move on his behalf, nor any of his old generals and counsellors, he gave up hope and submitted to his fate. His wife, his servants, and his books were then restored to him, and he was allowed to return to Montcalieri; but his health was entirely broken, and he died on the 31st of October, 1732.

In Russia, Catharine, the widow of Peter the Great, had died in 1727, and his grandson, Peter II., a mere boy, was a victim to the small-pox in 1730, upon which Anne, the daughter of the great Peter's elder brother, began a not very respectable reign of ten years.

Neither of these events had, however, such an effect on the affairs of Europe as the death of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, and King of Poland. He had been one of the handsomest, strongest, and most voluptuous men in Europe. He could twist a horseshoe with his fingers, so that the Turks called him the bender of horseshoes, and his palace at Dresden was full of splendid plate, jewels and pictures; but the habits of his court were so shocking to all sense of Christian propriety that the stern old soldier, Frederick William of Prussia, was horrified at having taken his son thither, went away in haste, and swore never to come near it again.

However, he sent his Minister, Grumkow, thither on the invitation of Augustus, who wanted to purchase the hereditary succession to the throne of Poland for his family, by consenting to the Pragmatic Sanction in favour of the daughters of Charles VI. Grumkow and Augustus each hoped to discover the secrets of the other by making him intoxicated, and the carousal was such that the King died of it, in 1733, and the Minister never recovered the effects. This was the time, as it seemed for poor Stanislas Lecksinski to regain his crown, and to his great

joy, he heard that the nobles of Poland had sworn only to elect a Pole for their King. Assisted by French money, and buoyed up by French promises, he left the Castle of Chambord, and arrived at Warsaw, where he was unanimously elected by that wonderful diet of 60,000 nobles, which was wont to assemble on horseback in the open field.

The son of Augustus, Frederick Augustus, had not a single partisan in Poland, but he had an army of 33,000 men, and both Charles VI. and Czaritza Anne were pledged to support him, while the army of Poland had been kept low by his father, and only consisted of 15,000. All at once, before France could interfere, the Russian, Austrian, and Saxon armies invaded Poland. The untrained force of the nobles was dispersed ; many were made prisoners, and these were dragged, some of them in chains, to an inn near Warsaw, where the election of Frederick Augustus was forced from their reluctant lips. The unfortunate Stanislas was forced to flee to Dantzic, a merchant city almost independent, though under Polish protection, and devoted to his cause. His bravest friends joined him there, and for five months they held out with the utmost courage and constancy, sustained by the hope that Louis XV. would send troops for their relief. At length a few ships, bearing 1500 soldiers, which had been designed for the King's escort to Warsaw, appeared in the Baltic, but all the means of approach to the beleaguered city had been occupied by the Russians, and the old officer in command, Le Peyrouse de Lamotte, thought the risk too great, and returned to Copenhagen to await reinforcements.

The French envoy to Denmark, Colonel Count Plélo, was shocked at what he held to be a disgrace to his flag, and declared that the attempt ought to be made.

'The talk of a man safe in his Cabinet,' said one of the officers, and Plélo was so much stung that he undertook to lead the relief party himself, though he knew that the attempt would be hopeless, and wrote to the Minister of foreign affairs to commend to the care of the country his wife and children. Lamotte felt obliged to go with him ; they landed, made a gallant attack, and Plélo fell under fifteen wounds. It was an error, not merely of rashness, but because an envoy was like a herald, bound never to make war, and the next French ambassador to Russia paid the penalty, being kept prisoner for eighteen months. Lamotte now contrived to form camp, which he held out for a whole month, though he could

do nothing for the besieged. There is a place still shown at Dantzic as the grave of the Russians. His courage was so much admired by the Russian General Munich, that when at length he had to surrender, he and all his troops were allowed free passage home. Dantzic was thus obliged to give up hope, and the first condition was that Stanislas should be given up. The King, however, had started in the disguise of a peasant with General Steinflict and three guides in a little boat, crossing flooded meadows, and trying to keep within reach of the Vistula, but not able to approach it because of the Russian outposts. As they went, they heard the salutes of the cannon announcing the surrender of the town, and on they crept for days, hiding behind hedges, or in bogs, or in barns, where a breath might have betrayed them, while Munich was issuing proclamations threatening any one who concealed the fugitives. Thus at last they reached the Prussian town of Marienwerder, and thence returned to France.

Fleury was thought to have thus left the King's father-in-law to his fate because he disliked the Queen for her one unfortunate attempt at influence. The war, in concert with Philip V. of Spain and Charles Emanuel of Sardinia, was going on in Italy, against Charles VI., and the Queen of Spain at last saw her hopes fulfilled of securing a kingdom for her son. A descent was made on the kingdom of Naples, where the Spaniards were much preferred to the Austrians, the conquest was easy, almost bloodless, and her son, Carlos, was proclaimed King of Naples and Sicily.

The Emperor was raising troops, and hoping for support from England, but Walpole was resolved to keep out of war which but slightly concerned the country. Fleury decided on a campaign on the Rhine, and gave the command to Marshal Berwick. This very noble person, who had nearly all the military talent of his uncle Marlborough, and all the best qualities of the House of Stewart, except their personal charm of manner, had been living quietly for the last eight years at his estate of Fitzjames, so bringing up his children that for two generations more they were marked out by their religious and honourable character, and it is impossible not to wonder how it would have been with England if Arabella Churchill had been wife to James II.

Montesquieu, the philosophical moralist, said, 'In Plutarch's Lives I have seen great men at a distance ; in Marshal Berwick I have seen what they were.' His half-brother, the Chevalier, had not the sense to estimate his worth, and was repelled by his

grave dry manner, so that he kept aloof, and only did his best for his fellow exiles. 'I hear of nothing but these Irish officers,' said Louis XIV. one day, when he made some application on their behalf. 'Sire,' returned the Duke, 'your Majesty's enemies make the same complaint.'

His hours were arranged with military precision for reading, walking, writing his very valuable memoirs of his own time, conversing with friends, and attending to his gardens, which he had laid out himself. Thence he was summoned to command the army of the Rhine, in which he found the future chief general of the French armies, Maurice, an illegitimate son of Augustus the Strong, who, on his father's death, had entered the French army, and was known by the title of Count Maurice of Saxe. He had inherited much of his father's strength, beauty, and talent, and is said to have been the great-grandfather of the French authoress called Georges Sand.

In 1733, Berwick invested Kehl, but it was too late in the year for carrying on operations, and he could not begin to secure the passages across the Rhine by besieging Kehl and Philipsburg till the spring of 1734, when he found nothing ready, for the Count de Belleisle had, by inflated language and fine promises, induced Cardinal Fleury to grant him, for besieging Traerbach, all that artillery that had been prepared for Berwick, for Philipsburg. The other survivor of the former wars was Prince Eugene, who had been called on by the Emperor to take the command. He had not approved of the undertaking, nor of the unjustifiable interference with the Polish Election, but his voice was not listened to. 'I have seen three emperors,' he said; 'Leopold was my father, Joseph my brother, this one is my master.'

However, like a good soldier, though seventy-one years of age, he obeyed the call, and was enthusiastically greeted by the Austrian troops, who called him 'father,' and the King of Prussia, who was in the camp with his son, said, 'I see my master;' but the troops were only half what had been promised, and, except the Prussians, were raw levies, ill-equipped, so that Eugene could attempt nothing, and had to abandon the lines of Eslingen, enabling the French to begin the siege of Philipsburg on the 3rd of June. On the 12th, Berwick, while visiting the trenches, mounted the bank thrown up so as to see round him, not listening to a sentinel who had been posted below to prevent persons going on so dangerous a spot. In a moment, a cannon ball took off his head. He was sixty-three years of age when he fell, in

the same way, and nearly in the same place, as Marshal Turenne, leaving an equally honourable name. The Marquis d'Asfeld went on with the siege and took Philipsburg in July.

Another of the old generals, Villars, at eighty-one, had been sent into Italy. He had always been boastful, having beaten every one except Marlborough, and he said to Cardinal Fleury, 'Tell the King that he may dispose of Italy, I shall conquer it for him.' The Queen of France fastened a cockade in his hat, the Queen of Spain sent one to meet him at Lyons, and the Queen of Sardinia had another for him at Turin. To her he said, 'My hat is adorned by a flight of three queens to make me fortunate in my enterprises for the three crowns.'

Milan and its duchy were conquered, though Charles Emanuel resented Villars' airs of superiority, and almost always refused to follow his advice. However, one day when they were reconnoitering with an escort of only eighty grenadiers, they found themselves before four hundred of the enemy, who opened fire on them. 'Now is the time for audacity,' said the old Marshal; 'retreat would be destruction.' They charged so boldly that the four hundred fled before them, and the King could not help saying, 'M. le Maréchal, I was not surprised by your valour so much as by your vigour and activity.'

'Sire,' he answered, 'they are my last sparks. It is my last engagement, and thus I take leave of war.'

For he was mortified at the disregard of his advice, and was irritable and forgetful, so that it was found well to persuade him that his health was not equal to the fatigue. He left the camp, and the King, who was glad to get rid of him, had not the grace to say more than, 'Bon voyage, M. le Maréchal.' He only reached Turin before he was taken ill. When tidings came that Berwick had been killed by a cannon shot, he sighed out, 'That man was always lucky,' and he died the next day, it is said, in the room where he had been born when his father was ambassador at Turin.

Eugene likewise was experiencing the fate of old age in being disregarded by the young. He knew his army to be unequal to a battle with the French, and would not let himself be goaded into one by all the murmurs of his subordinate, the Duke of Bevern. This general actually sent letters to Vienna describing the Prince as in his dotage, and Charles VI. sent spies to report, but no such thing could be proved, and Eugene held the French armies in check with all his old ability.

Charles had hoped for aid from England, and a Jacobite fugitive, the Abbé Strickland, who had become a spy for any government that would employ him, was sent to find out if anything would induce the English to assist her ally. The English envoy at Vienna asked how the Austrian court could send such a person, and the Empress, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick, answered, 'When one is drowning one catches at a straw.' However, the straw was of no service, and Queen Caroline sent him away with a private letter to the Empress, telling her that England was determined not to enter upon a war.

The Emperor could not help consenting to allow the English and Dutch to propose terms of peace after all his losses. France, though victorious, had lost her best generals, and the Cardinal was always on the side of peace. The final decision was that Frederick Augustus of Saxony should keep Poland, but that Stanislas should have his title and estates. Moreover, that he should receive the Duchy of Lorraine, and bequeath it to his daughter and grandson, so that it might become annexed to France in another generation. The young Duke Francis of Lorraine and his brother would have ample compensation for losing 'Lotharingia,' the portion of Lothar, the Karling from whom they were directly descended, for they were betrothed to Maria Theresa and her sister, the daughters of Charles VI., and thus, by the Pragmatic Sanction, would obtain the hereditary dominions of Austria, with hopes of bringing the Karling race back again to the Empire. Maria Theresa was by this time eighteen years old, and devotedly in love with her Francis. She was very able and high spirited, and her persuasions had great influence on her father. Francis, moreover, was to become Grand Duke of Tuscany on the death of the reigning prince, the last of the Medici, while Don Carlos retained Naples and Sicily. Immediately after the conclusion of the peace, Maria Theresa was married to Francis of Lorraine on the 12th of February, 1736. They were deeply attached with a love that never wavered nor wore out.

In the midst of the festivities, Prince Eugene died suddenly in the night. He had, except during his brief campaign on the Rhine, been living a quiet beneficent life at Vienna, amusing himself with his museum, with writing his own memoirs, and superintending the works on which he employed the starving poor. He was so good a master that his servants grew old in

his house, and in his last year, the united ages of himself, his coachman, and two footmen amounted to three hundred and ten years. He was the only person in the Court who had any real good sense except the young Archduchess, and the English envoy wrote to Walpole that during his last two years 'even the remainder of what he *had been* kept things in some order, as his very yes or no, during his sounder age, had kept them in the best.' He was found dead in his bed, at the age of seventy-three.

Every honour was paid to him. His body was embalmed, and his heart sent to be buried in the tomb of his Savoyard ancestors at Turin. He lay in state for three days, with helmet, coat of mail, and gauntlets over head, and was buried at St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, with the honours of one of the Imperial family. 'Our good Prince Eugene,' as Southey deservedly makes the old peasant of Hochstadt call him, was probably the last person of note who could recollect Louis XIV., in the midst of the false glory, at which he had sickened, and from which he had fled. We know him best as the generous friend of Marlborough; and truly the possession of rare qualities was proved by his entire absence of jealousy of a man far inferior to him in birth, and just enough his superior in military talent, to have been likely to excite the jealousy of a man of a lower nature. Yet, independent as were their commands, they always worked in harmony together, and were throughout instances of noble friendship. Of his other exploits, in the war against the Turks, and the capture of Belgrade, as well as of his brave defence of his ancestral home at Savoy, nothing has been said, as these are scarcely linked with English history, but there are few nobler names among the men of the eighteenth century than that of Eugenio von Savoie, as he used to sign himself, to show that he belonged to three nations.

UNDER THE CHURCHYARD ELMS, STRATFORD- ON-AVON.

VISION of Peace! How still the river flows,
While on its placid breast so gently falling
Pale leaves of Autumn glide; how tranquil shows
The sunlight through o'erarching boughs that glows,
Where to each other idle rooks are calling.

How peacefully yon green and sunlit mead
Spreads to the curvings of the shining river,
Where willows droop, and many a rush and reed
Seems by its tender swaying to give heed
To the soft Avon's every sigh and quiver.

Stately the swans sail by, and from the brim
Puts forth a little company together—
The moor-fowl's brood. Far off the fields are dim
With a bright haze; even to th' horizon's rim
All lies at rest in the fair golden weather.

Here, in a 'session of sweet, silent thought,'
I muse upon the deep, mysterious pleasure
That to the tired heart and brain o'erwrought
Sameness imparts—a lesson ever taught
By Nature's changeful changelessness and leisure.

Hard by—the thought is with me like a spell—
Beneath yon holy roof, life's fitful fever
For ever past, our Shakspeare sleepeth well,
'Mid sights and sounds unchanged—the calm Church bell,
The song of birds, the fields, the gliding river.

What wonder that—youth's garish springtime gone—
So sweet a Land of Beulah should have power
(When the great hurly-burly all was done,
And Life's long, noisy battle lost and won)
To soothe the mighty spirit's final hour?

Unchangingness and quietude! There lies
Beneath our hurry and our restless motion
A yearning deep that never wholly dies,
For things that are *the same*—the flowers, the skies,
The unalterable majesty of ocean.

It seems a breath from purer, calmer climes,
Wafting the thought of Him Who changeth never,
Who reigns above our fleeting, shifting times,
The Same, amid Heaven's everlasting chimes,
Yesterday and to-day, and even for ever.

Yet not forgetful of the world He planned,
For, though with Him no varying is nor turning,
He orders change, our times are in His Hand;
Through strife He leads us to the Quiet Land,
By earth's unrest gives us a Heavenward yearning.

TERRA-COTTA.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

V. ARTHEGALL, THE KNIGHT OF JUSTICE.

THE various layers of interest which form, as it were, foundations on which the story of the Faery Queene is constructed, come by turns to the surface. Sometimes we forget them altogether in the vivid human story. The religious or moral purpose always gives the characters a soul, and often is hardly clothed with flesh and blood ; the extension of this into the world of nature, when the idea has once been suggested, may be constantly recognized, and culminates in the wonderful fragment of the seventh book—while all through, we feel the presence of a mysticism that underlies the whole.

But, prominent among all the other motives, are the allusions which are to us historical ; but which, for a contemporary, portrayed passing events and living characters under the guise of old romance, and under the strict control of courtly propriety, must have given to the first readers of the Faery Queene, in its own day, something of the interest of a political caricature.

This interest is much more prominent in this fifth book than in any of the others ; and, whatever it may have been once, is not entirely satisfactory to readers of the present day.

Spenser's conception of Justice is originally of the finest ; but he localises and limits it. The divine Astroea is apparently content to return to earth, in the England of Elizabeth, and quite satisfied with the standard she finds there. There is not much amiss in her decisions, but they are of the earth, earthy, not ideal and transcendent.

Spenser evidently conceives Justice as Rightness, the state of things which is induced by the balance of forces secured by Temperance. The courses of the stars having changed from the beginning, and gone, as he supposes, wrong (see Introduction), accounts for the impropriety of human affairs.

The distinctions of sex, of rank, of nationality, and of the order and government of society as he knew it, are part of this Divine order, this righteous fabric of the universe ; and any departure from them is unjust,

and to be punished by the champion of Justice. It is necessary, therefore, to realise that Justice is conceived of by Spenser as the Divine Law in nature and in morals, the highest expression of the Will of God, and also that he did not find any difficulty in applying this Divine Law in individual instances, or suffer from the slightest compunction in carrying his conception of it out.

We read of the great *Arthegall* several times in the earlier part of the poem. According to Merlin, he was the son of Gorlois, King of Cornwall; but was carried away by faeries to the kingdom of Gloriana. He was educated by *Astræa*, the Virgin of the Zodiac, when she dwelt among men. She taught him—

Book III.

Canto III. 26.

Book V.

Canto I. 11.

‘In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,’

and provided him with the Divine sword of Jove, by name *Chrysaor*, and with a squire, ‘made of iron mould,’ named *Talus*. Arthegall won great honour at the Court of Gloriana. Guyon refers to him as one of the noblest of the ‘knights of Maydenhead (who, we wonder, was his companion Sophy?), and his name is well known to St. George as an honourable champion. Before, or soon after, he undertook the adventure which forms the subject of the fifth book, he met and was overthrown by Britomart in the lists, at Sir Satyrane’s tournament, when disguised ‘as a salvage knight.’ Disgusted at his defeat, and indifferent to the dispute as to Florimell’s girdle, he went away in haste, again to encounter Britomart, and to yield once for all his love to hers, his manhood to her beauty. Their betrothal over (it was foretold, observe, by Merlin, and was a link in the destiny of their country, and so formed part of the eternal decrees), they parted to follow their different callings, and Arthegall pursued the adventure to which Gloriana had appointed him. This was to deliver the fair lady *Irene* (*Ierne*, Ireland, is here intended; alas! how many champions have broken their swords in her cause in vain) from the giant *Grantorto*.

Book II.

Canto IX. 6.

Book III.

Canto II. 9.

Book IV.

Canto IV. 43.

Canto VI. 10.

Book V.

Canto I. 3.

I. 13.

As he rode forth with his iron squire, Talus, he saw a squire weeping by the roadside, with a headless lady lying beside him. He declared that as he sat there with his lady, a wicked knight came and carried her off, leaving his own dame in her stead. But when the poor deserted lady objected to the exchange, he promptly cut off her head. The knight, *Sir Sanglier*, when caught by Talus, denied the whole story, and Arthegall imitated the judgment of Solomon by proposing to divide the remaining lady between the two claimants. The squire, being the true lover, preferred to yield her altogether, and Arthegall fulfilled the claims of justice by restoring them to each other.

I. 26.

Canto II. 3.

Having thus resisted unjust violence, he was on his way to the wedding of Florimell and Marinell, when he was told of the giant Pollentè, who levied an unjust toll on all the passengers over a certain

bridge, drowning those who refused to pay, and bringing all his spoils to his daughter *Munera*, a fair lady with golden hands and silver feet.

II. 18. Arthegall destroyed the wicked giant, and he and his squire forced their way into the castle, indifferent to the showers of gold poured forth to tempt them; cut off *Munera*'s guilty hands of gold, and the silver feet that walked in such crooked paths, and drowned her, with her ill-gotten pelf in the brook. (Here, of course, is the destruction of all unjust money claims, taking of bribes, levying unjust tolls and taxes, all claiming of more than is justly due.)

II. 29. Arthegall and his squire rode on to the sea-coast, where they presently saw a great crowd of people, who were all pressing round a mighty giant. He stood upon a rock, with a great pair of scales in his hand, in which he declared that he could weigh sea and earth, heaven and hell, air and fire, and restore to each what each had stolen from the other. Also, he said—

II. 38. 'Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And lordings curbe that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.'

Arthegall objected to this boast, on the ground that as the giant could not know exactly how by the Will of God everything stood at the first, he could not restore the ancient balance. (Note the beauty of Arthegall's speech.) He asked the giant to weigh right and wrong, false and true in his scales; but no heap of lies tilts the balance a hair's breadth, no two wrongs could weigh against the right. But the giant did not seek the right, but the redistribution of everything, and so 'Talus flung him into the sea, and when the 'rascall crew' were angry at the destruction of their hopes, drove them back into holes and corners with his flail, since they were not worthy of the sword of the noble Arthegall.

(There is the most extraordinary mixture, to our ideas, in this allegory. Arthegall makes a noble appeal to the Heavenly justice, but he founds it on a piece of false physical science (35). On the other hand he puts the 'indestructibility of matter' into an exquisitely poetic form, and founds upon it the doctrine that social inequalities are part of the Divine order of creation (41). He appeals from man's ignorance to God's sure knowledge, since, when we know not the weight of words or winds, how can we judge of Divine law?—and then he sweeps away the lawless multitude, without one thought that this Divine justice could have anything to do with them.)

Canto III. Arthegall now attended the long-deferred bridal of *Marinell* and *Florimell*, and here he finally destroyed the delusion of the false *Florimell*, by setting her face to face with the true, and was the means of restoring to *Guyon* his horse, *Brigadore*, stolen by *Braggadocchio*, when

Guyon rushed to the rescue of Amavia (a piece of justice at which every one must rejoice) and unmasked Braggadocchio's pretences to courage and knightliness to which he had no just right.

Book II.

III. 37.

Riding on his way, when the festivities were over, he met two brethren in bitter dispute about the property and land cast up by the sea. Arthegall settled the matter by declaring that

Book IV.

Canto I.
7 to 20.

‘What the mighty sea hath once possessed

He may dispose by his imperiall might.’

(This decision appears to justify the old notion of ‘wreckers’ rights in ‘flotsam and jetsam.’)

Arthegall now encountered a hapless knight surrounded by a troop of women, armed and ready to fight, who had tied a halter round his neck and were about to hang him. Gladly would they have captured Arthegall also; but he, though unwilling himself to fight with women (any more than with the rabble), caused Talus to frighten them away with a few strokes of his iron flail, and then enquired of the knight, whom he recognized as *Sir Terpine*, how he came to be in such a wretched plight. Terpine told him that he had fallen under the power of a terrible Amazonian princess named *Radigund*, who had vowed vengeance upon all men because Sir Belladont had scorned her love. Every knight whom she conquered in battle she compelled to be her slave; dressed him in women's weeds, fed him on bread and water, and set him

I. 21.

‘To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring.’

Terpine had chosen death rather than such dire disgrace. Then was the noble Arthegall moved to set straight so shocking a reversal of natural rights, and together with Terpine and Talus attacked the Amazonian city, and worked such destruction without its walls, that Radigund sounded a retreat, and afterwards sent a maiden herald, *Clarín*, to challenge Arthegall to single combat, the conditions being that if she conquered him, he was to be her slave; if he conquered, she would be his, which challenge Arthegall unwarily pledged himself to accept. Radigund appeared for the battle, splendid as a false copy of the Moon-goddess, with no lack of daring trappings on her armour; and Arthegall, very unwilling to fight with a woman, was at a disadvantage, but was at last forced to strike the lady to the ground, and then ‘overcome *not* overcome,’ at sight of her woman's beauty, he was forced to abide by the letter of his promise, and consent to be her slave. So then was the noble Arthegall, the manliest of knights, clad in woman's weeds, and with a white apron instead of armour, set among many others to spin and card, and to earn the bread and water,—with which poor fare his gallant spirit was to be brought low,—by the

I. 31.

I. 48.

Canto I. 1.

V. 3.

work of his hands, the woman's work which those strong hands must have done so ill.

But Radigund, who after all was 'not borne of bears and tygers,' fell passionately in love with her thrall, as did also her handmaid, Clarin, and, would he have yielded to the solicitations of either lady, he might have been set free. But he preferred outward shame to inward dishonour, and, rather than break his plighted word, or his faith to his own lady, went on with his degrading tasks, for though

'His bodie was her thrall, his *heart* was freely plaist.'

(This incident is the first of the many burlesques of 'the rights of women'; but we must be careful not to read into it too modern a conception. Radigund, of course, assumes a power unfitting to her sex, and incompatible with abstract justice, but she has no desire to obliterate sex distinctions. She fights, after all, with feminine weapons. Notice the difference between her attractive 'get-up' as a warrior, and the simple disguise of the modest Britomart, who, when she has to fight among men, is most careful not to allow her womanhood to be suspected. She tries to win by force what should have been freely granted to her charms, and it appears to me that we have here another side of the principle so strongly insisted on in the former books, that

'Sweet is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.'

It appeared, of course, to Spenser a much more violent inversion of right that a woman should force a man to her will, than that a man should tyrannise over a woman. It was a sin against justice as well as against true love; the point evidently is that though she imprisoned his body, he 'in his soul was free.'

She did not want to be independent of Arthegall, but to hold him in her power. What Spenser had exactly in his mind it is, of course, impossible to say, but the great Gloriana herself was not incapable of very energetic wooing, and viragoes flourished in her day.)

Canto VI. 3. In the meantime, Britomart had begun to suffer cruel anxiety and jealous fear at her lord's long absence and silence, till Talus, who had been left outside the city, came running to her with tidings of her lord's captivity, not to a tyrant, 'but a tyrannesse.' Then Britomart, her worst fears fulfilled, flung away from him and threw herself on her bed, lamenting not with womanish tears and cries, 'but with deep sighs and singulfs few.' Then she forced herself to hear the end of Talus's story, and when she heard how her lord was detained against his will, she got to horse and bid Talus guide her to the spot, riding silent with down-cast eyes and 'felnesse in her heart,' to free her lord from this terrible caricature of true womanly power.

VI. 13.

After an adventure with a treacherous knight, she came to the

Temple of Isis, the Moon-goddess, the wife of Osiris, the god of Justice, who herself represents— *Canto VII.*
2.

‘That part of justice which is equity.’

Sleeping at the feet of the goddess, surrounded by ascetic priests, in moon-shaped mitres, Britomart dreamed a dream, which, when she related it to the priest, revealed to him her royal descent, her union with Arthegall, and how a child should be born to them. This must have recalled to Britomart the prophecy of Merlin. After thus rendering homage to the mystical union of womanly mercy and manly justice, typified by Osiris and Isis, Britomart went on to the city of Radigund, at the gate of which a fearful combat ensued between the two (the false and the true ideals of womanhood), in which Britomart, though herself sorely wounded, finally conquered, and put her enemy to death. *VII. 13.*
Book III.
Canto III.
III. 27.

Then the great wrong against Nature’s order was so fiercely revenged by Talus, that Britomart at last for pity stayed his hand, and then broke into the iron prison in which Arthegall was plying his unnatural tasks. *III. 36.*

‘She turned her head aside, as nothing glad.’

‘What may-game hath misfortune made of you?’ she said, and, taking him away, re-clothed him in his manly armour, and when his strength and courage had returned to him, she proceeded to set right all the inverted order of the city, freeing the captive knights, who were set to govern it and swore fealty to Arthegall, the champion of Divine Justice. Then, though with a heavy heart, she let him start forth again on his quest, which must not be abandoned for her love or his own pleasure.

(After this point the story seems to be moulded almost entirely to suit the political allegory.) Arthegall, having now escaped from a danger which had ruined other noble champions before him, went on his way with Talus, and, after joining with a strange knight in the punishment of two knights who were pursuing a hapless maiden, discovered in him Prince Arthur himself, *Canto VIII.*
VIII. 3.

‘So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,’

that his heart was drawn to him with great affection; and together they enquired of the damsel who the traitors were who had pursued her. She told them that her name was *Samient*, and that she was the maiden herald of the great Queen *Mercilla*, and so the object of attack from the *Soldan*, her enemy, whose wife, *Adicia* (Injustice), stirred him up to all kinds of evil. Arthegall and Arthur were thereby moved to undertake the destruction of the wicked pagan and his wife, which they accomplished with great honour; but another adventure awaited them before they could present themselves at Mercilla’s palace. *VIII. 12.*
VIII. 17.
VIII. 24 to 51.

Canto IX. 4 The villain *Malengin* dwelt in a rocky cave, the depth and windings of which no man had ever fathomed or traced, since they ended in the deceits of Hell itself. To induce *Malengin* to show himself,
IX. 10. *Samient* pretended to be weeping in distress outside his cave, and soon a dreadful wight with hollow eyes and shaggy locks appeared,
IX. 14. bearing an iron hook and a huge net, which last he cast over the maiden unawares, and was dragging her away, when, at sight of the armed knights, he flung her down and fled like a goat over inaccessible cliffs, where the knights could find no footing. Driven from the heights by *Talus*, he changed his form first to a fox, then to a bird, which fell from a tree like a stone, the stone when handled was a pricking hedgehog, the hedgehog when dropped and pursued was changing to a snake—

‘Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn,’

when *Talus* crushed him to atoms with his flail. So Cunning, Guile and Deceit fell before the champions of Justice.

IX. 22. Then they came into the palace of the great Queen (the earthly representative apparently of the Divine Justice of Isis).

Here they were ushered in by Awe, and Order, past the spot where a slanderer of *Mercilla*’s honour was nailed to a post, to where the
IX. 28. Queen sat in glory with a cloth of state upon her shoulders like a cloud glistening with gold and silver streams—

‘Mongst which crept little angels through the glittering gleames.’

(The very ideal of embroidery.) Here she sat encircled by angels, with the sceptre of peace and mercy in her hand, with a great lion chained at her feet (is not this almost the first appearance of the British Lion, except fighting for the crown?), and surrounded by Peace and Justice and all other fair and orderly virtues.

The knights, after due obeisance, were permitted to behold the trial
IX. 37. of a prisoner of State, a fair lady of a lovely countenance blotted by her base condition, *Duessa*’s very self (*Mary*, Queen of Scots, representing false religion, unjust claims, and essential deceit).
IX. 40.

She was arraigned by Zeal, Authority, Religion, and Justice; but her beauty and her distress enlisted *Pittie*, Regard of Womanhood, Nobility of Birth, and Grief on her side, and their powerful pleading touched the chivalrous heart of *Arthur*; so that Zeal brought forward Murder, Adultery, and Impiety to plead on his side, while *Arthegall* was utterly
IX. 49. unmoved by any appeal against the righteous judgment of such crimes. There was hope in the clemency of *Mercilla*, since Mercy sits as high as Justice.

‘Sith in the Almighty’s everlasting seat
 She first was bred and borne of heavenly race,
 From thence poured down on men by influence of grace.’

(These beautiful words recall others yet more beautiful and far more familiar ; and if the idea recently put forward is correct, that the ' Merchant of Venice ' was meant to contrast ideal with actual justice, the likeness is still more interesting and suggestive.) Mercy, however, would have been to ' from righteous doom depart,' and Mercilla doomed Duessa, though she wept for her, and gave royal honours to her corpse ; for which great clemency Arthur and Arthegall admired her much.

Then, after many courtesies, Prince Arthur set forth on a new adventure, and set the Lady *Belgè* free from the cruel monster *Geronico*, who was destroying her and her children (the meaning of this allegory is of course on the surface.)

*I.V. 15 to
XV. 35.*

Meanwhile Arthegall went on his way in search of Irene, and presently met her faithful knight *Sir Sergis*, who told him that *Grantorto* had thrown her into prison, granting her ten days to find a champion before putting her to death. Sir Arthegall promised to present himself to fight in her cause before the end of the time appointed, and, as he went, found a knight and lady in sore distress (here follows the story of *Sir Burbon* and *Flourdelys*, an instance of injustice on account of ambition).

XI. 36.

XI. 42.

He then, with Talus, went to the sea-coast, where he took ship for the island where fair Irene lay captive in Grantorto's power, and, having crossed the sea, he landed in spite of the hosts that endeavoured to prevent him, encountered the terrible giant, and after a fearful combat slew him, and freed Irene from his toils. (Alas ! Grantorto has often been re-incarnated.)

*Canto XVII.
4.*

XVII. 14, 23.

Then did Arthegall lead Irene to her royal palace, and made laws for her kingdom, and settled how it should be governed, and punished all the disturbers of the peace ; but, unluckily, he was called away before he could finish his reforms, and the wicked hags *Envie* and *Detraction* did their best to accuse him of cruelty and injustice, and to undo his good work. They roused a monster called the *Blatant Beast*, with a hundred tongues, to rail at him ; and so, though Sir Arthegall accomplished his quest, his work was being undone, and Irene's kingdom was still a prey to discord and cruelty—for something more than the iron hand of strict justice was needed to tame the Blatant Beast. Here, after one more passing glimpse, we leave Sir Arthegall, but we learn from the prophecy of Merlin that his long-deferred union with his Britomart lasted but for a while, and that his splendid career was cut short by a too early death, soon after the son, who was to wear the crown of Britain, was born to him.

We see glimpses of a higher conception of Justice than Arthegall attempted to carry out ; but the divine *Astroëa* had gone back to heaven, Isis still sat veiled, and Mercilla's tenderness of heart bore no fruit in action. Arthegall is a stately and splendid figure ; but it is remarkable that while all the other champions had to struggle hard to attain the

virtue to which they are vowed, Arthegall has only to enforce it upon others. He does justice, but seems to find no difficulty in being just. Even the thraldom to Radigund is imposed upon him from without.

Characters continued in the 6th Book.

Sir Arthegall re-appears for a moment.

Prince Arthur.

Timias, left in the 4th Book reconciled to Belphoebe.

Sir Terpine, whom Arthegall delivered from the Amazons (if the same knight is meant).

Questions.

- 17. Show the relation of Arthegall's story to contemporary history.
- 18. How does Spenser shew the influence of the Reformation in the Faery Queene?
- 19. We have seen how much Spenser took from classical imagery. What does he derive from what may be called the recognized conventions of Chivalrous Romance?
- 20. How is the idea of Justice extended to the world of Nature?

Answers to be sent to Miss C. R. Coleridge, Cheyne, Torquay, before December 1st.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

Class List for September.

Class I.

Jon	40	Aphrodite	35	Jessamine	31
Lisle	35	Robin	34	Alexandra	30

Class II.

Moonraker 30

Also 4 extra marks for August Paper delayed.

The story of Florimell is well told by all, especially perhaps by *Aphrodite*, and the historical allusions mostly very fully given. All the 'great ideas' are great and good, as to the contest with evil, the triumph of good, the position of woman, the need of heavenly aid. What appears to me the greatest or, as Spenser might say, the most magnificent of all, I shall put forward in the last Paper.

Jon's remark that Britomart and Florimell show two types of purity—that which faces and conquers evil, and that which flies from the face of it, strikes me as very good.

Her explanation of *Genius* is so full and good that I hope to find a corner next month to insert it in full. With regard to the 'double nature,' which puzzles her and others, I cannot but think that it may be a hint at the same mystical notion that is alluded to in the description of the goddess, whose domain this guardian of the entrance into life defended (Book IV., Canto X., 41). *Moonraker's* idea that the evil genius who opens the gate of the Bower of Acrasia is a false image of the life-giving power, 'whose influence makes for death,' is good.

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

Church History Society.

THE SECTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Questions for November.

37. What were the main doctrines of the Albigenses and other Sects of Cathari?

38. Mention shortly the various kinds of 'Spiritual Franciscans,' and their fate?

39. Give an account either of the 'Friends of God,' or of the Beghards and Beguines. How far could either be called a Sect?

40. An outline of the History of the Waldenses, previous to the Reformation?

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by December 1st.

Books recommended.—Trench's *Lectures*, XV., XVII., XXIV., and Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vols. IV., V., VI.

Papers have again been lost through being insufficiently stamped. Again, Bog-Oak begs that her correspondence may NOT be sent to the Editor.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

'Is it reasonable to expect more pleasure in middle age than in youth?'

Chelsea China always remarks that if a question is set, which has no general answer, and depends entirely on individual opinion, a large number of papers are evoked. The anonymous debaters give on the whole the palm to the 'flowers of middle-age.' Is it because middle-age still shines before them in the dim and distant future, while the trials of youth are near at hand, or because the compensations of life have been learned by experience, and the freshness of youth has been forgotten? Their signatures do not reveal the secret; but, if handwriting reveals anything, Chelsea China is inclined to hope that debating is a pleasure which begins in youth and lasts on to middle-age. And is not this the difficulty, that after we have defined

pleasure, we must define youth?—and who can say when youth ends? Surely never, while we are still able to have new interests and new affections.

We ought to be wiser in middle-life—and most of the debaters think we are happier. Well, perhaps the time may come to some of us when, on looking back on the thirties and the forties, they too may seem to belong to 'les bons vieux jours, quand nous étions si misérables !'

Papers received from *Thorshaven, Cora Langton, Post, Lamda, Anchor, Blackbird, Smut, The Muffin Man, Saxon, Bildad, Middle-Aged Mother, Erica.*

Another paper on the Female Franchise from *Kirkee*, for which we have no space.

Yes—on the whole ; but this depends upon many things, upon temperament, upon circumstances, and, above all, upon what pleasure is and how it should be defined—a question which should really be debated alone. In youth, when all is gay, when health is perfect, when it is good to be alive, when we enjoy everything, pleasure is very pure and real, and one rejoices in the beautiful sights and sounds of nature ; in the singing-birds, in the mountains, in the flowers, in the attractions of the world, in the love of friends ; but then, when trouble and sickness comes, there is little foundation, and such pleasure—though it has accomplished a certain amount of good while it lasted—is found to be empty and useless now, because it was transitory and passing at the best.

The pleasures of middle-age are quite of a different type. Experience has taught that more is needed for the soul and mind than a mere butterfly existence ; that real pleasure must be something lasting ; that Nature can be enjoyed to the utmost, because she is an earnest of the Divine ; that friendships can be doubly dear, because in Heaven they will go on for ever ; and that the delights of Art, Literature, and Science, as talents held for a time, give double pleasure used in the service of others.

Some people of course can never enjoy anything (of these I am not speaking), and some are always young. Still there can, I think, be little doubt that the pleasures of middle-life of good people are the best, because they last—while those of youth do not—and disappoint, though this does not apply to all persons ; and in all circumstances the question is one of the hardest we have had given us to decide upon.

'We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those
Which tell of saddest thought.'

THE MUFFIN MAN.

No, not more actual pleasure, though more possible realisation of whatever pleasure comes. Youth is the legitimate and recognised time for pleasure ; but, on the other hand, it is not till we have learned that 'Happiness is not our being's end and aim' that pleasure will gain its true value, and just as shadows throw up lights in material nature, so with the sorrows of maturer life pleasure may be *intensified*.

It is a fact, both scientifically and morally, that those who are most sensitive to suffering have also the keenest powers of enjoyment. Natures vary, and to some no doubt this sensitiveness to pain or pleasure may be keen in youth, and become blunted with the rub of time ; but to most of us the capacity for enjoyment as well as the realisation of suffering may increase with the years which bring, or should bring, development of heart and mind. It may rarely be possible to throw one's whole being again into the pleasure of the passing hour, which is so characteristic of, and so refreshing in, youth.

It may never be 'glad confident morning again,' and pleasures as ordinarily understood may be rarer, but still we feel that 'youth saw but half,' and that with a wider view of life, even 'be our joys three parts pain,' as Rabbi Ben Ezra has it, the pleasure is intensified by the pain, and is fuller because heart and mind are more consciously awake and receptive than is possible to the very young.

Pleasure comes, too, through more numerous channels and in more varied measure as the years pass on; but to a great extent it has changed its character.

As Matthew Arnold says of calm—

'It is not what our youth desires,
But it is all that age acquires.'

Only the *all* may mean a great deal. How much, must to a great extent be a question of temperament as well as of circumstances, but much too is in our own hands.

Pleasure then in *quantity* we feel is youth's heritage, but in *quality*, heightened often by difficulty of attainment, as well as by increase of interests and development of our best self, it may find its surest soil in later life. Perhaps the secret of making it do so is to retain as far as possible with added experience 'a child's delight in little things.' Larger pleasures if *sought* for as pleasures are apt to prove evanescent. SAXON.

SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER.

'Is the revival of classical taste, so marked in the Art of the last few years, advantageous or not to its development?'

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,

OR

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

A young lady has taken a violent fancy to one somewhat older, and makes herself a bore. The elder lady, not wishing to reject the affection but to regulate it, writes her a letter.

Chelsea China does not feel perfectly satisfied with any of these letters. She likes *Gertrude E. Moxhay's* the best, as it is the tenderest. But *Honora Guest's*, which is very kind, and *Pauline Villiers's*, which is bright and sensible, not only regulate the affection but seem determined to reduce it to a commonplace level. *Ida Ingram's* is also a good one, and her advice to be a standard and not a trailing rose, excellent. But none quite tackle the difficult problem of accepting the full strength and warmth of the girl's devotion, and yet of showing her what she so needed to learn, that, *because* it is so intense, it should not depend on outward intercourse, and should feel selfishness on either side a dishonour to its perfection. The problem, however, is not, it must be granted, so stated as to suggest this view. Some of the letters are a little cruel: the poor girl must have hated her friend's 'friend who writes such clever articles in the "Monthly Packet," signed John Bunyan,' and 'your sincere well-wisher,' is cutting. But the task set was indeed a difficult one.

Will *Gertrude E. Moxhay* kindly send her real name and address to Chelsea China?

Lower Redlands, Reading, September 15.

MY DEAR ELLA,—

I was very glad to hear from you on my arrival here. No one can accuse you of laxity in letter-writing, I think. I did not expect to hear so soon.

I had a comfortable journey and a very kind welcome here, but further news I am reserving for another occasion. I want now to talk, in so far as that is possible with pen and ink as the medium in place of the more usual and satisfactory one.

Do you know that I was once compared by an old friend to a pincushion. This was many years ago, I must tell you, and meant to imply a willingness on my part to bear with perfect resignation the due amount of pricks to which, in the natural course of events, I was subjected. I did not agree then, still less do I now: my friend looked at me through rose-coloured glasses, which some kind friends will always use. Now, I fear, a deeper dye of rose would be needed ere she could repeat that statement.

I feel myself like nothing more agreeable than a hedgehog, ready to bristle at a touch. Do you begin to feel yourself in dangerous company? and shall I tell you how to avoid the danger? It seems to me, dear Ella, that your affection for me is beginning to show you in a wrong light, and I don't think this ought to be. You have told me of it often, therefore I think I am not wrong in speaking of it as a possession which I value much and perhaps may criticise to you. At times, I must own, the bristles are very near the surface, when you make me feel by over-demonstrativeness and over-anxiety that amongst others, be they many or few, I am the single object of your thought at that time. I do not think you selfish, and it is not right that others should think you so either. Just put yourself in the place of a stander-by while another is treating me as you often treat me, and you will see my meaning.

I have completely missed my aim if by thus writing I in any degree lessen your feelings of affection towards me; true love is so valuable a thing I would not willingly lose any part of it; but you are wise enough to take in my meaning, and I go so far as to see in my mind's eye an Ella of the future caring for me with no need of much outward proof, caring with no exclusive care, and in caring for me learning to care also for the many who need the kind feeling and deeds springing from a truly loving breast.

Hoping to hear soon that you have understood me aright, and that you are well and enjoying yourself,

Believe me,

Ever your affectionate friend,

GERTRUDE E. MOXHAY.

FOURTH COMPLICATION.

To *answer* the letter of reproach addressed by one girl friend to another in the August Packet, and set matters right.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. Mr. Woodhouse's Riddle in Miss Austin's 'Emma.'

'Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I still deplore;
The hoodwinked boy I called to aid,
Though of his near approach afraid,
So fatal to my suit before.

Say by what title and what name
I may this charming youth address?
Cupid and he are not the same,
Though both of them can raise a flame,
And both that flame suppress.'

Ascribed to Garrick, in 'Elegant Extracts.' One correspondent ascribes it to Sheridan. Is it in one of Sheridan's plays? The answer is said to be 'Chimney Sweep.' N.B.—*The end of the riddle* was the answer demanded.

2. Romeo and Juliet. Act V., Scene 2.

3. The Raven. Edgar Allan Poe.

4. 'How Fairy Mab the *junket* ate.'

MILTON'S *L' Allegro*.

5. The Haunch of Venison.

"There's a pasty!" "A pasty!" repeated the Jew,
"I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too!"
"We'll all keep a corner!" the lady cried out,
We'll all keep a corner was echoed about.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

6. (1.) A Cat. Sir Thomas Wyatt in the Tower.

(2.) A Toad. Viscount de. B. in Mr. Ewing's Tale 'The Viscount's Friend.'

(3.) A Spider. Robert Bruce at Radrin.

(4.) A Flower. The Prisoner in Picciola.

N.B.—'Fours in six, you can't.' Four divisions having been inadvertently allowed in Answer 6, eight marks must be given for it. Two for each object.

NOTE.—The Count of Lauzun cherished a Spider in prison. If his name has been given it shall be credited next month.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Smut, 4; *Three Rock*, 29; *Rule of Three*, 32; *K. Anstey*, 30; *Nemo*, 18; *Swansey China*, 29; *Ali Baba*, 19; *Theodora*, 23; *Miss Bignett*, 3; *Cedar*, 26; *Wood Sorrel*, 16; *Helen*, 31; *The Cousins*, 9; *Old Maid*, 19; *Olwen*, 20; *L. Halliday*, 24; *Primrose*, 6; *Jessamine*, 9; *Mayo*, 11; *L. N. V.*, 11; *The Muffin Man*, 29; *Sandford and Merton*, 25; *Only Herself*, 10; *Ethne*, 16; *G. Festing*, 19; *M. R. A.*, 18; *Three Sisters*, 18; *Magnet*, 25; *Magdalen Millard*, 23; *Innisfail*, 24; *Proud Maisie*, 6; *Child of the Mist*, 10; *Ganymede*, 9.

Cedar's marks last month should have been 33.

Eveline Berenger counted as half. *Chelsea China* is afraid that some of *M. R. A.'s* papers must have gone astray.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Who dug his grave and slept in it, but was not buried there?
2. Who would gladly have made a bow to himself, had such a bow been feasible?
3. To whom was groping in a gutter fatal?
4. Who heard hymns in a lonely forest?
5. Whose coat was half of yellow and half of red?
6. Who brought a large ham into the city of Chester?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Dionea would be much obliged if any readers of the 'Monthly Packet' could tell her where a copy of 'Aunt Charlotte's Stories' from English History' can be obtained? It is now out of print. Also the names of any good historical story-books suitable for a child of six or seven?

A new edition of 'Aunt Charlotte's Stories' is just out. Croker's 'Stories' and Miss Strickland's are both admirable and time-honoured. C. M. YONGE.

Will anyone tell me where Mackay's 'Souls of the Children,' which so impressed the Prince Consort that he had hundreds of copies distributed, can be procured? LETTICE DOVE.

Meta will be glad to know which Bible the Editor recommends for Students?

The calibre of Student should be known. For reference, etc., of the simple kind, the 'Teachers' Bible'; for the English reader needing comment, the 'Speaker's' or the S.P.C.K.; for really deep language study, Bp. Ch. Wordsworth; and in the New Testament, Bps. Lightfoot and Westcott; or on Daniel and Minor Prophets, Pusey.

Can anyone lend me, or tell me where to find, the following Essays: 'Isaak Walton on Contentment,' and Addison's 'Mountain of Miseries'?

MRS. GRAY, *Kersey Vicarage, Ipswich.*

Does any one of your readers know the following lines:—

'Let us be gone: the place is sad and strange:
How far, far off those happy days appear!
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as heaven allotted here.'

MARGARET ROBERTS.

Thierry's 'Récits des Temps Mérovingiens' give a series of pictures of Merovingian times, but no account of the rise and fall of the dynasty. Is there any short work which does? AZILE.

ANSWERS.

In reply to *Lamda*—

1. *Lamda* should write to the 'Italian Editor, Modern Languages Monthly,' Fleet Street, E.C.

2. *Miss Phillimore*, writer of 'Studies in Italian Literature,' confidently recommends La Signora Marchisio, Woolton House, Newbury.

3. *A. H. Hamilton*, Translator, Interpreter, and Teacher of Languages, 5, Lancelot's Buildings, Lancelot's Hey, Liverpool. *A. H.* will gladly, and without fee, correct Italian papers. Should a fee be paid he would wish it to be sent to Mrs. Copleston, 16, Denmark Place, Brighton, for Batticaloa.

4. *Miss M. Hensman* will be happy to correct letter or short essay in Italian for 5s. a time during the autumn.—37, Collingwood Place, Cromwell Place, S.W.

Some time ago there was an inquiry in the 'Monthly Packet' for information about the 'oldest statue in the world' which was said to be 'made of wood.' I chanced lately to be reading Murray's 'History of Greek Sculpture,' and was surprised to find how great was the early use of wood for statuary, and that the actual meaning of the name Dædalos—the first of early Greek sculptors—was the 'Carver in wood.' Pausanias, writing in the time of Marcus Aurelius, speaks of many of these wooden works of art as extant in his day, including the wonderful cedar chest of Kypselos (dated B.C. 700),

with its groups of figures and curious inscriptions, which he describes in detail ; but all these have perished now, and I learn from another source that it is in Egypt, in the Museum at Boulâq, that our own eyes can look upon a wooden statue, which in antiquity makes the works of Dædalos seem modern. It represents a village sheikh draped in flowing Arab costume, lifelike, expressive, full of movement, staff in hand. Scholars refer this figure to about the date of Abraham, and thus, owing to the wonderful dryness of the Egyptian climate, we have before us 'the oldest statue in the world,' made of a perishable material indeed, but still in perfect preservation, and wonderful in its familiar realism.

ALICE M. COLERIDGE.

E. P. recommends to *Three Rock* 'The Secret of the Island,' in three parts, by Jules Verne ; 'The Flying Fish,' by Collingwood ; 'Off to the Wilds,' 'The Golden Magnet,' and 'Crown and Sceptre,' by Manville Fenn ; 'Treasure Island,' by Stevenson ; 'Esperanza,' by Miss Bowman ; 'Facing Death,' by Henty. In all these books the natural history is extremely good.

Sunflower recommends 'Black Beauty,' the autobiography of a horse, by Anna Sewell.

Emma informs *Three Rock* that 'The Little Fox,' by S. T. C., is the book referred to on p. 358 of the 'Monthly Packet,' published by Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street, London, in 1865. Probably later editions.

F. F. informs *Mai* that the lines for which she inquires are taken from Thomas Campbell's 'Hallowed Ground,' and are to be found in his collected works.

APPEALS.

THE BRAILLE BOOK SOCIETY.

The object of this Society is to buy the books written by the *Blind* Writers of the British and Foreign Blind Association, and to give them away to Asylums and Libraries for the Blind. Members are requested *not* to give money, but the value of one Braille Book a year. The account of the Braille Book will be forwarded to the donor by the Secretary of the Society. Members are asked to give the value of a book of one pound or fifteen shillings, ten shillings or five shillings. Editor of the Books, Florence Nevill (Editor of 'Playtime'). Secretary, Jessie H. Hayllar. Address, 3, Victoria Mansions, Grand Avenue, West Brighton.

PLEA FOR A CHURCH AT BLACK POINT, ANDROS ISLAND, BAHAMAS.

Every Sunday the people at Black Point go sixteen solid miles to Church. Daily some eighteen or twenty children get into a boat and row eighteen miles backwards and forwards to the little Church-school opened last October. Oh, that some good friend would give these poor people £50 to build a small chapel ! One friend has promised to give £5 if nine others will give or collect the same amount.

CORRESPONDENCE.

There are two bits of advice we wish to put before our readers. One for those who are happy enough to live in a diocese where there is a Society for Higher Religious Education. By all means join it. However much you think you know, you will be the better for the systematic reading of books carefully chosen by a council chiefly of clergy, and such as you might not otherwise know of or obtain. The Lectures and Examinations are also most valuable, all the more so because the examinations are not compulsory on

the members, the criticisms are careful, and entirely private, with no possibility of competition. It is far from being simply 'another essay society.' It is really pasture, and guidance from our shepherds. 'The Greek Forerunners' as well as the 'Church History' Lectures were given at such meetings.

The other bit of counsel is to ladies of good sense and in need of employment. County Councils pay and send round lecturers and teachers on technical subjects, cookery, laundry, and dairy work, household nursing, health, domestic sewing and dress-cutting, and the like. Educated women are sought for. They must have a diploma, but the training to such as have an aptitude is short and inexpensive. The salaries are from £80 upwards, and travelling expenses are given. For information on training, etc., apply to Miss Fanny Calder, Liverpool Technical College for Women, Colquitt Street, Liverpool. There shall by-and-by be an article among those for 'Women Workers.' But this is to save time.

THE WIMBLEDON ART COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

Address given by Lady Knightley on the occasion of a recent entertainment at the College, and forwarded by E. R.

Lady Knightley, after having been introduced by Miss Bennett—the founder, and Hon. Lady Superintendent of the College—expressed the great pleasure which she felt in opening the entertainment. Anything, she said, connected with girls always recommended itself to her. Nothing that had taken place during the last fifty years was more striking than the change which had been brought about in the position of women. Whereas, formerly there was no vent for their talents, nowadays careers of all kinds were open to girls; and she was not sure that there was not some danger of going to the opposite extreme. In London alone there were, at the present time, no fewer than two thousand women students engaged in the various departments of art and science. Girls had now too much liberty and independence. Liberty was a good thing in its way, but she could not help thinking that unless girls were guided in religious principles, all the art in the world could not do them good. The advantage of this College was that, in addition to the best training in many of the arts, the students were nurtured in those great principles of religion, without which there could be no true happiness, and no real prosperity. The work done at the College was of the most satisfactory description—as those who were best able to judge had testified—and she could only hope that future generations of students would do as well as those who were already within the walls of the establishment.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1891.

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

THE hush of moonlight falling
Is sudden-sweet with song,
That sweeps the hills along
In anthem clear and strong,
Gloria!

Upon the echoes calling
To swell its minstrelsy,
And waft it far and high,
Till Earth takes up the cry,
Gloria!

And echo echo meeting
The hills are all repeating
Gloria!

'To you a Child is given
Whose hands link earth with Heaven,
Gloria!'

O, Pilgrims of the Shadows,
Lift up your tear-dimmed eyes,
For yonder in the skies,
Star-writ, the message lies,
Gloria!

The snow-drift in the meadows,
The cloud-bank in the West,
Each writes it on her breast,
And sings it with the rest,
Gloria!

The song has consummation
But in sweet iteration,
Gloria!
'To you a Child is given
Whose hands link earth with Heaven,
Gloria!'

And angel-faces pressing
Against white folded wings,
Look down, while each one sings,
'Come, learn of nobler things!
Gloria!'

For God His world is blessing,
His message cleaves the night,
And in its earthward flight,
Hangs the blue dome with light!
Gloria!

And outward, upward ringing
There sweeps the mighty singing,
Gloria!
'To you a Child is given,
Whose hands link earth with Heaven,
Gloria!'

— — —

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XL.

JOY WELL-NIGH INCREDIBLE.

THE midday letters were a riddle to the ladies at Malvern.

‘Out all day,’ said Mary, ‘that is well. He will get strong out boating.’

‘I hope Herbert has come home to take him out,’ said Constance.

‘Or he may be yachting. I wonder he does not say who is taking him out. I am glad that he can feel that sense of enjoyment.’

Yet that rejoicing seemed to be almost an effort to the poor mother who craved for a longer letter, perhaps almost felt as if her Frank were getting out of sympathy with her grief—and what could be the good news?

‘Herbert must have passed!’ said Constance.

‘I hope he has, but the expression is rather strong for that,’ said Lady Adela.

‘Perhaps Ida is engaged to that Mr. Deyncourt? Was that his name?’ said Lady Northmoor, languidly.

‘Oh! that would be delicious,’ cried Constance, ‘and Ida has grown much more thoughtful lately, so perhaps she would do for a clergyman’s wife.’

‘Is Ida better?’ asked her aunt, who had been much drawn towards the girl by hearing that her health had suffered from grief for Michael.

‘Mamma does not mention her in her last letter, but poor Ida is really much more delicate than one would think, though she looks so strong. This would be delightful!’

‘Yet joy well-nigh incredible!’ said her aunt, meditatively.

‘Were not those the words? It would not be like your uncle to put them in that way unless it were something—even more wonderful, and besides, why should he not write it to me?’

‘Oh—h!’ cried Constance, with a leap, rather than a start. ‘It can be only one thing.’

‘Don’t, don’t, don’t!’ cried poor Mary; ‘you must not, Constance, it would kill me to have the thought put into my head only to be lost.’

Constance looked wistfully at Lady Adela; but the idea she had suggested had created a restlessness, and her aunt presently left the room. Then Constance said—

‘Lady Adela, may I tell you something? You know that poor dear little Mite was never found?’

‘Oh! a boat must have picked him up,’ cried Amice; ‘and he is coming back.’

‘Gently, Amy; hush,’ said the mother, ‘Constance has more to tell.’

‘Yes,’ said Constance. ‘My friend, Rose Rollstone, who lives just by our house at Westhaven, and was going back to London the night that Mite was lost, wrote to me that she was sure she had seen his face just then. She thought, and I thought it was one of those strange things one hears of sights at the moment of death. So I never told of it, but now I cannot help fancying——’

‘Oh! I am sure,’ cried Amice.

Lady Adela thought the only safe way would be to turn the two young creatures out to pour out their rapturous surmises to one another on the winding paths of the Malvern hills, and very glad was she to have done so, when by-and-by that other telegram was put into her hands.

Then, when Mary, unable to sit still, though with trembling limbs, came back to the sitting-room, with a flush on her pale cheek, excited by the sound at the door, Lady Adela pointed to the yellow paper, which she had laid within the Gospel, open at the place.

Mary sank into a chair.

‘It can’t be a false hope,’ she gasped.

‘He would never have sent this, if it were not a certainty,’ said Adela, kneeling down by her, and holding her hands, while repeating what Constance had said.

A few words were spent on wonder and censure on the girl’s silence, more unjust than they knew, but hardly wasted, since

they relieved the tension. Mary slid down on her knees beside her friend, and then came a silence of intense heart swelling, choking, and unformed, but none the less true thanksgiving, and ending in a mutual embrace and an outcry of Mary's—

'Oh, Adela! how good you are, you with no such hope'—and that great blessed shower of tears that relieved her was ostensibly the burst of sympathy for the bereaved mother with no such restoration in view. Then came soothing words, and then the endeavour with dazed eyes and throbbing hearts to look out the trains from Liverpool, whence, to their amazement, they saw the telegram had started, undoubtedly from Lord Northmoor. There was not too large a choice, and finally Lady Adela made the hope seem real by proposing preparations for the child's supper and bed—things of which Mary seemed no more to have dared to think than if she had been expecting a little spirit; but which gave her hope substance, and inspired her with fresh energy and a new strength, as she ran up and downstairs, directing her maid, who cried for joy at the news, and then going out to purchase those needments which had become such tokens of exquisite hope and joy. After this had once begun, she seemed really incapable of sitting still, for every moment she thought of something her boy would want or would like, or hurried to see if all was right.

Constance begged again and again to run on the messages, but she would not allow it, and when the girl looked grieved, and said she was tiring herself to death, Lady Adela said—

'My dear, sitting still would be worse for her. However it may turn out, fatigue will be best for her.'

'Surely it can't mean anything else!' cried Constance.

'I don't see how it can. Your uncle weighs his words too much to raise false hopes.'

So, dark as it was by the time the train was expected, Adela promoted the ordering a carriage, and went herself with the trembling Mary to the station, not without restoratives in her bag, in case of, she knew not what. Not a word was spoken, but hands were clasped and hearts were uplifted in an agony of supplication, as the two sat in the dark on the drive to the station. Of course they were too soon, but the driver manœuvred so as to give them a full view of the exit—and then came that minute of indescribable suspense when the sounds of arrival were heard, and figures began to issue from the platform.

It was not long—thanks to freedom from luggage—before there

came into full light a well-known form, with a little half-awake boy holding his hand.

Then Adela quietly let herself out of the brougham, and in another moment her clasping hand and swimming eyes had marked her greeting. She pointed to the open door and the white face in it, and in one moment more a pair of arms had closed upon Michael, and with a dreamy murmur, 'Mam-mam, mam-ma,' the curly head was on her bosom, the precious weight on her lap, her husband by her side, the door had closed on them, they were driving away.

'Oh! is it real? Is he well?'

'Perfectly well! Only sleepy. Strong, grown, well cared for.'

'My boy, my boy,' and she felt him all over, gazed at the rosy face whenever a tantalising flash of lamplight permitted, then kissed and kissed, till the boy awoke more fully, with another 'Mamma! Mamma,' putting his hand to feel for her chain, as if to identify her. Then with a coo of content, 'Mite has papa and mamma,' and he seemed under the necessity of feeling them both.

Only at their own door did those happy people even recollect Lady Adela, with shame and dismay, which did not last long, for she came on them, laughing with pleasure, and saying it was just what she had intended, while Mite was recognising his Amy and his Conny, and being nearly devoured by them.

He still was rather confused by the strange house. 'It's not home,' he said, staring round, and blinking at the lights; 'and where's my big horse?'

'You shall soon go home to the big horse—and Nurse Eden, poor nurse shall come to you, my own.'

To which Michael responded, holding out a plump leg and foot for admiration. 'I can do my own socks and bootses now, and wash mine own hands and face.'

Nevertheless, he was quite sleepy enough to be very happy and content to be carried off to his mother's bedroom, where he sat enthroned on her lap, Constance feeding him with bread and milk, while Amice held the bowl, and the maid, almost equally blissful, hovered round, and there again he sat with the two admiring girls one at each foot, disrobing him, as best they might.

Nearly asleep at last, he knelt at his mother's knee with the murmured prayer, but woke just enough to say, 'Mite needn't say "make papa better," nor "bring Mite home."' "

‘No, indeed, my boy. Say thank God for all His mercy.’

He repeated it and added of himself, ‘Bless nurse, and let Tommy and Fan have papas and mammas again. Amen.’

He was nodding again by that time, but he held his mother’s hand fast with ‘Don’t go, Mam!’ Nor did she. She had asked no questions. To be alone with her boy and Him, whom she thanked with her whole soul, was enough for her at present.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CANADIAN NORTHMOOR.

It was not till Lord Northmoor began to answer in detail the questions that were showered on him as he ate his late dinner, that he fully realised the history of his recovered son even to himself. ‘Liverpool Workhouse,’ and ‘all owing to Herbert,’ were his first replies, and he had eaten his soup before Adela and Constance had discovered the connection between the two; nay, they were still more bewildered when Constance asked, ‘Then Herbert found him there?’

‘Herbert? Oh no, good fellow. He is in Canada, he went after him there.’

‘To Canada?’

‘Yes; that woman, the nursery girl Hall, kidnapped the child, Herbert followed her there, and found he had been dropped at Liverpool.’

Then on further inquiries, Frank became sensible that he must guard the secret of Ida’s part in the transaction. He hoped to conceal it from all, except his wife, for it was hardly injustice to the Jones pair in another hemisphere to let their revenge bear the whole blame. Indeed, he did not himself know whether it was Ida’s passion, or Rose’s mention of having seen Michael’s face that had roused Herbert’s suspicion.

He had heard Herbert’s account of his adventures in the letter to Rose with mere impatience to come to what related to his son, and it had made no impression on his mind; but when he took out his own much briefer letter, the address at Northmoor, and the sentences that followed, the brief explanation where to seek for Michael suggested much.

‘I doubt whether I could ever have got the rascal to speak out if it had not been for Captain Alder, with whose brother-in-

law, Mr. Forman, I had the luck to meet on the way. They were some of the first settlers here, and have a splendid farm, export no end of wheat and ice, and have a share in the steam company. I am working out my board here for them till you are good enough to send me my quarter's allowance, deducting the £25 that Miss Rollstone helped me to, as there was no one else to whom I could apply. I should like to stay here for good and all, and they would take me for a farming pupil, for less than you have been giving to my crammers, all in vain, I am afraid. The life would suit me much better; they let me live with the family, and they are thorough right sort of people, religious, and all that—and Alder seemed to take an interest in me from the time he made out who I was, and, indeed, the place is named after our Northmoor, where he says he spent his happiest days. If you can pacify my mother, and if you would consent, I am sure I could do much better here than at home, and soon be quite off your hands.'

For the present, Lord Northmoor, who could only feel that he owed more than he could express to his nephew, sent the youth a bill such as to cover his expenses, with permission, so far as he himself was concerned, to remain with these new friends, at least until there was another letter and time to consider this proposal.

At the same time, he wrote to Rose Rollstone, not only the particulars of Michael's history, but a request for those details about Herbert's friends to which he had scarcely listened when she read them. He sent likewise a paragraph to several newspapers, explaining that the Honourable M. K. Morton, whose 'watery grave' had been duly recorded, had in fact been only abducted by a former maid-servant, and bestowed in Liverpool Workhouse, where he had been discovered by the generous exertions of his cousin, Herbert Morton, Esquire. It was hoped this would obviate all suspicion of Ida, who was reported as still so unwell that her mother was anxious to carry her abroad at once to try the effect of change of scene. Upon which Frank consulted Mr. Hailes, as to whether the prosperity that had begun to flow in upon Northmoor would justify him in at once taking the house at Westhaven off her hands, and making it a thankoffering as a parsonage for the district of St. James. This break-up seemed considerably to lessen her reluctance to the idea of Herbert's remaining in Canada, as in effect, neither she nor Ida felt inclined as yet to encounter his indignation, or

to let him hear what Westhaven said. There would be no strong opposition on her part, except the tears which he would not see ; and she was too anxious to carry Ida away to think of much besides.

Frank had, however, made up his mind that he could not let the son of his only brother, the youth whom he had regarded almost as a son, and who had lost so much by the discovery of the child, drift away into expatriation, without being personally satisfied as to these new companions. This was ostensible reason enough for a resolution to go out himself to the transatlantic Northmoor to make arrangements for his nephew. Moreover, he was bent on doing so before the return of Mrs. Bury and Bertha, from whom the names of Alder and Northmoor were withheld in the joyful letters.

From Mr. Hailes he obtained full confirmation of what he had heard from Lady Adela—a story which the old gentleman's loyalty had withheld as mere gossip—about the young people who had been very dear to him.

He confessed that poor Arthur Morton had a bad set about him—indeed, his father's tastes had involved him in the kind of thing, and Lady Adela had been almost a child when married to him by relations who were much to blame. Captain Alder had belonged to the set, but had always seemed too good for them, and as if thrown among them from association. There was no doubt that he and Bertha were much in love, but there was sure to be strong opposition from her father, and even her brother had shown symptoms of thinking his friend had no business to aspire to his sister's hand. Moreover, it appeared afterwards that the Captain was heavily in debt to Arthur Morton. It was under these circumstances that the accident occurred. Bertha had mistrusted the horse's eye and ear, and implored her brother not to venture on driving it, and had been bantered good-humouredly on her unusual fears. At the first shock, the untamed girl had spoken bitter words, making Captain Alder accountable for the accident. What they were, neither Mr. Hailes nor any one else exactly knew, but they had cut deep.

When, on poor Arthur's recovery of consciousness, there was an endeavour to find Captain Alder, he had left the army ; and though somewhat later, the full amount of the debt was paid, it was conveyed in a manner that made the sender not easily traceable, and as it came just when Arthur was again past

communication, and sinking fast, no great effort was made to seek one who was better forgotten.

It had not then been known how Bertha's life would be wrecked by that sense of injustice and cruelty—nor what a hold the love of that man had taken on her; but like Lady Adela, Mr. Hailes averred that she had never been the same since that minute of stormy grief and accusation; and that he believed that, whatever might come of it, the being able to confess her wrongs, and to know the fate of her lover, was the only thing that could restore the balance of her spirits or heal the sore.

From his own former *employé*, Mr. Burford, Frank procured that other link which floated in his memory when Lady Adela spoke. The man had come into Mr. Burford's office because he had been engaged on the part of one of his clients in purchasing an estate of the Alder family, at a time which corresponded with Arthur Morton's death, and the payment of the debt. There was a second instalment of the price which had to be paid to a Quebec bank.

This was all that could be learnt; but it confirmed Lord Northmoor's impression that it would be right to see him, and as far as explanation could go, to repair the injustice which had stung him so deeply. A letter could not do what an interview could, and Herbert's plans were quite sufficient cause for a journey to Winnipeg.

Of course it was a wrench to leave his wife and newly-recovered son; but he had made up his mind that it was right, both as an act of justice to an injured man, incumbent upon him as head of the family, and likewise as needful in his capacity of guardian to Herbert, while the possibility of bringing healing to Bertha also urged him.

However, Frank said little of all this, only quite simply, as if he were going to ride to the petty sessions at Colbeam; mentioned that he thought it right to go out to Canada to see about his nephew.

And as soon as he had brought the party home, and seen his boy once more in his own nursery, he set forth, leaving Mary to talk and wonder with Lady Adela over the possible consequences.

CHAPTER XLII.

HUMBLE PIE.

BERTHA had just arrived from her tour, having rushed home on the tidings of a quarrel between the doctors and the lady nurses of her pet hospital; and she had immediately dashed down to Northmoor to secure her cousin as one of the supporters. She sat by Lady Adela's fire, very much disconcerted at hearing that he was not come home yet, though expected every day.

'What should he have gone off to Canada for? He might have been contented to stay at home, after having lost all this time by his illness. Oh, yes, I know that sounds ungrateful, when it was all in the cause of my little Cea. I shall be thankful to him all my life, but all the same, he ought to be at home when he is wanted, and I wonder he liked to fly off just when he had got his dear little boy back again.'

'He did not like it, but thought it his duty.'

'Duty—what, to Herbert? Certainly the boy has come out very well in this matter, considering that the finding Mite was to his own detriment; but probably he has found his vocation as a colonist, still Northmoor might have let him find that for himself.'

'Do you know where the home he found is, Bertha?'

'Somewhere about Lake Winnipeg, isn't it?'

'Yes; and the name is Northmoor.'

'Named by Herbert, eh? Or didn't John Tulse go out? Did he name the place in loyalty to us?'

'Not John Tulse, but one who told Herbert that his happiest days were spent here.'

'Adela, you mean something. Don't tantalise me. Is it Fred Alder? And was he kind to the boy for old sake's sake, because he bore the old name? Did he think he was your Mike?'

Bertha was learning forward now, devouring Adela with her eyes.

'He was much puzzled to understand who Herbert was, but he gave him great help. The man could hardly have been made to speak if he had not brought him to his bearings. Herbert has been living with him and his brother-in-law ever since, and is going to remain as a farming pupil.'

'Married of course to a nasal Yankee.'

'No.'

There was a pause. Bertha drew herself back in her chair, Adela busied herself with the tea cups. Presently came the question—

‘Did Northmoor know?’

‘Yes, he did.’

‘And was that the reason of his going out?’

‘Herbert was one motive, but I do not think he would have gone if there had not been another reason.’

‘You did not ask him?’ she said hotly.

‘Certainly not.’

‘I don’t want anyone to interfere,’ said Bertha, in a suddenly changed mood, ‘especially not such a stick as that. He might have let it alone.’

‘And if you heard that Captain Alder was——’

‘A repentant prodigal, eh? A sober-minded sponable, easy-going, steady money-making Canadian,’ interrupted Bertha vehemently, ‘such as approved himself to his Lordship’s jog-trot mind.’

‘Well, what then?’

‘Oh, Birdie, perverse child as ever.’

‘And so you actually despatched my Lord to eat humble pie in my name. You might have waited to see what I thought of the process.’

Bertha jumped up, as if to go and take off her hat, but just at that moment some figures crossed the twilight window, and in another second Adela had sprung into the hall, meeting Mary and Frank, whom she beckoned into the dining-room.

Bertha had followed as far as the room door, when, on the porch, she beheld a tall large form, and bearded countenance. One moment more and those two were shut into the drawing-room.

Mary, Frank, and Adela stood together over the dining-room fire, all smiles and welcome.

‘Doesn’t he look well?’ was Mary’s cry, as she displayed her husband.

‘Better than ever. Nothing like bracing air. Oh! I am glad you brought *him*,’ indicating the other room, ‘down at once; she might have had a naughty fit, and tormented herself and everybody.’

‘You think it will be all right,’ said Frank, anxiously. ‘It was a venture, but when he heard that she was at the Dower House, there was no holding him. He thinks she has as much to forgive as he has.’

'You wrote something of that—though the actual misery and accident were no fault of his, poor fellow, and yet—yet all that set acted and re-acted on one another, and did each other harm,' said Adela.

'Yes,' said Frank; 'harm that he only fully understood gradually, after he had burst away from it all in the shock, and was living a very different life with his little sister, and afterwards with her husband, a thoroughly good man.'

'To whom you have trusted your nephew.'

'Entirely. Herbert is very happy there, much more so than ever before, useful and able to follow his natural bent.'

'I am very glad he will do well there.'

A sudden interruption here came on them in the shape of Amice, who had not been guarded against. She flew into the room in a fright, exclaiming—

'Mamma, mamma, there's a strange man like a black bear in the drawing-room, and he has got his arm round Aunt Bertha's waist.'

'Oh!' as she perceived Lord Northmoor.

'A Canadian bear I have just brought home, eh, Amy?' said he, exhilarated into fun for once, while Lady Adela indulged in a quiet smile at the manner of partaking of humble pie.

Amice had, however, broken up the *tête à tête*, and all were soon together again, Lady Adela greeting Captain Alder as an old friend, and he, in the restraint of good breeding, betraying none of his feeling at the contrast between the girlish wife and the faded widow, although perhaps in very truth Adela Morton was a happier, certainly a more peaceful woman now than in those days.

All must spend the evening together? Where? The Northmoors carried the day, Adela and Bertha must come up to dinner, yes, and Amice too. It was fine moonlight and the Captain would stay and escort them.

Meantime Lord and Lady Northmoor revelled in a moonlight walk together exactly as they had done seven years before as a bride and bridegroom, but with that further ingredient in joy before them—that nightly romp with their Mite, to which Frank had been looking forward all through his voyage. Their Mite all the happier because his Tom and Fanny were at the keeper's lodge, and allowed to play with him in the garden, and on the heath.

Six weeks later, Lord Northmoor acted as father at Bertha's

wedding, a quiet one, with Constance and Amice as bridesmaids, with, as supernumerary, little Boadicea, who was to share the new Canadian home.

Michael was there in the glory of his first knickerbockers, and Mrs. Bury was there, and her last words ere the bride came down dressed for the journey were, 'How about "that stick," my dear?'

'Ah! sticks are sometimes made of good material.'

'There is a tree that groweth by the Water Side,' said Adela.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE STAFF.

FIVE years later almost all the members of the Morton family were met once more at Westhaven.

Ida was slowly dying. She had always been more or less delicate, and she had never entirely recovered the effect of the distress she had brought upon herself by that foolish crime towards her little cousin. Her mother had joined Mademoiselle Gattoni, and they had roamed about the Continent in the various resorts of seekers of health and of pleasure, hoping to distract her mind and restore her strength and spirits. For a time this sometimes seemed to succeed, and she certainly became prettier; but disappointment always ensued; a little over-exertion or excitement was sure to bring on illness, and there were even more painful causes for her collapses. Her uncle's care had not been entirely able to prevent the publication of such a sensational story, known, as it was, to most people at Westhaven; in fact, he was only able to reach the more respectable papers; and the society to which Miss Gattoni introduced them was just that which revelled in the society papers. So every now and then whispers would go about that Miss Morton was the heroine—or rather the villain—of the 'piece, and these were sure ultimately to reach Miss Gattoni. And at Genoa they had actually been at the same *table-d'hôte* with Tom Brady's sisters—nay, they had seen the *Morna* in the harbour.

Gradually each summer brought less renovation; each winter, wherever spent, brought Ida lower, till at length she was ill enough for her mother thankfully to reply to Constance's entreaty to come out to them at Biarritz.

Constance had in her vacation grown to be more and more the child of the house at Northmoor, and since her college career

had ended with credit externally, and benefit inwardly, she had become her aunt's right hand, besides teaching Amice music and beginning Michael's Latin; but it was plain that her duty lay in helping to nurse her sister, and her uncle escorted her. They were greatly shocked at the change in the once brilliant girl, and her broken, dejected manner, apparently incapable of taking interest in anything. She would scarcely admit her uncle at first, but when she discovered that even Constance was in perfect ignorance of her part in the loss of Michael, she was overcome with the humiliation of intense gratitude, and the sense of a wonderful forgiveness and forbearance.

He never exactly knew what he had said to her; but for the two days that he was able to remain, she wished for him to sit with her as much as possible, though often in silence; and she let him bring her the English chaplain.

No one expected her to live through the spring, but with it came another partial revival, and therewith a vehement desire to see Westhaven again. It was as if her uncle had extracted the venom of the sting of remorse, and when that had become repentance, the old affection for the home of her childhood was free to revive. Good Mr. Rollstone was dead, but his wife and daughter kept on the lodging-house, and were affectionately glad to welcome their old friends. Herbert, who had been happily farming for two years on his own account, on an estate that his uncle had purchased for him, came for the first time on a visit from the Dominion—tall, broad, bearded, handsome, and manly, above all, in his courtesy and gentleness to the sick sister who valued his strong and tender help more than any other care. Mary came with her husband and boy from North-moor for the farewell. When Ida tearfully asked her forgiveness, the injury was so entirely past that it was not hard to say, in the spirit of Joseph—

‘Oh, my poor child, do not think of that! No one has suffered from it so much as you have. It really did Michael no harm at all, only making a little man of him; and as to Herbert, his going out was the best thing in the world for him, dear, noble, generous fellow. And after all, Ida,’ she added, presently, ‘I do believe you had rather be as you are now than the girl you were then?’

‘Oh, Aunt Mary, it is what Uncle Frank and you are—that—makes one feel——’

Ida could say no more. She once saw Michael's bright

boyish face awed into pity, and had the kiss that sealed her earthly pardon, unconscious as he was of the evil she had attempted. There was the pledge of higher pardon before her uncle and aunt left her to those nearer who could minister to her as she went down to the River ever flowing.

Before that time, however, Herbert had made known to Rose one of his great reasons for settling in Canada, namely, that he meant to take her back with him. He had told his uncle long ago, and Mrs. Alder was quite ready and eager to welcome her as a cousin. Even Mr. Rollstone could hardly have objected under these circumstances, and Rose only doubted about leaving her mother. It presently appeared, however, that Mrs. Morton wished to remain with Mrs. Rollstone. Westhaven was more to her than any other place, and her vanity had so entirely departed that she could best take comfort in her good old friend's congenial society. Constance offered to remain and obtain some daily governess or high school employment there ; but it was to her relief that she found that the two old ladies did not wish it. There was a sense that her tastes and habits were so unlike theirs that they would always feel her to be like company and be on their best behaviour, and decidedly her mother would not 'stand in her light,' and would be best contented with visits from her and to Northmoor.

So, after the quietest of weddings in the beautiful St. James's Church, Herbert and Rose went out to be welcomed at Winnipeg, and Constance returned with her uncle to be a daughter to Aunt Mary—till such time as she was sought by the young Vicar of Northmoor.

(The End.)

TAORMINA AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY FLORENCE FREEMAN.

IN the opinion of the great Dr. Johnson, 'the grand object of all travelling' was 'to see the shores of the Mediterranean.' Can a fairer spot for studying those shores be found than the theatre-hill of Taormina? Eastward across the deep blue waters which part Sicily from the mainland the eye rests upon the Calabrian hills, and in a fortunate moment may catch the gleam of sunshine upon the snows of Aspromonte. Below lies the coast—the toe of Italy—stretching as far as the Straits of Messina. Then looking across again to the island, the eye follows the picturesque outlines of mountains and headlands till it reaches the lofty hill on which we now stand. Even this, striking as it is, is not the chief glory of Taormina. That must be looked for towards the west in the marvellously beautiful view of *Ætna*, 'the crown of Sicily, around which the other heights of the island gather,' the 'forehead of fruitful land,' of which poets from Pindar to Byron have sung. The Greeks knew well how to choose out nature's fairest spots for the sites of their theatres. We look down upon the marble columns, some of them still standing in their places in the wall of the *Scena*, and lower still, through broken arches, upon the blue sea marking the edge of the strand with its tideless foam, stretching far away like a streak of silver into the soft grey distance.

But it is beyond and upwards that the gaze is drawn, to 'that snow'd pillar heavenly high, *Ætna*, nurse of ceaseless frost.' Knowing what havoc of fruitful lands and destruction of cities have been wrought by its volcanic power, nothing impresses one more than the calm of this huge mountain of fire. Only a faint curl of smoke rises gently from the highest peak, softening the otherwise unbroken blue which seems almost too harsh a setting for the wondrous mass of white. Startling, indeed, would be the contrast to those impassive snows were the crimson flame to leap up from the mountain's top, and the lava streams to burst forth

in fiery flow towards the city. But it is long since Ætna has so bestirred itself, and the town at its foot has been rebuilt out of the very material which wrought its ruin.

From the snowy summit the eye traces the mountain side as it stretches to the sea, broken here and there into lesser heights which eruptions of different dates have brought into being. On the lower slopes, luxuriant vineyards, nourished by the fiery soil that restores as plentifully as it destroys, surround the smiling villages that live on heedless of the danger that may yet overtake them. Below lies the Catanian coast, its ancient sea-bounds changed by the burning stream of 1669, while beyond the fields of Lentini and the promontory of Agosta, the grey-blue hills of Syracuse faintly come into the picture. To the north lies the little town of Taormina, its houses clustering along the rocky ledge which is backed by peaks of differing heights. There is the steep and almost isolated rock, the akropolis of Taormina, which has held out against besiegers of all ages and of all nationalities. High up stand the ruins of the Saracenic 'Castle of the Rock;' higher yet perches the little village of Mola on the very edge of a precipitous rock of sugar-loaf shape.

There are world-wide travellers who account the outlook from Taormina to be peerless in beauty. Some indeed say that it can be overmatched in Cashmere or from Cintra, but we may be well-content to believe that nothing can surpass 'the loveliest among the lovely views of Sicily.' It is a prospect of which one never wearies. Whether seen in all the exquisite freshness of sunrise, in the grey glare of noon-day, or in the wonderful glow of sunset, it has always new and unfailing charms.

The traveller who can find room in the Hôtel Timeo—called after the Greek historian, a native of the place—or in the newly started 'Grand Hotel,' is fortunate. At any hour of the day or evening he has but a few steps to take to the ruins of the theatre, and, without going further than the terrace, he can enjoy a splendid view of Ætna. But still we have never regretted that accident led us to the friendly Hôtel Naumachia in the main street of the town. Nowhere could we have been better cared for than we were by the whole Siligato family, and Giovanni the younger son of our Padrone became the special guide and companion of our numerous excursions in the country. Here also we had the luck to fall in with friends, in co-operation with whom several small festas were got up which won for our little inn the reputation of being the gayest in the town. True, the

'Naumachia' has not the wide open view which is the pride of 'Timeo,' but its upper terrace commands a grand scene from Ætna to Calabria, and below there is a charming look-out across the water and up towards the red walls of the theatre. From our windows which open to the sunny little terrace of the first story, is seen the lovely blue sea through a warm haze of almond blossoms. Primitive as are the surroundings, everything is scrupulously clean; one gets used to—nay, one even likes—the hubbub of Sicilian voices that rises from the small open court where a never-ending wash goes on, and where a savoury whiff from the diminutive kitchen foretells *colazione* or *pranzo* for which we are always ready, the sea-breeze and mountain air giving just the appetite to appreciate the delicate fresh sardines and mullets exquisitely fried and—a fact worthy of notice—served on hot plates. The maid of the inn, Carmela, goes deftly about her morning work singing a favourite Sicilian ditty—

'La varca passa, passa, e cunulea,
E lu more te canta na canzona.
Lu cielo tutto a mare se specchia
Io'ncielo guardo, e ne miro na guagliona
Vieneme trova, e vienece de sera
Io cca t'aspetto cu sta varca nera.'

At first sight Carmela's face seems stern, and even repellent, for her dark brows nearly meet and often knit themselves in a frown. But the face can smile and the dark eyes light up and glow when at last she shyly displays the photograph of her *fidanzatu*.

Our *sala di pranzo* leads out to another terrace supported by the arches of the so-called *Naumachia*. What was the building? A Roman bath, or what? The present name is utterly misleading, for Tauromenion could have needed no other Naumachia than the sea below which witnessed the defeat of Augustus. One must go down into the garden of oranges to study the range of round recesses, suggestive of 'either apses or ovens.'

On the town side the hotel opens to the long winding main street with the modern name of *Corso Umberto*, once, no doubt, the *Kasr* of the Saracens as at Messina and Palermo. It runs through the town from the Porta Messina to the Porta Catana, while smaller streets branch upward and downward, ever overflowing with brown mites of children clad in picturesque rags, who tumble about on the rocky steps while their mothers sit spinning in the open doorways. For here, as everywhere

else in Sicily, the wide low arch serves alike for door and window and one room, more often than not, holds a whole family. Walking on towards the Messina gate we come to the *Largo del Foro*—now the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—where stands the fine house called the *Palazzo Corvaja*. Its Scala battlement, the pointed windows with the slender shafts, with which we are already familiar in Palermo and in Syracuse, the lava ornamentation and inscription, combine to make the building a characteristic example of later Sicilian Gothic. Inside the court, over the picturesque staircase, is a quaint carving showing the creation of Eve. The lower part of the palace is now used for small shops, but some remaining members of the Corvaja family are said to live in the upper rooms. Turning off to the right and following a new street up the hill, we find ourselves amidst the splendid fragments of the theatre which the Greeks hewed out of the rock. But though plan and arrangement are still Greek, the present brick-work structure belongs entirely to the time of the Roman colony. Taormina of to-day is very different from the city which, under the immediate protection of Rome, ranked with Noto and Messina as a *civitas foederata*, or allied city, and which, unlike its greater neighbour, Messina, was not even obliged to furnish ships in time of war. The Roman city reached to the ancient walls, probably of Sikel origin, traces of which can be found outside the modern town, and its population may be reckoned by the extent of a theatre which could seat an audience of forty thousand.

We wander round the top wall that surrounds the whole *cavea* and revel in the wonderful scene. Pleasant it is to rest awhile upon the grass-grown theatre seats and enjoy the scent of herbs and flowers, while the bright-eyed lizard darts in and out of every rocky bit. Down below, the ground is strewn with broken columns and bits of cornice framed in rich aloes and the great leaves of the acanthus, itself the living model of the sculptured foliage on the Corinthian capitals hard by. But not for long can we muse in sunny silence. Thoughts on the Past are rudely interrupted by the shrill voices of new-comers, who, forgetful of the acoustic perfection of the theatre, 'cleave the general ear with horrid speech.' The tourist is upon us—the tourist who is 'doing' Taormina along with Syracuse and Girgenti *because* they are set down for him in his 'Gaze' programme. He wonders 'why those Grecians built their amphitheatre'—theatre or amphitheatre it is all one to him—'on the top of the hill, where

so few people could get to it?' What will he say at Syracuse? To Segesta he will not go. It is not down in his programme. After this jarring interruption of our dream it is well to rise and clamber up to the point overlooking the town. Thus do we escape the tourist, for his prescribed path is round the other side. Then down the rocky hill, scrambling by untrodden ways, through the thickets of prickly pear, we land at last in the main road. A turn to the right from the Messina gate leads to a higher street, where the women of Taormina are filling their water-pots at the well. Some skill is needed to poise the heavy jar on the head—'Ah si, Signorina, è molto pesante'—but the result is a splendid carriage which recalls the graceful, upright figures of the Dalmatian peasants. The favourite china-blue, or the less modern grass green skirt of many gathers contrasts well with the brown faces and dark hair of the Sicilian women. In their ears they wear large circlets of thin gold, and a silver dagger is thrust through their hair.

Entering by a small side street upon the Corso, we follow its windings to the gate that looks towards Ætna. The little town is full of interesting bits, here a mediæval door, there a pointed window, or some other fragment of the glories of the ancient palaces. We thought the Palazzo Corvaja fine, but it is surpassed in its own style by the palace of the Duca di San Stefano, which is said to have been enriched by spoils from the theatre. This house would be well worth restoring, or rather repairing, for restoration has a bad name of late, and timely and judicious repair is all that is needed. A little further the street ends with the Porta Catana and its strong outer gate, the Porta Toca, both of them machicolated. Turning upward to the right, past the church of S. Francesco di Paola, with its picturesque steps on which the children are playing, we thread our way through narrow streets, which at last bring us to the beautiful ruin commonly known as *La Badia Vecchia*, another fine house with battlements and an exquisite string course diapered with black lava and marble. The owner is desirous to find a purchaser for the square roofless walls standing in prickly pear. He asks such a small sum that we tremble lest we shall return some day to find the beautiful geometrical tracery of the windows without their vivid background of blue sky. We wish long life to the building that gains by being 'a little out of repair,' and also to the one palm-tree that still lives to heighten the Oriental feeling of the scene. The walk along the pathway under the

castle-hill shows the whole length of the town, with a pleasant peep of the chief piazza, the clock tower and gateway in the Saracen wall that flanks the hill and another palm-tree against the southern sky with the blue sea beyond. It is here that the Taorminese sun themselves, gazing on the snows of *Muncibeddu*, as they call *Mongibello*, the name in which the Latin and Arabic tongues translate one another.

Our morning of sight-and-site-seeing in Taormina was followed by an expedition to the shore. Don Giovanni—the Spanish influence still clings to the people—guides us by a winding path below the Messina gate down upon the high road and the small pebbly beach in front of L'Isola Bella. Francesco the boatman is ready with his painted skiff, and rows us swiftly to coral caves. The boat dances on the foaming waves as the wonderful deep-blue water rises and falls, disclosing an exquisite fringe of orange-red coral which lines the rough sides of the grotto. It is just the spot for the home of Thetis, 'Peleus' silver-footed bride,' who guided the ship that bore the argonauts and chid the 'barking waves' of Scylla. When the good ship *Argo* had leapt safely past the terrible outstretched necks, 'then Thetis and her nymphs sank down to their coral caves beneath the sea, and their gardens of green and purple where live flowers bloom all the year round.'

And if the coral caves of S. Andrea would be a fit home for Thetis, L'Isola Bella is fair enough to be the Isle of Calypso. But even in this land of enchantment one cannot sit for ever on the rocks watching the wavelets curling in and out below. So Ciccio's boat takes us back to the beach whence we put off, and with the booty of more than one delicate 'Venus' ear,' we start along the high road of Messina, turning aside presently into a lemon grove where the air is heavy with the scent of blossom and of freshly-gathered fruit lying in a golden heap beneath the trees. Is it not Sicily of which Goethe wrote—

, 'Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?'

The owner of the fragrant garden offers us any amount of the fruit, so, pocketing a few of the choicest lemons for fresh lemonade, with a *revederla* we go on our way. Back 'home' now, and by a zig-zag path skirting a lovely gorge between rocky hills. A delightful day is drawing to its close, and as we turn once more in our windings to look seawards, the glory of the crimson sunset is reflected on the heights of Calabria.

The town and the sea-shore have been visited ; in the evening, Giovanni says, we must see the people. It is Carnival time and little dances are kept up indefatigably in different houses every night. After dinner therefore we sallied forth to see the fun and were most courteously entreated, chairs being found for the ladies of the party. But they were not allowed to sit long. Would they not join in the *ballo*? 'E veramente molto facile,' and so forth, till the English party found themselves in the thick of the contre-danse, quadrille, or Française, soon catching the very spirit of the Sicilians themselves as they threaded the mazes of the various figures which swiftly followed one another. It was amusing to hear the leader of the *ballo* shout in French, 'Cavaliers à vos Dames,' 'Dames aux Cavaliers,' 'Balancez tous,' 'Tour de même,' 'Dames au milieu,' 'Chaîne Anglaise,' etc., etc. The Sicilians dance with great spirit and elasticity, taking most praiseworthy care with their steps, looking first at their toes and then at their partners. The specially characteristic dance of Sicily is over for the moment, and its quaint, somewhat monotonous tune is exchanged for the livelier air of the round dance. Polka, mazurka, and valse succeed one another, and Don Giovanni is the life of the party. Giovanni *ci*, Giovanni *là*, his blue eyes large with excitement, he dances *con amore*, and is out and out the best 'Cavaliere' in the room, as well as a general favourite. The village carpenter, who is also the clarionet soloist of the Taorminese *musica*, and the sprightly barber, Pagano by name, are also not behindhand. Now the *harmonica* grinds a new tune, and this time it is the Tarantella, which four Sicilians work up to a giddy speed. Nothing can be more amusing to watch than the intricate twistings and pirouettings of these dancers, accompanied by the scornful glances which they cast over their shoulders at each other.

We left delighted with our *divertimento*, and not many days passed before we took our share in this little mountain carnival by having two fancy dress dances at our hotel. Through the kindness of Signor Crupi, the excellent photographer, the ladies were provided with brilliant green skirts and brocaded bodices, to which 'Liberty' scarves gave the necessary finish. An enterprising German caused much merriment by appearing suddenly as Bacchus, wreathed with ivy and offering a cup of choicest wine—was it Mamertine wine or the modern Marsala?—to the company. Very impressive in the dignity of his flowing lines and the calm of his Oriental impassiveness was an artist

who came as an Arab Sheik. A fine bit of colour was produced by an Englishman wearing the violet coat and ruffles of a Sicilian noble of the eighteenth century, while our friend the barber figured in mountain costume, with Phrygian cap and the doubled-mouthed wallet thrown over his shoulder, from which he scattered roses to the ladies.

Two years later, on re-visiting the place, we found our festoons still hung from the ceiling, though degraded to the duty of catching flies, and the story of the Ballo Inglese was still told to every new-comer.

Only those who make Taormina their home for a while can fully feel the fascination that lies in the surrounding country. The endless walks that can be made to the different *paese*—we use the word in its restricted Sicilian sense—have an infinite variety of charms. Invigorated by the mountain-air one soon rivals the goats themselves in scaling the rocky boulders in the ravines, or climbing the stony zig-zags of the hills. At every point the eye has a rich feast over sea and mountains, orange and lemon trees, carob, almond, nespole, pomegranate, mulberry, and olive. Everything is smiling in the fresh burst of luxuriant spring, recalling the lines of Guarini—

“O primavera, gioventù del anno,
Bella madre dei fiori.”

But how describe the flowers that enamel every hillside? Their wealth of colouring is bewildering. Many are new to us, but we greet all our old English favourites in their Sicilian home, though they are almost grown out of knowledge. Snapdragons, foxgloves, ox-eyed daisies, clover, marigolds, convolvulus, gentian, star of Bethlehem, love-in-a-mist, gold-eyed kingcups, red poppies and sky-blue cornflowers, all mingled together in choicest profusion, give to each ledge of the mountain slopes a carpetting of loveliest Oriental hues. One spot is specially gorgeous. Beneath fresh green oak-trees the rich colouring of saintfoil suggests that ‘crimson-slipper’d’ Demêter passed here as she sped onward in unwearied pursuit of lost Persephonê whom the coal-black steeds bore away from the vales of Enna. But every bit is beautiful. There are treasures of orchises that seem to aspire to the stature of the asphodel and the gladiolus, both of which abound. On the rougher edges spring up broom and cytisus, while even the hardest tops of the rocks have their sprinkling of blue iris. And everywhere the

quaint cactus adds its fantastic outline to the picture with its massive arms and plate-like foliage, guarded by the minutest of prickles, spurring in every direction. By-and-bye, in the later summer, its somewhat insipid fruit, *fichi d'India*—though the plant is strictly a native of America—will become to the Sicilian what the potato is to the Irishman.

Nor are the flowers alone beautiful. Nature here clothes the very weeds with grace and harmony of line until even our enemy the nettle becomes almost a thing of beauty. To Sicily, as to Italy, might be addressed the lines of Byron—

‘Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruins graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced?’

We who have come to know every step and turn in the hills round about Taormina, who have sought out the early cyclamen sheltering under dark leaves in the rocky ravines below Monte Ziretto, who have tracked ‘the smell of violets hidden in the grass’ beneath the castle-hill, and have plucked the flowing maiden-hair beside many a tinkling rivulet, cannot but think that there are Sicilian vales fairer than the vale in Ida, ‘lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian Hills,’ Sicilian valleys rich with the golden fruit of orange and lemon trees and the vines that are to bring forth the fiery wine of Ætna. Surely it is here that goat-footed Pan plays on his pipe of seven reeds music sweeter than that of any singing bird, till all the hills around re-echo with the sound, and the dance-loving nymphs move their white feet quickly beside the dark-watered spring. Then the bright-locked god dances too, springing backwards and forwards with nimble feet, now in the middle, and now again retreating just as the men of Mola still dance on their mountain top. No wonder that Theocritus wove picture upon picture from the idyllic scenes amongst which he lived, and that Wordsworth in our own island learned to dream of Sicily from the—

‘Child of the mountains, among shepherds reared.’

There is hardly any bit of coast between Taormina and Messina which has not some special fascination of its own. Expeditions can easily be made, some on foot or on ass-back, others by boat or by rail. If hard pressed, the painted Sicilian

cart can be brought into use, but it will be found stronger in pictures of history and romance than in springs. Still, riding on chairs tied together in a cart has the charm of novelty, and ought to be given at least one trial. There are two points within easy reach which are to be recommended to any good climber. From Forza d'Agro, an eagle's nest higher than Mola itself, far above the bright rock of S. Alessio, and from Scaletta di Sopra—and in truth it is a lofty staircase—the look-out, both on the mountain and the seaward side, is singularly beautiful. Ruins of castles perched on rugged limestone rocks, steep, narrow, straggling streets, balconies with the favourite crimson carnation hanging from green pots fixed on iron spikes, dark-eyed women handling the graceful distaff, lemon-scented valleys, stony beds of mountain torrents, blue sea and yet bluer sky, with the wonderful sunshine of the sunny south all above and around, fill up a scene difficult indeed to put into words, but one that will always stay in one's memory.

Every one who goes to Taormina is up betimes at least once during his stay to see the sun rise from the sea and spread his rosy mantle over the gleaming ice-fields of Mongibello. It is also well worth while to start from the little town before the goats with their tinkling bells have fully roused the inhabitants from their slumbers, and to climb the narrow path that lead to Mola and to the yet greater height of Venera. There is a delicious silence in the early freshness of the morning as we pass through the gateway by the fountain, and following the aqueduct beneath the castle hill, come at length to the steep, narrow staircase leading to the eyrie on its precipitous rock overhung with cactus and red valerian. Later in the day it is not unusual to find artists sketching the quaint gateway of 1578, which is the only entrance to the isolated peak of Mola. The Festa of San Giorgio on the 4th of May is a good day for a visit. Then all the peasants come in from the *paese* round about, and the colouring of bright skirts, handkerchiefs, and cashmere shawls, the sparkle of the earrings and innumerable finger rings worn by the women are very effective. A most picturesque group may be seen on the steps and above the walls near the church, while the *musica*—for Mola as well as Taormina has its band—plays its liveliest airs. Every balcony, as well as the little piazza, is full of the good people of Mola enjoying their holiday. We enter the church to pay our respects to St. George and the Dragon, who have been carried round the town before *la prima messa*. Offerings of

flowers are spread before the saint who looks so puny on his steed that we cannot fancy him—

‘As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.’

Nor can his air be described as particularly *fiera, pronta, vivace*. Indeed, the men of Mola have not always been satisfied with this one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. There is a story that not long ago when rain was not forthcoming at their prayer, they dragged out San Giorgio from the church, pelted him with stones, and put him in prison. Afterwards came rain, when they said, ‘See now, we have made St. George hearken to us.’ So they cleaned him and put him back into the church.

Many a superstition still lurks in the little towns set amidst the hills. It is not long since a ceremony—it may go on still—was performed for the casting out of devils. An English lady who was present and who was moved to laughter was solemnly advised to keep her mouth shut lest the *diavolo* should jump down her throat. This took place near the *paese* of Calatabiano. We made an excursion to the ruined Saracen castle that crowns the conical lava hill above the present town, and presently we crossed the *fiumara* of the Cántara or Alcántara (the ancient Akesines), its present name as well as that of the town reminding us that the Arabs once held rule here. This river separates the volcanic region of Ætna from that of the limestone of the Nebrodian range, or as we have heard it put merrily, ‘it divides Ætna from “Nætna.”’ Somewhere between the Cántara and Giardini was the earliest home of Hellenic worship in Sicily. Here stood the altar and shrine of Apollôn Archêgêtes, the divine patron, under whose care the Chalchidic colony sailed to Naxos twenty-six centuries ago. On this altar, which remained standing long after the first Greek town on Sicilian soil had been wiped out by Dionysios, all envoys offered sacrifice before and after their sacred missions to the mother-country, and at the Sicilian shrine of the Greek God were hung up prizes that had been won in the games of Olympia. Pieces of wall in a lemon garden alone remain to mark the site of ancient Naxos, now called Capo Schisò. And above rises the great mountain of fire that in earliest times of all, long before either tradition or written history existed, poured forth the lava that was to become the resting-place of the first Greek settlers. Strange indeed is the thought that Ætna, according to geological knowledge, is the youngest mountain in Sicily and did not always, as now,

outstep all other heights in the island. It is no wonder that superstition should have found an abiding home beneath the marvellous mountain of fire. Perhaps no more fruitful land than Sicily can be found for the growth of those legends which owe their origin to man's desire to assign a cause for the phenomena of the natural world. The religion of the earliest Sikel inhabitants is closely connected with the workings of volcanic forces. Then came the Greek colonists who clothed the Sikel stories in the more brilliant colouring that they brought from their eastern to their western home. And no part of Sicily is richer in legends than its whole eastern coast. Looking eastward from any of the heights around we see the straits of legendary fame, the home of the dreadful Scylla and the yet more dangerous Charybdis. The dangers of rock and whirlpool, which seemed so great to the earliest mariners when they sought out the distant shores of the Mediterranean, suggested a not unnatural localisation of the wonders sung by Homer in the wanderings of Odysseus.

Westward, as far as sight can reach, we see the coast and hills of the most interesting place in the island. And there in the Syracusan Ortygia is the far-famed fountain of Arethusa—

‘ Ortygia, seat
Of Dian, watcher o’er the crystal flood.’

Nearer to us along the coast, between Catania and Naxos, is Aci Reale, the home of Akis and Galatea. Who is there that does not know—if not from Theocritus, at least from Handel—the story of the nymph wooed by the giant shepherd? There are the cruel rocks that crushed the unhappy Akis, and there is the immortal stream in which he murmurs still his gentle love.

With the powers of waters—streams and springs—‘daughters of the earth’ as the Arabs metaphorically call the latter—the powers of fire are closely connected in Sicilian legend. Round the physical phenomenon of Sicily clustered a variety of legends to explain the mysteries beneath the earth. Within the greatest furnace of Ætna was the western forge of Hêphaistos, communicating with the fires of Lipari, where the Kyklopês in the character of giant-smiths, rather than of giant-shepherds, helped the fire-god to work the thunderbolts of Olympian Zeus, who himself is—

‘Thron’d on Ætna’s summit high.’

The eruptions of the mountain were caused by the movements of Enkelados, on whom, in the war of gods and giants, Athêne

flung the isle of Sicily. Under Ætna, too, was bound down the huge Typhôn whom Earth had brought forth to fight against the gods, and whom the Lord of Ætna overcame.

Passing from the old Greek legends to those of mediæval times, we read how when tales of the Round Table had become familiar to the Sicilians, British Arthur himself was to be seen on 'Mongibel.' This rapid localisation of the northern hero belongs to a time when the volcanic forces of the island were specially busy. Then, as later, men saw the 'boiling stew' of Ætna 'belch out flames.' It was in the great earthquake of 1170, which left not one house standing in the whole city of Catania, and which turned the sweet waters of Arethusa into a salt and muddy fount, that the highest cone of Ætna, on the side which looks towards Taormina, was seen to sink into the crater.

Is it not the undying charm of legend interwoven with the history of the meeting-place of nations of nearly every race and creed, heightened by the perfections of Nature, that creates the special fascination that belong to Taormina? We breathe the air that has been breathed from the earliest to the latest times by Sikels, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Normans, French, and Aragonese. All these have been settlers in the land. Taormina, from the strength of its position, was sought by all, and not without brave resistance did it surrender to each successive enemy. Time would fail to tell of all the early sieges of her fortress, from the day when the Sikels hurled the tyrant Dionysios down the mountain side, to the hour when the Saracens surrendered through famine to the Normans under Count Roger.

We must bid farewell to this piccolo paradiso di Taormina, which some of our nation, loth to leave, abide in still. Farewell to the hills, vales, and flowers, to the marble rocks and coral caves, to the blue sea, the sunshine, and the lizard 'with his shadow on the stone.' For the last time we tread the theatre by moonlight and look on Ætna's cold and silent snows. For the last time we walk through the narrow street, voiceless save for the strains of mandoline and guitar, and drink at the quaint fountain with its double basins, hoping that, like those of Trevi, its waters may have power to bring us again to Sicily.

To the people of Taormina, amongst whom we have come to feel at home, let us give their own friendly word of greeting—

'BENEDICITE.'

THE STORY OF THE GORSE.

THERE is an old, old saying—is there not?—that, ‘When the gorse is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion.’ And it is quite true, every word of it, because the gorse never *is* out of bloom, and so kissing is always the most fashionable thing in the world.

But it is every bit the doing of the brownies, all the same. They found out the secret of kissing long ago, and they sent the message out to the world on the breath of the gorse. For its breath is so warm and soft and sweet, that there is nothing else so like a kiss in Creation. When men and women first smelt the gorse they wanted to invent something that was just like the scent. So they invented kissing—at least, they thought they did; but it was the work of the brownies really.

However, the brownies knew that if once the gorse stopped blooming the world would forget its new accomplishment, so they took care to prevent such a sad thing happening. They planted gorse-bushes up and down all over the mountains, and covered the hills with the tender, golden bloom. And they told off a great many of their number to keep constant watch over the flowers, and to water and tend them very carefully, so as to be sure of always having a little thorny spray of blossom somewhere. This was hard work now and then in winter time, but the elves were so quick and watchful that the catastrophe they dreaded had never yet taken place, and the world had gone on kissing as comfortably and lovingly as usual.

However, there came at last one very hard, very snowy winter. Oh, how busy the brownies were! As well as having to look after the snowflakes, and keep the robins warm, and comfort the poor little children who had no fires, they had all this trouble with the gorse. And it didn’t like the cold at all. When it poked out its little yellow buds and saw the snow, it wanted to go to sleep like the other flowers, and the brownies had to coax and humour it to make it come out at all. Even then it grumbled the whole time, and tried to prick the poor little elves, and said

that kissing was a ridiculous custom, and, for its part, it wasn't going to encourage any such thing. And at last it grew so cross and unmanageable that every bit of it went to sleep in spite of the brownies, all except one unselfish little spray somewhere up in the north of Scotland, that was so sorry for the elves it declared it would go on blooming as long as ever it could.

But it could not go on blooming for ever, and the elves knew it. How careful they were of that little spray to be sure! How anxiously they watched the yellow buds opening out from their wee brown sheaths! How tenderly they guarded them from the rough wind, and coaxed down to them the wintry sunbeams! And what excursions they made over the country to try and find just one little sprig that should bloom before the gallant yellow flowers had faded away. But it was all in vain. The poor, good little spray could not help fading, although it tried its very best to live. And the rest of the gorse was crosser than ever, and stuck out its prickles like a porcupine when the brownies tried to reason with it, and refused to let the tiniest peep of amber shine among its thorny green; so that at last all the tender kisses of the whole world were depending upon one yellow bud of gorse right up in Scotland.

It was the last bud of the dying spray, and though it smiled hopefully at the brownies, and swelled itself out to quite an unnatural size, it, too, began at last to fade; and one night, the evening before Christmas Eve, a great snowstorm came whirling over the moors, and tossed the little spray upon its windy bosom, and tore the last bud away from its mother-stem, and swept it off across the hill-tops, like a fragrant golden flake of snow.

And when Christmas Eve dawned, clear and white after the storm, the gorse was out of bloom, and all the men and women in the big snowy world had forgotten how to kiss one another.

How strange it was to be sure! Little Effie was the first to find it out. You see, she and her toddle of a brother had quarrelled the night before, because Effie said that Mother Carey was plucking her chickens, and that their white feathers were whirling about in the air, and Ronald declared that he didn't believe a word of *that* rubbish—the snowflakes were diamonds, and would sink down, down, down into the earth, and cuddle up together in the big mines below, until the miners came to dig them out; and they had argued about it until Effie had cried with vexation, and Master Ronald had marched off to bed as proudly as his fat little legs would carry him, declaring that Effie

was 'a girl'; and although it was quite true, Effie did not like it being remarked upon in that scornful manner.

So they had both gone to bed without kissing one another, and their hearts were rather heavy when they awoke. Effie could not remember at first what was the matter. She puzzled and puzzled, feeling quite sure that something was wrong but not knowing what in the world it could be. She had been cross to Ronald, yes, she remembered that. And she wanted very much to ask him to forgive her, and to—to—to—what *was* it that she wanted to do to him? She couldn't think, but she was sure *something* was needed to make them friends again. She would go and ask him, himself; perhaps he might be able to tell her what it was that they always did when they had quarrelled and made it up again. So she tumbled out of her little white cot, and pattered across the landing to the room where Ronald slept. He sat up in bed when he heard her coming, and held out his arms. And she tumbled straight into them, and laid her cheek against his, and held him close, and when they had both whispered, 'I'm sorry,' they cuddled up together like two roses on one stalk. But still they hadn't done that something, and presently Effie sat up and began to wonder about it.

'Ronnie,' she said, in a very puzzled tone, 'what do we generally do when we are forgiving one another?'

Ronald shook his head.

'I can't think,' he murmured disconsolately; 'I know we don't seem to have done it properly.'

He gazed at Effie in silence, and by-and-by she made a suggestion.

'Suppose,' she said, with a feeble attempt at brightness, 'suppose we shake hands.'

'Very well,' answered Ronald. So they shook hands in a very solemn and depressed fashion, and then sat looking at one another like a couple of very wise and very perplexed little owls.

Nurse came in presently to dress them, and her bright, good-humoured face made them both feel a little happier. She wished them 'Good-morning' very merrily, and carried Effie off to her own room. But when she had bathed and dressed the little girl, somehow nurse, too, began to look anxious and depressed.

'Bless me! Miss Effie,' she said, 'have I fastened all your hooks and eyes?'

'Yes, every one, nurse,' Effie told her; 'look and see.' She

twisted round, with her back to nurse, who anxiously ran her fingers down the fastenings of the child's frock.

'Well, well! I never!' she muttered, 'I am certain I haven't done *all* as I ought to have done. Miss Effie, dear, have you really said your prayers?'

'Really and truly, nurse,' said Effie, earnestly. 'Don't you remember?'

'Well now, I declare,' cried nurse, 'if I don't feel as if I'd forgotten something, but what it is I can't for the life of me think! I don't believe I gave you a proper bath, Miss Effie.'

Nurse looked so inclined to undress little Effie and wash and dress her all over again, that the child took alarm and ran away down the stairs to breakfast, feeling sure that nurse *had* forgotten something, but quite unable to say what it was.

How was it that breakfast seemed so unnatural that Christmas Eve? Mother said 'Good-morning' to her children as sweetly and as brightly as ever, but there was still the feeling of something missing. Mother looked a little anxious herself, and did not answer when father cried, 'Bless me, how late it is! I must be off to the city!' But she called him back in a puzzled voice when he hastened away from breakfast, and looking into his face, said, 'My dear,' in an inquiring sort of way, while he gazed back at her, and rubbed his forehead.

'Aye, aye, mother,' he said, perplexedly, 'I have forgotten something, I feel sure; but I can't think what it is. However, find it if you can and send it after me!' And in another moment he was gone.

Sister Agatha, too, was troubled that day, although she was to be married in a month or two, and Effie's and Ronald's new brother was the 'nicest, dearest man in the world,' at least, such was Effie's opinion. He came to see Agatha in the afternoon, and although her face was as sweet and bright, her manner as serene as ever, there was a wistful look somewhere in the shadows of her eyes that was reflected in his. They both looked as if they had lost something, and nobody in the whole world could find it for them.

'This is a very disagreeable Christmas Eve,' said little Ronald grumpily, sitting in the twilight when the long, long day was nearly over. 'I hope Christmas Day won't be as nasty.'

'It oughtn't to be as horrid as it is,' said Effie, plaintively, 'when we have eaten so many goodies, and everybody has been so kind, and pussy has had kittens, and everything.'

She cuddled one of the wee kittens as she spoke, and put it up against her little face. She would have kissed it, but you see she had forgotten how, so she could only put it down again with the new vague feeling of something missing.

‘I can’t think what girls find nice about kittens,’ said Ronald, scornfully, after another pause. ‘I think they are horrid. I should like to cut them into two pieces with my new sword.’

‘Oh, Ronnie!’ cried Effie, looking alarmed, and seeming to think her little brother very bloodthirsty indeed.

‘Well, I should,’ said Ronald, defiantly, ‘I don’t love them.’

‘Ronald, that is rather naughty,’ said Sister Agatha, gently.

‘I don’t care, I want to be naughty,’ Ronald announced. ‘I don’t think anybody loves anybody now.’

‘Why?’ asked Agatha, doubtfully, for she had rather the same feeling herself.

‘I don’t know,’ muttered Ronald, ‘they don’t show it any how.’

And everybody was silent, for nobody could say that they *did*.

But the brownies were sitting unseen in the globe of the gold fish, having come there with messages of comfort for the poor little prisoners, from their distant wives and families, and when they heard what Ronald said, and saw how unhappy the whole world was because the gorse was out of bloom, they simply cried with sorrow and perplexity. And they cried so much that the water in the bowl overflowed and ran all over the floor. And then they dried their eyes and went away to the mountains again, and hunted up and down for a little bit of yellow gorse, but there was not one bit in the whole wide world.

And what the world would have done that Christmas is more than I can tell you, had it not been for a little ragged girl who lived among some big mills somewhere in Lancashire.

She believed in the brownies, bless you! She had plenty of sense, and knew that the more wonderful a thing seemed, the more likely it was to be true. But she was not thinking of the brownies when she went up on to the snowy moors in the dim twilight of that Christmas Eve.

No, she was thinking of the story of the Christ-Child born on the morrow; and she was humming over her new Christmas hymn. She did not guess the calamity that had overtaken the world. Nobody had ever kissed her that she could remember, so she did not miss anything out of her life; but she wanted

to celebrate the Christ-Child's birthday, and she wanted to do it with a 'bit of green.'

She would have liked some of the box and holly that she saw going up to the master's house, but as she could not have that, she cheerfully made up her mind that she must find something else instead ; and she knew that the gorse was poking up its fresh green prickles through the snow on the hillside, and she thought joyfully that it was the very thing for her Christmas garland ; so she plodded bravely off to the moorlands and filled her pinafore with the prickly green, making her poor little fingers bleed in the gathering of it.

And when the brownies, who were all sitting in rows on the hillside, very nearly crying their eyes out over the trouble that the gorse was giving, saw her trotting back so contentedly homewards, holding up her ragged pinafore with its little burden of green, they smiled at one another through their tear-drops, and took up the soft music of her Christmas hymn. 'Peace on earth,' sang all the brownies in a chorus, 'peace and goodwill ;' for they felt sure that the trouble was going to be set right after all.

And the little mill-girl went straight home, and sitting down on the kitchen-floor, wove her gorse into a prickly wreath, singing all the time ; it didn't hurt her fingers very much, she touched it so softly and tenderly, and knew just which were the yielding parts of the stalks, and when she had made her wreath she hung it over the chimner-corner and stood looking at it thoughtfully for a minute or two. It reminded her of another crown that her teacher had told her about last Sunday, so she looked quite serious for a little while, but then remembered the Christmas joy and went to bed, saying softly to herself, 'Peace on earth, peace and goodwill.'

The little mill-girl slept soundly, for she had done a hard day's work. It was a bitterly cold night, and the gorse on the hillside had shut itself up tighter than ever. It was cross and chilly, but the wreath hanging over the chimney-corner began to get warm ; it was close to the fire, you see, and the cottage walls shut out the bitter wind ; warmer and warmer it grew, and the little frozen flakes of snow that had hidden themselves among the prickles turned into a warm soft shower like summer rain. The brownies came one by one to see how it was getting on, and when they saw what was happening they sent in joyful haste for the others, and very soon the kitchen was quite full of brownies, all of them

whispering words of tender encouragement to the gorse, for what with the warmth and the cosiness and the moisture lying about it, the little wreath was actually beginning to bloom ! It couldn't help it ; it was so warm and comfortable in the chimney-corner that bud after bud burst its brown sheath and poked out a wee yellow nose to see the reason of the change, and when once they had poked out their little noses they had no wish to go to sleep again, but bloomed bigger and sweeter and yellower every moment, listening to the brownies' softly-sung carol, so that when the dawn came creeping through the shutters it fell on what seemed to be a great golden crown hanging on the wall, while all the brownies sat in a ring underneath it and wept tears of joy.

The little mill-girl woke up by-and-by and came to look at her Christmas garland ; when she saw the sweet golden crown she stood quite still for a minute or two. It did not seem wonderful to her, and she only smiled softly to herself. ' The Crown of Thorns,' she whispered, ' I will tell teacher about it,' and a far-away look came into her eyes as she stood on tip-toe to smell the amber blossoms ; for the little mill-girl found a beautiful meaning lying about her Christmas wreath.

The brownies kissed her before they went joyfully away into the winter-dawn, bearing the message that the gorse had bloomed again. ' Peace and goodwill,' they sang, and the world believed them ; and men and women kissed one another with a Christmas kiss.

' A merry Christmas,' cried Ronald to Effie, with a hearty hug, and ' A merry Christmas,' echoed nurse, stooping down to embrace her babies. ' A happy Christmas, mother,' said father, tenderly pressing his lips to the calm smooth forehead, and ' A happy Christmas,' whispered Agatha to Effie's new brother, looking up at him with eyes from which all the shadows had gone away.

For the world had found what it had lost on Christmas Eve, and the little mill-girl looked with happy reverence at her golden crown. Nobody kissed the little mill-girl except the brownies, but she did not know it ; she had found something even better than the gorse, and the brownies, and the Christmas kisses of love.

And did the gorse go on blooming after that ? Yes, ever afterwards, although never so sweetly as the little mill-girl's garland bloomed on Christmas Day.

BLANCHE ORAM.

COUNTRY SOCIETY OF YESTERDAY.

BY MRS. HALLETT.

OF late I have amused myself with making a comparison or two between the social life of to-day and that of yesterday, or rather, one phase of it, for my experience does not go beyond that of a 'clergywoman' who has lived nearly her whole life in one neighbourhood of quite the average type. Yet, in forty years, there have been changes enough to be worth noting, especially as every one has, perhaps, a deeper significance than appears on the mere surface.

If society means broadly, meeting our friends, when and how did we meet for that rubbing together of minds which is both wholesome and pleasant?

Our society consisted almost wholly of squires and parsons. We were a long way from a town, the soil was clay, and so no enterprising person ever built a 'gentleman's residence' and advertised it to let, causing a mushroom growth of gentry from regions unknown to rise amongst us. No, there was nothing of this sort; our squires lived themselves on their own property, and it was a case of really living, for nobody in our part of the world dreamt then of a trip to Egypt in the winter, Switzerland in the summer, and three months of the autumn on a Scotch moor.

The clergy, too, regarded their livings much as the squire his estate, as lifelong possessions, from which it would have been thought light-minded and unfeeling to part without the gravest reason. There was strong attachment to a home as a home, it was part of yourself, and the tie was almost as seldom severed as that between husband and wife.

We all held the safe doctrine that we might go further and fare, not better, but far less solidly and well as regards earthly comfort. Not that the question of moving ever really came before us. It was only doubtful and impecunious parsons, or

parsons more or less under a cloud who went about from place to place and were looked down upon accordingly.

Well, as to society. Life was no doubt calmer and more leisurely forty years ago than it is now. People had fewer subjects to occupy their minds, and so could bestow more careful attention on those that did come before them. Entertainments were certainly more of a business of life and occupied a longer time than they do now, for I do not recollect any mode of showing hospitality to neighbours except by asking them to dinner. For this, there were more reasons than one. First, because dinner was then the meal of the day, and more or less swamped all others. Many elderly people were stringent in eating no luncheon, so could not be asked to that informal meal. Secondly, afternoon tea was still almost a thing unknown. If it was beginning to be indulged in by a few, it was a surreptitious cup for 'mama' when she looked in upon the school-room or nursery tea, and was not offered to guests.

Yet we were long past the four, or even five o'clock late dinner. My impression is, we invited friends at half-past six, not 6.30, mind you, that was a much later abbreviation, derived from the railway time-table, and considering there were people still living who objected on principle to railways, and fought tooth and nail to keep them at a respectful distance, it would have seemed odd, and not at all the thing, 'to use such an expression' (I seem to hear the tone in which the words would have been uttered) in a polite invitation to dinner.

Mr. Paget in the 'Owlet of Owlstone Edge' is very severe on the efforts made by the country parson's wife to emulate her richer neighbours by giving a dinner-party. In describing one, he tells of the cook who has been toiling since five in the morning to achieve dishes that are beyond her powers, and he remarks that it is no great treat to eat soup to which half a pound of black pepper has been added by way of flavour, nor to have the lobster sauce tilted into your lap by the inadvertence of the man-of-all-work who waits!

And there is a capital touch in 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' when the extemporised waiter, who is really the gardener, asks the cook to wet the bottom of the *duree* a little, to prevent the catastrophe recurring of all the gravy being poured over poor Mrs. Amos Barton's best and only silk dress! All this is very amusing, and there is a good deal of truth in it. But as to the cook's failures, it must have been a particularly feeble and in-

effective parson's wife who left everything to that subordinate, and did not herself superintend (at least with head) the dishes that are the crucial tests of a dinner.

And how infinitely more interesting the whole affair became in consequence! The very difficulties were as the smell of gunpowder to the war-horse, and spurred on the energetic to unheard-of efforts. I must allow that the stumbling-blocks in the way of success were occasionally numerous and varied. The fish did not come (the carrier always suffered from lapses of memory on the days when it was of the deepest importance he should not); the fowls happened, by an unlucky chance, to be the boniest of their tribe, and presented far too much leg to view, unless skilfully smothered in sauce; the cream had a remarkable property, only exhibited on the day of a 'party,' which caused it to prematurely turn into lumps of butter, instead of whipping up; the jelly declined to stand up in the presence of company, although firm enough at a private rehearsal! Still, these manifold drawbacks *could*, by pluck and perseverance, be overcome, and it was also possible to drill the parson's man into waiting, without any extraordinary *contretemps* occurring, even to the crowning achievement of 'taking off the cloth,' and *not* at the same time giving an unpleasant hitch to any of the ladies' head-dresses.

The typical Thomas was usually a simple-minded person, for on one occasion when the conversation at dinner turned upon the growing of potatoes, the host, wishing to prove that the said vegetable could be induced to reach a size of so many inches round, turned to his man and said, 'Thomas, bring back the potato that was in the dish after you handed it round.'

On which the ready response came, 'Please, sir, I eat 'un,' which was candid, and the achievement was really a remarkable one, in the intervals of waiting, and we could only suppose Thomas required solid refreshment, with so much bodily and mental toil.

To return to our party. The dinner safely over, there was the long evening for real talk; for if the guests came at half-past six they did not depart until nearly eleven. The ladies compared notes about school and school-needlework, and there was the usual gossip of a country neighbourhood, where everybody knew everybody else intimately, and yet the edge of our friendship was not worn off by too frequent meetings. I remember a good deal of lamentation over a certain long-standing feud between two

gentlemen who were near neighbours, and the latest phases of it were eagerly discussed ; but the strange part is, that though this went on for years, I have only a most distant and hazy idea of what the dispute was all about, and can only recall that rabbits were in some way or other remotely connected with it.

There was more formality in conversation and manners in those days, and perhaps the explanation is, that formality is born of leisure. The sense that the day was long enough unconsciously suggested to us to use long words instead of short. It is said to be forty-two years since the influenza last visited England, and now in 1890 and 1891 it has made its appearance again. No doubt the epidemic was as fertile a subject of conversation forty-two years ago as it is now ; but in that interval we have discarded Dr. Johnson as our conversational mentor, so that it is curious to observe how we express the same ideas on the same subject in a totally different way.

We were not pressed for time in the forties, leisure was abundant, and so it seemed quite necessary and polite to say, when your neighbour, Mr. Anstruther, paid you a morning visit—meaning afternoon, only the phrase came in before luncheon was invented—

‘I hope Mrs. Anstruther is satisfactorily recovering from her attack of influenza. What a remarkable prevalence of the epidemic there has been!’

Now, it is—

‘Maggie better? She’s had *it*, of course’—*influenza* understood—‘everybody has, and a great bore it is.’

One is reminded of Miss Thackeray’s query, ‘Are there such things as “addresses,” nowadays?’ ‘Certainly not, in the matrimonial sense of the word. There is a deliberation about ‘addresses’ most incompatible with the end of the nineteenth century. They imply a great deal of leisure, and we are sure that after receiving ‘addresses,’ the young lady’s ‘hand’ was not accorded to the suitor without a large amount of consideration.

Of books, I do not remember that we talked nearly so much at our parties as people do nowadays. That was, perhaps, because, although we read them, the *making* of books in all its manifold phases had not then become a personal matter to us country ladies. I cannot recall that any of us had ever attempted authorship even to the extent of contributing a paper to a magazine, or knew any one who had. It would probably have been considered a little *infra dig.*, much as the same idea has now

filtered down to the farmer-class, among whom some of the more old-fashioned people cannot now understand why ladies should stoop to money-making by their pens, or in any other way, when they are not obliged to do so.

The great mass of what may be called philanthropic literature was then, to a great extent, unwritten. There were a few nice books for the poor; 'Tawny Rachel' and Hannah More's other tracts had not quite gone by; and there were others of the 'Susan Carter' type, which some of my readers may remember, in which the model family talks excellent English, without even such colloquialisms as 'don't' and 'can't'; but it was just what was in demand then, for the point was, not to represent human nature as it is, but to inculcate good advice.

For literature of a higher order, we had a book club of the kind now nearly extinct. Several neighbours subscribed to buy books of a solid and substantial kind, and the said books, clothed in a covering of thick white paper, on which the subscriber's names were printed, were sent round the neighbourhood from one house to another. For convenience sake, there were two circuits, a larger and a smaller one, and as the latter only comprised about six people, they appeared to the world as under a ban, being placed below a severe black line on the book-cover, rather as doubtful individuals were placed below the salt, at hospitable tables of old.

I have an idea that novels taken alone, were interdicted, but we satisfied our appetite for light literature by having a liberal supply of such magazines as there then were. I remember, among others, one called 'The New Monthly Magazine,' a periodical that has long ceased to be new, or even to exist at all, so far as I know, and this contained short stories of a highly sensational type, and these I am afraid I devoured, not being then up to the mark of appreciating the 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh'; indeed, I doubt if many ladies at that time read them, although the gentlemen were supposed to do so.

Then we had music—chiefly pianoforte pieces of a very different order to those in vogue now. Instead of Raff and Rubinstein, it was the fashion to play 'Airs and Variations,' or the alternative was a 'Romance' of rather a weak and watery kind. Indeed, the pieces of that day seem watery in two senses of the word, for it was remarkable how many of their titles were descriptive of 'drops' of some sort. I remember 'Raindrops,' 'Dewdrops,' 'Waterfall,' 'Evening Dew,'

'Pluie des Perles,' and a multitude of others. It was music that had a pretty sound about it and was pleasing, if the fingers ran correctly and neatly over the notes ; but there was nothing beyond. To be sure we possessed Handel and Beethoven, and Mendelssohn was beginning to be known (the 'Elijah' came out, I believe, at the Birmingham festival in 1846) ; but there was an idea that classical music would not be listened to in drawing-rooms, so, though we occasionally played the exquisite sonatas in private, I do not ever recollect doing so at a party.

I think there was altogether a stronger line of demarcation between the life lived every day and that enjoyed at fitful intervals, when we went 'into society,' in other words, gave or went to a party. There was nothing to bridge over the two existences, the one humdrum, with one candle, so to speak, the other a blaze of light. For example, there was no compromise then between morning and evening dress as now ; you had a full evening costume, low neck, short sleeves (it didn't matter at all how old you were), and the clergy would never have dreamt of 'dining out' in anything but a correct evening tail-coat. The drawing-room had its set of 'best' covers, worked cushions emerged from ottomans, worsted work of many and divers orders came to light, and the carpet, divested of its patches of floor-cloth, shone out in full splendour. And all this gave the sense that it was indeed a party, and no half-and-half sort of affair.

There was plenty of time to effect all preparations, even for the clergywoman, for, remember, she had not all the parish work she has now. She had even time to work the aforesaid cushions, sitting in the drawing-room of an evening. There was a pleasant calmness about her as she did so, so we need not blame her for apathy. The times were not ripe for half the parish organisations we have now, and so feminine energies were directed (and quite rightly, I think) to the duty of entertaining equals with due hospitality.

Now, all this is changed, and the change no doubt suits the times in which we live. A few friends may be asked to dine, but it is no longer that splendid thing, a 'party' ! The parson's man has ceased to wait, for the parson, in engaging him, is more anxious to ascertain if he can sing in the choir, than that he can comport himself discreetly in ministering to guests at table.

By way of showing hospitality to the great mass of your acquaintances, you adopt an easy method of entertainment. The recipe is simple: issue cards to everybody you know, on which you state that you will be 'at home' from four to six-thirty on such a day. On that afternoon, wheel your dining-table to the end of the room, and arrange upon it a few flowers, a few plates of cake, and three or four dozen tea-cups. Fill an urn with tea, and station your parlour-maid behind it. The thing is done. There is little interruption to your occupations. You may have a G. F. S. meeting at three, and a Penny Reading at seven, with the 'At Home' in between. No margin of time for preparation is required beforehand, nor for putting away afterwards. But just on that very account it suits us very well.

There is not much real conversation, but fitful talk to fifty people, allowing two minutes and a half, or thereabouts, to each. Yet I am not trying to depreciate the whole thing, it is refreshing, much as a wind which comes in puffs and gusts is refreshing, and perhaps on the whole, we prefer that now to a steady breeze. It is impossible to be bored, and that, after all, is a great matter.

And there is no lack of society of another kind, for is there not every form of what, for want of a better name, I may call *philanthropic entertainment*, that it is possible to conceive? Plays for working mothers, fêtes for working fathers, teas, suppers, and dances for boys and girls, excursions for school-children and choirs, Christmas-trees for hospital patients and penitents, are only a few of the multitude organised in most places nowadays. Well, all this is right and good, for are we not bidden, when we make a feast, to call in, not our rich neighbours, but the poor, and the spiritually, if not literally, maimed, lame, and blind?

So as we have only so much time, so much energy, so much money to devote to the Christian duty of hospitality, we will apportion all three as seems to us best, and as suits the age in which we live.

C. M. H.

AMONG THE MUMMY PITS.

BY LADY LAURA RIDDING.

A CLEAR white sunshiny sky, blazing golden shores, between which rolled a swift river, two great bargelike boats moored near a sandy promontory, a chattering noisy crowd of dark-skinned natives, and a procession of donkey riders jogging along towards the hills. Who does not recognise in this impressionist sketch a common scene in Egypt? that land of donkey rides, picnics, and ruins, as some writer flippantly described it.

The merry pilgrims on their brown and gray donkeys, who were starting on this particular expedition on a heavenly morning in March, had ridden scores of times together to visit tombs, temples, and bazaars during the last three months, and now their fun was apparently very little dimmed by the sad reflection that their Nile voyage was nearly over, and that this was the last expedition they would be able to make all together, for these ten water-dwellers were the inhabitants of the two dahabeahs (boats), the *Ibis* and the *Karnak*; they had wintered up the Nile, and were now returned as far as Beni Hassan, 170 miles above Cairo; and the object of the excursion was a visit to the famous tombs. They were all related to one another: Sir Henry Cottingham, the famous archæologist, his niece Bessie Kerr, aged fifteen, and her brother Harry, a little fellow of ten. (Their invalid mother, Sir Harry's widowed sister, Mrs. Kerr, was as usual remaining on deck on the *Ibis*.) Their cousins, the *Karnak* party, were: Mr. and Mrs. Byron-Hope, two solid Britishers groaning over the chances of their feeble donkeys falling under them; and their children, Katharine, Edward, and Marion, aged eighteen, sixteen, and fifteen; and last but not least their supple beturbaned Dragoman Ali, who led the procession on a bare-backed donkey, yelling commands to all the donkey-boys right and left, and escorted by an ever-increasing throng of admiring natives. Ali looked at the country as he rode along from a double aspect, its power of contributing to the material needs of his larder, and to the mental

needs of his employers of picturesque legends which he should judiciously deal out to them as they trotted along. On either side of him ran white turbaned natives carrying the luncheon baskets and acting as guides to the Tombs.

Close behind Ali followed the young people, 'chaffing and laughing in a perpetual bubble of merriment which rose in shrill chatter above the deep shouts of the natives.

'Now, Kate! Cheer up, old girl. Never mind the row. Bear it as Bessie does, like a man!' called out her brother to the elder of the Hope girls, as she jogged along in perfect silence with two black mutes on either side. Kate was always very much bothered by the shouting and dust, and so was regularly teased by the others for her susceptibility. But this time she triumphantly laid her fingers on her lips, and explained in a very low tone—

'*My* boys are quite silent! I've made them understand I give no backsheesh (tip) to anyone who talks. I've got bad ears!' and she pointed to her ears and shook her head, and her donkey-boys shook theirs, and with pursed-up lips turned round on Edward and held their tongues tight between their fingers!

'Clever girl! Capital plan. I'll try it!' and certainly the noises were somewhat ear-cracking. With ludicrous grimaces Ned clapped his ears, and shook his head sadly. 'Mush quies! mush quies! (not good! not good!). No backsheesh talk. Backsheesh hold tongue!'

'Me am very good donkey-boy. Rameses very good donkey!' roared his tiny attendant at him.

'Hush! Very bad donkey-boy to make Howadji ill. Ugh!' and Edward seized his ear in apparent agony. The child grinned and mimicked him, then for one instant was silent.

'I say, Maa! stop your fellow's row, won't you?' he shouted as his younger sister and little Harry Kerr trotted up to him. 'You see, Kate and I have done it beautifully; we pretend to be deaf, with awful abscesses in our ears, and threaten no backsheesh if they speak. I say, Maa, you *are* a caution!' seeing his sister's doubtful look. 'You don't mean to say you think it would be wrong? Well! you do go it strong, I must say!'

'But, Ned, it wouldn't be true. I don't like the noise, but I'm *not* deaf, and haven't anything the matter with my ears,' laughed she. But her brother only made a face of utter disgust, and Kate began in a high-pitched voice—

‘Really, Maa, you are *too* absurd!’ but recollecting that shouting might prove contagious, she added in a lower key, ‘It really is ridiculous how morbid you are about exact accuracy.’

Marion turned red, but said nothing, and Sir Henry asked: ‘Why do you call her Maa? It’s a very ugly short for Marion.’

The others laughed, and Marion got redder and trotted on with Harry up to Ali. ‘We’ve nicknamed her Maa, Uncle Henry, after Maa, the Egyptian Goddess of Truth, because Marion is perfectly crazy about weighing each word,’ explained Bessie.

Her uncle looked gravely at her as he said: ‘It would be a good thing if you had a little of that craziness sometimes. Don’t tease Marion for being better than all of you;’ and he went up to the pair in front.

Their road took them across what in ordinary years were cultivated fields; but this year, owing to a low inundation, the ground was burnt up, and the scanty crops were miserably parched and yellow. The ground was almost everywhere blistered with cracks, with its little water channels dried up, broken down, and choked with sand. Here and there dried stalks protruded themselves above the parched soil, showing that some sort of maize harvest had been gathered in; but the whole look of the valley was sadly desolate; and the crowd which surrounded the travellers as they rode by appeared to have real need for the alms they asked. There were men and boys of all ages, clad in ragged indigo cotton shirts, and naked little fellows running after them, all with outstretched hands, clamouring for ‘Backsheesh! Backsheesh!’

Sir Henry asked them in Arabic if they were suffering badly from the drought; and with eager gesticulations, hugging their stomachs, pointing to their open mouths, and to the parched ground, they poured out their woes to him. ‘Poor fellows!’ he interpreted to Marion and Harry; ‘they say they have had no water, no harvest, and they are empty, and backsheesh will cure all. I’m afraid it’s too true here. They look to be going through a bad time.’

‘I’ll give my luncheon to my donkey-boy,’ promptly responded Harry. ‘At any rate, that will give him one good meal.’

‘I suspect the donkey-boys come off best,’ said Sir Henry. ‘What with all the steamers and tourists who stop here, they at

any rate reap a harvest.' Then seeing the little fellow's discouraged look, he smiled on him. 'But you can give your luncheon to any one you like ; any one who looks hungry, to me, perhaps, Harry !' and he dropped behind to join Mr. Hope.

Directly he was gone, Ali the Dragoman looked round with a beaming expression on Harry. Now Ali's feeling towards Sir Henry was that of the keenest antipathy. Sir Henry belonged to the race of Professors, a race disagreeably independent of Dragomen, for they spoke Arabic, read hieroglyphics, and had an unpleasant habit of correcting the flood of inaccurate information which the natives poured upon the ordinary ignorant traveller. Between the Dragomen and the Professors there was a natural hostility, and though Ali felt that in the present benighted condition of Egypt he could not hope for a law being passed to prevent Professors from landing on her shores, still it was obvious that he could do his part in discouraging them by always treating this one Professor with a sulky indifference, and it should in duty be recorded that this patriotic sentiment was unfailingly carried out ; and now that Sir Henry had retreated from the neighbourhood, Ali unloosed his tongue, and paternally introduced an exceptionally flourishing-looking child to Harry's notice.

'You very good young Master. People very hungry, very poor. You give your luncheon this boy. He very good boy. Ali know him !'

'What relation of yours is he, Ali ?' asked Harry, winking at Marion ; Ali's numerous relations were always a matter of joke between them.

'He, very good boy. He, favourite son of my brother-in-law's cousin ; very good man.' And the very good man, a well-to-do-looking Arab, with a broad white turban on his head, who had for some time been walking beside Ali's donkey, turned round and gravely salaamed Henry.

'I wish Ali hadn't so many relations who always must have their antiquities bought, and who always look so much better off than anybody else. I do so hate having always to help *them* !' complained Marion.

'He is not *our* Dragoman !' triumphantly cried the Professor's nephew. 'And I shall give my luncheon to whoever I choose.'

The tender-hearted Marion, fearful lest they should have hurt Ali's feelings, pointed hurriedly to the charred, desolate ruins of a deserted village they were passing. Ruined mud-walls, showing here and there patches of whitewash decorated with coarse blue:

tracery, broken doorways, crumbling walls, marked the scene of destruction, and glared melancholy in the blazing sunlight.

‘Ask Ali who lived here? When was it burnt down? It looks so terribly sad.’

Ali promptly replied, with an accompanying chorus from his *cortége*.

‘They very bad people lived here—robbers! Ibrahim Pasha killed them all—burnt their houses.’

‘Very good people now,’ added the grinning donkey-boys, urging the donkeys to a trot; and soon they found themselves at the foot of the track which led up the rocky hill to the tombs, and they were just about to begin to mount it, when a thrilling scene of excitement ensued.

A flock of shaggy brown sheep were grazing on sand apparently, and the well-to-do brother-in-law’s cousin pointed them out with eager words to Ali. Ali toppled off his donkey, flew into the midst of the flock, punched the sheep one after another, and presently lifted one fat beast up in his arms and threw him to a sailor, who forthwith led the struggling, astonished creature off towards the dahabeah. Then every donkey-boy and the whole crowd scented a battle and rushed into the midst of the scuttling flock to join, at the top of their voices, in the intoxicating delights of nagging over the bargain, while the rest of the travellers had to wait till the business was settled.

At last Ali came back to them triumphant, and the brother-in-law’s cousin sulked away. Ali rubbed his hands, and, while helping to lead Marion’s donkey up the steep incline, explained—

‘Cost a lot. Me had to pay one pound! Very fine sheep; will sell skin for plenty money.’

‘For “one pound” read “eight shillings,” and you’ll be nearer the mark,’ murmured Bessie to Edward, as they picked their way in the front ranks again.

‘Bessie, you’re a born detective! You’ll keep house for me, won’t you, when I set up for myself?’ pleaded Edward, pathetically.

‘Catch me waiting for *you*!’ the maiden retorted; and then the two went on chaffing each other, as their custom was, all the way up the hill.

The ascent was not long, but it was very steep, very scorching; and Mrs. Hope panted under her white umbrella and thought with envy, as she always did in the middle of her excursions, of

Mrs. Kerr sitting cool and comfortable under the awning of the *Ibis*.

‘I wish, my dear,’ she groaned to her husband, ‘that I had stayed behind with Antoinette. I feel perfectly suffocated with the heat and with struggling with this horrible donkey! Where are the tombs? They seem a fearful way up. Oh, dear—oh, dear! this dreadful donkey is stumbling again! I know it will pitch me over the edge of this hill!’

‘Oh, you’ll be all right, mother, directly you’ve had some lunch. We are nearly at the top now. There—look ahead! Those dark portals are the entrances to the tombs.’

‘Dear me! dear me! Must we go through them *all*?’ asked the poor lady in consternation, looking up at the long row of black square holes cut in the dazzling limestone rock, and opening on to a narrow ride which ran along the north side of the hill.

‘No. The last two are the principal tombs. You needn’t bother about any others; and we will revive you with some food before you plunge into any of them.’ And so cheering on his perturbed wife, Mr. Hope helped her through her last struggle up the loose stony track and landed her safely in the shadow of a broad grotto, where the red-saddled donkeys stood peacefully resting, while their riders were gathered round the luncheon-basket.

‘Sir Henry, did you ever see a more splendid view?’ cried Kate. And, indeed, the lovely scene that stretched away far below them was worth any amount of weary climbing to see. It stretched away into endless space in brown plains with dark green patches here and there, where the too rare crops or clusters of palms flourished. Nestling beneath the palm-groves were brown mud villages. In the dim distance was a faint line of yellow pink mountains, melting into a sky, white and colourless from excess of light. A flock of swans flew heavily across; and along the plain flashed like a living thing the white and blue river, winding, twisting, gliding between golden sandbanks, bearing on its breast a flotilla of little boats that beat their great sails like huge wings against the rising wind.

‘The Ancients did well in laying their dead to rest on the mountains,’ remarked Sir Henry. ‘Who would not love to make pious pilgrimages to their ancestors’ tombs if their eyes were rewarded with this glorious panorama each time they went there?’

‘Uncle Henry—cousin Joan—Kate, do come to luncheon! We are so hungry—specially Harry!’ cried Bessie, pathetically.

‘Specially Harry! I am very glad to hear it,’ said Sir Henry, obeying his niece’s call, and looking rather wistfully at the frail little boy.

And Harry did seem to be strangely greedy—very unlike his usual self, for he appropriated a lion’s share of the food, which called forth strong remonstrances from his hungry elders.

‘You selfish little beggar,’ muttered Ned.

‘Oh! Harry, you’ve taken two wings and a leg. You *are* greedy,’ scolded Bessie, who always backed Ned in everything he said or did.

The young people were by themselves, and felt they could sit upon Harry as much as they chose.

Marion gently remonstrated.

‘Harry is never greedy. I am sure he hasn’t taken that all for himself.’

‘Then,’ cried Ned, savagely, ‘if he’s taken it for his donkey-boy, it’s too bad! This luncheon is not provided for them, and I vow he shall bring it back,’ and he set off after Harry, who had retreated with his spoils in the direction of the dismounting place.

But Edward was too late; Harry was out of sight, and the scorching sun drove him lazily back into the shade where the girls were eating their oranges. So all that remained for Edward to do was to make himself unpleasant to the little fellow when he timidly returned; and he did so effectually.

‘Sir Henry,’ said Marion, when luncheon was over and they were dispersing in various directions, ‘you promised to show me the tomb of Knum-Hotep, which has the long procession on its walls that some people think is the picture of Joseph’s brethren.’

‘Come along, fellow-antiquarian,’ nodded Sir Henry. ‘You and I will go off straight to it, and leave these idlers to amuse themselves.’

The others laughed back and sauntered into the nearest tomb. It was like a vaulted room with three slim pillars hewn out of the rock at the further end, and on the ceiling blackened marks of what once had been painted blue with yellow stars upon it, but which was now covered with strange clustered black and white lumps of honeycomb. Faint remains of hieroglyphics were traceable on the wall, but they had no special interest, and the explorers quickly moved on to the next tomb. This also was a

small chamber, without pillars, but with two square black holes in the floor.

'Take care, Bessie!' shouted out Edward, 'there's a well! Don't step into it.'

'They are not wells, though people call them so,' explained Harry. 'Uncle Henry says they are mummy pits.'

Edward turned on him disdainfully. 'We don't want greedy little children here,' remarked he.

Poor little Harry turned scarlet. 'I think I'll go to Marion,' said he, half-choking. Marion was his protector and friend who always shielded him from his sister's and cousin's somewhat unkind chaff on his childishness and shrinking timidity.

'I think you had better,' answered Bessie, following as usual on Edward's lead. 'I don't wonder Ned is vexed with you, you were' but Harry had already fled, and so the rest of her reprimand was lost.

When they had explored the larger tombs and seen the wonderful wall-paintings of jugglers and dancers, of farm-life, with the occupations and amusements of a great nation thousands of years ago, and of the supposed procession of the Israelites into Egypt, they were summoned by Ali, who informed them that they must hurry back to the boats as quickly as possible, for a south wind had sprung up, and the sailors would be wanting to start.

'Donkeys down bottom of hill!' he pointed, and there they saw their elders already mounted and hurrying off.

Down scampered the young people, with a breathless challenge from Bessie to Edward and Kate: 'Whoever reaches their daha-beah first will set sail first. Two to one the *Ibis* wins!'

'Done with you!' yelled Edward, and was off like a shot. Luckily for him Mr. and Mrs. Hope having started long before on their return journey, he and Kate triumphantly won the day; and the white sail of the *Karnak* was unfurled, and she started off amid the shouts of her sailors.

Bessie impatiently watched the slow movements of her uncle's crew. 'Oh! Uncle Harry, why don't we start? I did hope we should get ahead of them!'

'But where is Harry?' asked Sir Henry. 'What makes him so behind?'

'He's with Marion. He went to her!' promptly answered Bessie. 'Do make them start, Uncle Harry! I never knew we were dawdling for him,' and she tapped her foot impatiently.

‘Are you *sure* he’s on the *Karnak*?’ repeated the Professor. ‘I didn’t see him with Marion!’ But Bessie answered so positively that she knew he was there, that both her mother and Sir Henry were re-assured; and to the girl’s intense relief they lifted anchor and set sail. The *Ibis* was a lighter boat than the *Karnak*, so Bessie hoped they would race past her; but as ill-luck would have it, several small delays occurred: now a great black ferry-boat full of rough cattle shoved against them, now the wind dropped on a spot where the current was slower, and the men had to take to their oars, and so they gained nothing on their rivals.

The *Karnak* flew on ahead, and Bessie had to give it up as a bad job. Suddenly, just when the sunset glories were shedding exquisite crimson and green glows over sky and land, a crunching sound was heard, and they knew they were on a sandbank.

What that means only Egyptian travellers can tell. What shouting and plunging of the crew! What singing of ‘Elisa! Elisa!’ as they tug and tug at the stranded anchor, and haul and shove, and punt and wade! What wild exertion sandwiched with despairing silent intervals of repose! And what absolute uncertainty as to the fate that hangs over the boat, whether she is doomed to stay on the treacherous sandbank minutes, hours, or days!

Darkness came upon the unfortunate *Ibis* in the midst of her crew’s unsuccessful attempts to push her off.

‘We shall spend our night here, it seems,’ reported Sir Henry, after a reconnoitre made when an ominous silence had suddenly succeeded the sailors’ shouts.

‘It is very tiresome of Harry to have quartered himself upon your cousins on this night of all nights, as he will be on their hands till to-morrow.’

‘Are they quite out of reach?’ asked Bessie, woefully. She was thinking what a crow the others would have over her.

‘Miles ahead!’

‘Harry will have to sleep in the saloon!’ laughed she. ‘They haven’t a cranny of berth room to give him.’

‘Poor little fellow! I hope they will spare him some rugs,’ pondered his mother, anxiously. She did not feel altogether easy at her frail little son, for whose health they were wintering abroad, spending the night in that happy-go-lucky company. What would she have said had she known where he was actually spending it?

The *Ibis*, however, was not doomed to remain long on this sandbank. The travellers were greeted on first waking with the welcome splash of the oars, which told them that they were once more afloat. Beyond the momentary delay caused by the waves of a tourist steamer which passed them at breakfast, nothing hindered their progress now, and by noon they caught up the other dahabeah, and Bessie was greeted with wild shouts of triumph from her friends.

Marion laughed mischievously at her and asked: 'Is Harry hiding his diminished head? Send him up on deck, I want him to return me my hieroglyphic note-book. I forgot to get it from him yesterday.'

'*Harry!*' cried his agonised mother, 'Harry is with you! Bessie said he was; he is not here!'

'Harry? He is not here!' shouted back Mr. Hope. 'Good Heavens! You've left him behind!'

'Bessie! Bessie!' gasped Mrs. Kerr, with a look of despairing reproach, 'would to God you were more dependable. Whatever harm has happened to Harry, you are to blame for it,' and with these terrible words still on her lips, she fainted dead away.

* * * * *

The succeeding hours were like a burning nightmare to Bessie. She could never remember them in after years without a sick feeling of horror curdling her blood. The guilty remembrance of her latest unkind words to her little brother, of the reckless statement to her uncle, of her selfish absorption in her own wishes, all crushed her with misery as she sat under the burning sun staring blindly into the distance, wearied with the slow rowing of the crew working their way back to Beni Hassan in the teeth of a strong head-wind. She fastened her eyes on a black speck on the water, and prayed with real agony that by the time they reached that rock the wind might drop. 'Oh, God, I shall go mad! Mother is so ill, and the wind won't let us get on! Oh, forgive me, and make it still!' she kept on sobbing to herself. The wind blew fiercer, and she turned sick with terror lest the sailors should send up word that they could not row against it. The black speck came nearer: it was a little rowing-boat tossing merrily on the waves. Bessie gnashed her teeth with rage. 'Oh, how quickly it comes towards us. It is cruel, cruel! The wind gets worse and worse! Why will not God hear my prayer?'

And then she remembered with burning shame that she had

never really prayed before. 'I have not thought of God. Why should He think of me?' And the little boat came nearer and nearer, and the wind rose to almost a tempest, and with a bursting heart the poor girl threw herself on her knees sobbing, 'Oh, God, forgive me! Save Harry in spite of my wickedness.' She started to her feet. Why had the dahabeah stopped? The little boat had drawn up beside it, and—— Oh! merciful Heaven, Harry was in it—they were lifting him out. He was saved!

* * * * *

It was a feeble sick child that was being lifted very tenderly into Sir Henry's arms, and the kind English Doctor from the steamer was explaining to his uncle that the little fellow was terribly bruised and broken.

'We found him at the bottom of one of the mummy pits. He had fallen down it and broken his leg in the fall. Mercifully one of our party heard his groans, and so we were able to save him. He's a splendid little chap. I never saw anyone more plucky. His jolting descent down the hill must have been horribly painful.'

Harry smiled piteously up into the kind man's face, and then hid his face on his uncle's sleeve, and his whole frame shook with his sobs.

They laid him tenderly on his narrow berth, and then all that the Doctor's skill and tender nursing could do for him, was done; but it was many days before the little fellow had recovered sufficiently to be able to tell them what had happened to him; and then it was to Bessie, the new sister as she almost seemed in the delightful unaccustomed wealth of love which she now lavished upon him, that he told what had happened.

'When I went to join Marion and Uncle Henry, I thought I heard their voices in a tomb, and I ran in. It was very dark, and I was rather glum because of Ned's sitting on me'—here poor Bessie squeezed his hand remorsefully—'and I felt an awful jolt, and I found I was falling down and down ever so far, and my leg got crunched up somehow, and when I got to the bottom it gave a horrid shoot of pain, and I was scraped all over—and I tried to shout, for I heard you all going away, and I couldn't make you hear—then it got quite dark, and I knew you were all gone—and I *did* feel bad.'

'Oh, Harry, how could you bear it? I should have gone mad!' cried his sister.

'Oh! I did feel bad, I tell you; but somehow I couldn't

believe you'd really left me for ever so long ; and then when at last I did, oh ! didn't I feel sick ! And I got so thirsty, oh ! so dreadfully thirsty, and my bad leg would twinge so. I think the pain made me stupid, and the bats swarmed above. Oh, Bessie, they'd have made cousin Joan shriek, wouldn't they just ? And then I had awful cramp, and I felt so cold, and the black darkness was horrible ; that was the worst time of all, for my thirst was just dreadful. You know I didn't have any luncheon, and that made me feel baddish too.'

'Poor little fellow,' sobbed Bessie, stroking his hand. 'Oh, Harry, I've been horrid to you always, and thought you such a milksop, and you're just splendid ; as brave as can be !'

Harry smiled his queer old-fashioned smile at her.

'Well, I couldn't help crying a little, but don't let that out to Ned. But then God kept me straight, for all of a sudden at that bad time the hundred and twenty-first Psalm popped into my head just as if mother was saying it ; and didn't I say that over and over ! And then two green sparks shone just above me, and a growl came, and I suspect it was a jackal ; and I laughed to think how sold he was, for he could not reach me down there, and my Psalm kept me safe, for he went away, and then by-and-by the roof got all yellow, and I knew the morning had come. But it's very odd I never heard the Cookites come into the tomb. I 'spect I was very sick then, and the Doctor said he heard my groans—I groaned awfully, he said—and I daresay they saw my hat on the ground ; but I never knew they were there till they'd hauled me up and given me some water—and I tell you, Bessie, that water was the most scrumptious stuff I've ever tasted. I say, old girl, don't take on like that. I can't see why you and mother should cry so over a fellow.'

But Bessie sobbed out : 'I feel like Joseph's wicked brothers. I sent you away and let you fall into that pit. Oh, Harry, Maa is quite right. If only I was careful as she is in what I say, you'd have never been left behind ; and now I believe you will never recover it, and I shall feel like a murderess.'

The little fellow smiled paternally on his big sister and said : 'I mean to get well, old girl ! And as you say you're like Joseph's brethren, then I reckon I needn't fret at never having seen them. You sent me off to see them, didn't you ?'

'Oh, Harry, it is a very curious picture. They are painted like little dark men, with funny black babies in panniers on their donkeys ; and Joseph is a huge man with spotted greyhounds

round him—but the picture is so much knocked about that you needn't mind so much not having seen them.'

'Thank you for that consolation, little dark man!' cried Harry; and they both laughed merrily, and Bessie nearly throttled him with kisses.

'Forgive me, darling boy!' she cried; 'and we will love one another like Joseph and Benjamin, always, always, till we die.' And time proved Bessie's words to be indeed true.

LAURA ELIZABETH RIDDING.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

OH, the Christmas bells! the Christmas bells!
How many a heart at their music swells,
How many a soul is cheered
By the sweet old story, for ever new,
Which falls on the spirit like gentle dew,
By its infinite love endeared.

Shepherds of old, in the plains abiding—
What were the heavenly hosts confiding,
All in the silent night?
Ah! 'twas a message of love transcending,
And its strain is with us unchanged, unending,
In the hearts of men for ever blending,
When the Christmas stars are bright.

Still comforting those who are far away;
Still helping those for whom we pray;
That message sweet, God-given:
'Tis chimed by the bells this blessed night,
'Tis carolled afresh in the morning light,
For the angels' message is with us still,
Peace upon earth, and kind good-will,
And glory to God in heaven!

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IT is a glorious morning after the rain, so we will be off on a long walk—very early, mind, for this magical freshness of earth and air will not last long. By seven o'clock the dew will be gone, and the sweet balminess past; by ten, the misguided individual who ventures out will probably have a sunstroke. So let us hurry off, and, once started, loiter along, and examine at our leisure all the beauties of freshly-washed Nature.

A more lovely Christmas Eve could not be imagined. The sun is just peeping above the 'krantz' (or crown) of rocks which surmounts the big hill on our left, and the summit of the mountains all round just catch the rosy light, the lower slopes being enveloped in a soft, blue, misty haze, which will stay there all day, unless the hot, simoon-like north-west wind, which is the curse of these regions, rises and hides everything in a cloud of dust. The air is still and balmy, the grass beneath our feet is drenched with dew, which, as the sun rises higher, sparkles and changes all over the vast *veldt*, like Aladdin's bejewelled cave brought to the light of day.

Let us leave the track, and plunge into the mimosa-wood here on our left. How sweet and fresh it smells! We must take care, however, of the long white thorns, which will prod us above while another enemy of the same nature, the 'wait-a-bit,' seizes hold of us below with its vicious little hooks, and tears our clothing to ribbons, if we do not slowly and patiently disentangle them. The mimosas are quite gay this morning, with numbers of flowers, like little yellow powder-puffs, as soft and round, to enliven their sombre foliage, and long spires of amber-coloured gum hanging in fantastic shapes from their branches. This gum we, being still young, consider delicious, and pause to gather and enjoy.

Flowers? Well, we cannot boast of many, certainly, and most of what we have are not of the prettiest colour, being

yellow. The grass is dotted with a kind of yellow dandelion, which makes a rare show, and there are little red or yellow vetches of many sizes and kinds, and tiny iris lilies, some yellow, some bright mauve. The showy crimson-and-yellow flowers of the 'wait-a-bit' shine like small warning fires everywhere, as if advising you not to venture too close. But we will disregard them for once, for there is more insect-life to be found in one of these plants than anywhere else. Here is one conveniently situated, with a tall anthill before it to sit on; we will examine it. Hush! As we approach, we hear a quick, loud rustling of feet and wings, and there, hastening from all points to their prickly refuge, is a whole nursery of infant locusts, a hundred at least, of all the brightest colours, and with the beginnings of red-and-green wings on their baby backs. They come into the world suspicious of everything, and keep up a noisy expostulation all the time we stay. But never mind them. See this big, brown pod, as long as my hand, with lovely scarlet beans peeping out from it. It is the fruit of the 'wait-a-bit,' of course. Some say the natives use it for food, and so another name for the plant is 'Kaffir-boem.' The beans are not so bright as they have been, for this is a last year's pod, and has been lying here in the dust for months. When we break it open we find that some of the beans are perfect, but most are all worm-eaten, and—what is this? We drop the pod hastily, and retreat a few steps, and thence watch a big brown tarantula, covered with long white hairs, and armed with a pair of formidable pincers, make his escape from the pod and scuttle into the depths of the plant. Never mind, he is nothing so very alarming, after all; not nearly so dangerous as his scarlet, handsome brother of most forbidding aspect, who has been known to pursue grown men for yards, and whose bite is fearfully poisonous.

We must not go without one glance at the green mantis paying his morning devotions on this anthill. You would not be able to see him at all if he were in the grass, so carefully does he change his clothes with the seasons, and don a brown coat in winter, and a grass-green one in summer, that no enemy may catch sight of him. He is a strange little fellow, this 'Hottentot-god.' Planted firmly on four of his slender, stalk-like legs, with the other two raised in air, the palms pressed together, he bears a most grotesque resemblance to one in the attitude of prayer; and the absurd effect is added to by his

ridiculous likeness to a bit of green stick with six branches to it. But he suddenly produces a pair of wings from he himself only knows where, and flies away, while we pursue our way.

See, here is something new. This stretch of *veldt* is dotted with tiny white lilies, and looks as if a feather bed had been emptied just above it, and its contents scattered far and wide. We pick a big bunch, not forgetting some of the queer little corkscrew-like leaves, and then we turn towards the hill and enjoy a good scramble to the top.

The air is perfectly intoxicating up here, in its delightful freshness. There are plenty of ferns about, and some flowers. Look at these great spikes of crimson bells, three feet long, the very kings of flowers! But how tough the stalks are, and what terribly tall, prickly things are the aloes on which they grow! Here is something more easily plucked—these sweet little white gloxinias, crowding in all the crevices of the rocks. If you don't mind a little scramble, too, there are big blue bunches of *Agapanthus* hanging over the top of the 'krantz'; and here, wedged into this crack of the rocks, is a cluster of white arums, side by side with bright gladiolus. The fates are propitious to-day! Let us fill our hands, for it may be long before we have such a chance again.

Listen! A cry from the other members of the party, who have wandered on before. We hasten to join them, and find them delightedly regarding a smooth piece of rock. 'Bushman's paintings,' says one of them, pointing to it. And there, sure enough, are grotesque pictures, in red and white clay, of men, and all kinds of animals—elephants and buck and rhinoceros and turtle, who knows how many years old. We stand before them and dream a little of their ugly little dwarfed painters, and of the days when they wandered freely over southern Africa, dwelling in dens and caves of the earth, and waging war upon each other with poisoned arrows.

Take care! What are you going to sit on? Misguided one, that which you took for a soft cushion of green grass is a little cactus armed with prickles an inch long. An ugly, unpretentious little plant enough, but woe betide you if you meddle with it!

Here we are at the bottom again. Let us go home along the river, which is actually running, thanks to the rain. It has not done that for months. There is a big iguano, looking like a

huge lizard or a small crocodile, who lets us come quite close to him before he takes the trouble to slip lazily into the water. We meet a group of Kaffirs—a woman carrying a bundle, a little girl with a baby on her back and her arms full of ‘mealies,’ and a man bringing up the rear and carrying nothing—of course. ‘Good-day,’ we say, and they all chorus in reply. ‘Where are they going?’ we ask. ‘To Kaffirland.’ ‘It is a long way.’ ‘Yes, it is a long way, and they must hasten, so good-bye, *Tukose.*’

What are these long piles of stones? Mementoes of the great war forty years ago, when first the black man rebelled against his new white master. Here they fell, and here they were buried, white men and black, cast into one common grave, with nothing but a pile of stones to mark the resting-place of so many brave hearts. They are scattered far and wide, up there among the mimosas, and many hundreds must lie in them, whose fate will ever be a mystery to those who, unknowingly, mourn over those unknown graves.

But we are ravenous, so let us hasten on a little further, across the ‘drift’ (ford) here, and so home to breakfast.

ESPERANZA.

'THE GREAT UNKNOWN VERSUS THE SMALL KNOWN.'
[PRIZE ESSAY.]

“The Great Unknown!”—The Small Known now, Mr. Bailie.
LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*, ix. 83.

‘A common book will often give you much amusement, but it is only a noble book which will give you dear friends.’—RUSKIN'S *Elements of Drawing*, 349.

‘By making speak—myself kept out of view
The very man as he was wont to do.’

BROWNING'S *Sordello*.

WHEN in 1827 Sir Walter Scott formally revealed his identity with The Great Unknown, he used the words ‘the Small Known now.’ It is nearly sixty years since, and there is to us a pathetic irony in the unconscious prophecy. He is left now to those whose acquaintance with him dates from ‘sixty years since.’ Our maidens vote him dull, our youths only open him under compulsion as a holiday task. At whose door lies the fault? Is The Great Unknown really superseded? Are the characters in *Robert Elsmere* and the *Witch of Prague* more powerfully drawn than in *Kenilworth*, and the *Heart of Midlothian*? Are there no situations in *Guy Mannering* or *Quentin Durward* that will compete in excitement with *Treasure Island*? Is *Romola* really a more vivid study of the past than *The Abbot* or *Old Mortality*?

What are the elements we look for in a novel? If they are character, plot, description and motive, of what kind should these be, and in what measure are they given by Walter Scott?

The characters should be living. They should be as real to us as our friends and acquaintances; in fact more real, for the inmost thoughts and springs of action should be revealed in the principal characters till we know them as we know ourselves. The plot should be conceived as a whole, and unfolded to us with gradually increasing interest. Like Wordsworth's cloud, it should ‘move altogether if it move at all;’ no irrelevant character or circumstances being introduced. The novelist should treat life as the artist treats nature, selecting and com-

binning from endless variety those objects which best suit his purpose. Character and plot should be inseparable, mutually modifying and developing each other. The descriptions should, by calling the imagination into play, leave an image on the memory as of a place that we have seen. A historical novel should transport us into the past, and make us know the figures of history face to face. And in the ideal novel there should be effective situations, striking contrasts, and a full share both of humour and pathos. The old conventional novel was a love story. It dealt with the passion of the hero and heroine, the obstacles they met, their final union, and ended for the most part in happiness. The modern novel proceeds frequently on different lines ; it may be questioned whether it is as healthy. As to the motive and aim they should be, in one word, *good* ; enlisting the sympathies on the side of virtue. This is not saying that the characters are to preach or the author to moralise, for the work, in that case, will defeat its own object. And last, but not least, the novel must entertain, being mentally what a game is physically. The more to be gained in mind and character from it, no doubt the better, but still its essence is *recreation*. The victory at Waterloo was learnt on the Playing Fields of Eton undoubtedly, but they were Playing Fields, not drilling grounds.

Now can I venture to call the author of *Waverley* to this Bar ? What shall we say of his plots ? There is not one novel, not even *The Monastery*, for which he so humbly apologises, that is not conceived as a whole, and in none is any character or incident introduced that has not some ultimate bearing on the development of the story. Scott's plots 'move all together' to such an extent that it is almost impossible to 'read *in*' the *Waverley* Novels. Hence, perhaps, part of their unpopularity to a somewhat desultory generation. Compare them with the practical absence of plot in Dickens, the slender thread of connection in Thackeray, and the series of separate studies in *John Inglesant*. The plot is gradually unfolded ; each chapter increasing in interest till we reach the catastrophe. Scott's characters are (with an exception to be mentioned in due course) as alive as if we knew them in the flesh. They are all individual. The same model does duty more than once with Dickens, but amongst Scott's crowd of figures no two are alike. His range is wide. Princes like Richard I., Charles Edward, and Louis XI. ; Queens like Mary and Elizabeth ; soldiers like Sir Kenneth of The Leopard, and Dugald Dalgetty ; states-

men like Murray and Albert of Geierstein ; plotters like Redgauntlet and Dr. Rochecliffe ; gentlemen like Guy Mannering and Jeanie Deans's Duke of Argyle ; villains like Rashleigh Osbaldistone, Lord Dalgarno and Edward Christian ; servants like Richie Moniplies and Andrew Fairservice ; countrymen like Dandie Dinmont and Triptolemus Yellowley ; burghers like Simon Glover and Bailie Nicol Jarvie ; lawyers like Counsellor Pleydell and Mr. Fairford ; bores like the Antiquary, Sir Robert Hazlewood, and the Baron of Bradwardine. Each type is given (as even Jeffrey said) with the vividness of Shakspeare, but no two of a type are repetitions. I come, however, to the exceptions, comprising strangely enough the heroes, and a large proportion of the heroines. Sir Walter said himself that Edward Waverley 'was only fit to be put on the mantelpiece,' and the remark is but too true of Morton, Bertram *alias* Vanbeest Brown, Frank Osbaldistone—and how many others ? Colourless figures, they seem to serve only as a connecting thread for the narrative. Leicester, Count Robert of Paris, and Edgar Ravenswood appear to us the only ones who live in the same way that the minor characters live ; perhaps, also, Quentin Durward, but he is swallowed up by the historical figures. Dare I venture to say that the heroines are conventional, praised as they are for their delicacy of portraiture by Jeffrey, and for their grace and tenderness by Ruskin ? In spite of all Rebecca's nobleness, Flora MacIvor's patriotism, Rôse Bradwardine's tender grace, Alice Bridgenorth's steadfastness—we cannot help feeling that they are to Meg Merrilies and Jenny Dennison what wax-works are to humanity. There are, however, four great exceptions : Amy Robsart the wayward, Lucy Ashton the weak, Diana Vernon the strong, and above all, the matchless Jeanie Deans, sublime in her simplicity. Catherine Seyton is an immature Diana, and Clara Mowbray a Diana who has failed ; but both are equally living. Where shall we find more vital character-drawing than in Amy spoiling her hopes by self-will, Lucy Ashton too tender for rough realities, Diana passing through an evil world unstained, like another Britomart—Catherine Seyton triumphing over captivity in her gaiety, poor Clara Mowbray cruelly wronged, till she is 'like sweet bells jangled,' Jeanie Deans in her unshaken and victorious faith and truth ? Powerful contrasts are not sought in vain from the hand that drew Covenanters and Cavaliers, Whigs and Jacobites, knights and peasants with equal fidelity. Where shall we find

more effective situations than Louis XI. in the power of Charles the Bold, the fate of Charles II. depending on a woman's word, and Jeanie Deans choosing between a sister's life and her own duty? Humour abounds in almost every page written by the creator of Wamba and Dalgetty, but want of pathos is a charge often brought against the handling of life in the Waverley Novels. No doubt the pathos is rare, and Sir Walter's robust nature may have gone too far in avoiding sentimentality, but none can say that it is non-existent, or feeble when it does occur. The last parting between Waverley and Fergus MacIvor, the meeting of Effie and Jeanie Deans in prison, Queen Mary's forced abdication, and Sir Hugh Robsart sorrowing over his daughter, are scenes few can read without tears.

There is always an orthodox love-story in the Waverley Novels, in various degrees of subordination to public interest: from its supremacy in *St. Ronan's Well* to its vanishing-point in *Quentin Durward*. Be the hero never such a lay figure, and the heroine never such an inanimate ideal, they all meet with the usual difficulties in the course of their true love, overcome them by the orthodox constancy, and end for the most part in beatific happiness.

As far as motive is concerned, nobody will deny that the influence of Scott's novels is uniformly good and healthy beyond those of others. Without preaching or moralising, our sympathies are won by virtue. It is not Effie but Jeanie who inspires our interest in the *Heart of Midlothian*. Vice is never palliated, never condoned, never finally triumphant. There are few more striking pictures of the practical 'wages of sin' than Effie's misery of mind, even though saved from all temporal consequences of her actions. Lady Staunton dreading discovery is a more pitiful, because meaner, figure than Effie Deans hearing her sentence. No writing is more pure in tone. Though evil is by no means ignored, in Sir Walter's hands its power of contamination is gone, and a thought of the different treatment some of his plots might have received from other, even high-minded, authors, raises our admiration for the mind that could work out the character of Amy Robsart. They are also pre-eminently healthy, bracing while they charm. The reproach that they unfit the reader for real life—that favourite weapon of moralists against romance-reading—can never be brought against the Waverley Novels.

Finally they seem to combine all qualities of historical romance. Most historical-novel writers err on the side either of illusiveness or of over-explanation. *Esmond* and *Romola* can hardly be appreciated unless the reader has studied almost as deeply as the authors, and G. P. R. James's *Arabella Stuart* is filled with historical passages of the dullest nature. But a person almost devoid of historical knowledge can understand the events in *Waverley*, *The Abbot*, and *Quentin Durward*; and yet the most impatient reader will not find his onward course impeded by much pure history. Sir Walter Scott transports us bodily into the past—into the covenanting days of Claverhouse; the France of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold; the England of Elizabeth and the Crusades; of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. The historical characters live like the fictitious ones: more so than any of the heroes! Charles Edward, Claverhouse, Elizabeth, Mary and James I., are far more of realities to us than Waverley, Morton, Tressilian, Roland Græme, or Nigel Oliphant. Scott absolutely loses his own identity in his characters: far better than Browning has he realised the ideal of letting the very man speak for himself without intervention on the author's part. And in spite of his strong political predilections he is absolutely impartial. Mary's guilt is as clear as her misfortunes, in that terrible scene where Lady Fleming has inadvertently alluded to the fatal night at Holyrood; Elizabeth is the wise stateswoman as well as the vain coquette; Claverhouse, Sir Walter's idol, is painted with dark shadows of ruthlessness; no touch is spared in *Redgauntlet* to make Charles Edward's deterioration more complete. Though the Jacobite cause is painted in all its heroic romance, its want of wisdom is not less clearly shown. Roger Wildrake and Bothwell are sufficiently unfavourable specimens for the most zealous Roundhead and Covenanter. Cromwell is magnanimous, but the conduct of Charles II. in *Woodstock* is beneath contempt.

Nobody was more ready than Scott to admit the charge of historical inaccuracy. He even gloried in it. Practically, he treated history as Turner treated landscape, sacrificing truth of fact to truth of impression; which latter is, after all, the province of historical fiction. Though Charles Edward never did land in Scotland under George III., nor Richard I. scour the country in the company of Robin Hood, though Shakspeare could not have been known to fame as early as the revels at Kenilworth, and the murder of the Bishop of Liège is antedated by fifteen

years, and the Countess of Derby, being a French Protestant, could have stood in no danger from the scare of the Popish Plot, yet *Redgauntlet*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Peperil* give us a far truer picture of their age than many a work of conscientious exactness, where life is sacrificed to accuracy. Of what avail is it to be able to verify every date and detail in *Romola*, if we have been brought no step nearer to the real spirit of the times? We may learn dates from a history-book, it is the vocation of the novelist to show us the men and women as they lived and spoke.

Now, these things being so, why has Walter Scott lost favour, as he undoubtedly has; and how far justly? Not because he is historical, for those who stick fast in him devour Besant when that writer takes to history, and like *Romola*, the best of George Eliot's romances. Not because he is dull, for a modern maiden confessed to me that she took *Anne of Geierstein* with her abroad as travelling literature, and got so absorbed in it that she did not care to look out of the window when passing through one of the most beautiful lines in Europe. Not because he is long, for the present generation are fond of Trollope's *Chronicles of Barset*, and will stand biographies in three or four octavo volumes. Not because he is old-fashioned, for they revel in the archaic style of *Lorna Doone*. It seems to me that there are two reasons. His beginnings are dull, and his characters are drawn from without, not from within. He is not, in fact, analytic. The first reason deters superficial readers. They are bored by the first chapters in *Waverley*, the *Heart of Midlothian*, and *The Pirate*, but they find they cannot understand the rest if they skip them. How many would read *Robert Elsmere* if it began with the philosophical system of the sceptical squire, or *Middlemarch* if the opening chapters were taken up by Lydgate's quarrels with the doctors?

Those readers who are not superficial have nowadays a passion for introspection and analysis: their enjoyment is to dissect character, to watch it in its growth and its decay. The simple beauty of a Jeanie Deans and the simple hideousness of a Rashleigh have little interest to those whose ideals of a character-study are Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brooke in their complex half-good and half-evil development, and Tito and Bulstrode in their insidious and equally complex decay. True, the greatest masters are those who show us the soul in its growth. Shakspeare, George Eliot, and Browning must of course in this respect stand higher

than Walter Scott. But is the dissection of souls the legitimate end of a novel, considered in its primary aspect as a source of recreation and refreshment? How many cares and troubles have we not forgotten over the *Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Waverley*? Would *Middlemarch* and *The Ring and the Book* have had the same effect?

Sir Walter Scott is said by Mr. Bagehot to be ‘unspiritual,’ and with the exception of the *Heart of Midlothian* he gives us certainly little outlook beyond this present world. Not that he was irreligious—far from it; but it was a characteristic both of the man and of his time to shrink from introducing the deepest thoughts of the soul and the loftiest objects of the aspirations into works of no didactic or theological motive. Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, women of singularly devout and religious minds, drew characters such practical pagans, that Alcestis and Antigone would put them to shame. The present generation has no such reserve. It craves restlessly for a firm and true belief, though it shows its craving chiefly in doubt of what it was once taught. To such a temper of mind there is something insulting in the matter-of-fact and conventional way in which Scott’s characters take the existence of another world for granted, and occupy their aims with the present one. The ‘Great Unknown’—the idol of our parents, now for a season neglected, is really undergoing a reaction of every thought and feeling that tended to his popularity.

But reactions do not last. When a generation arises weary of doubt, and sick of dissection of their souls, the *Waverley Novels* will once more be taken from the shelf—and not soon replaced there.

MEG MERRILIES.

NOTE.—See end of Church History, p. 709, for Class List.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXCII.

1727-1739.

THE QUEEN AND THE MINISTER.

CAROLINE of Anspach, who must have been nearly the cleverest woman in Europe, had made up her mind that Sir Robert Walpole was the one man who could guide the affairs of the nation, and that George II. must be made to support him ; and, be it remembered, it was still on the will of the sovereign, not on that of the House of Commons, nor on that of their constituents, that a Ministry depended.

Robert Walpole, born in 1676, was the son of the Norfolk Squire of Houghton. He owed his education to the fact of his being third in the family, and therefore, intended to be provided for in the Church ; but before his course at the University was over, both his elder brothers died, and he came home to lead the typical country squire's life of the later seventeenth century, when freedom from disloyal Puritanism was supposed to be evinced by coarse riot and rude ignorance. 'Drink twice, Robin, while I drink once,' said old Mr. Walpole ; 'I cannot have my son sober to look on at me.' Nor did Robert, though of considerable intellect and ability, ever rise in tone of nature above the slough of Houghton, though the training enabled him to drink heavily without even showing the effects.

He had ambition, and after his father's death, and his own marriage with a city lady, he entered Parliament in 1700, at twenty-four years of age, and soon made his mark enough to be noticed by Godolphin, and employed by him. Sharing the fall of the Whigs, he again shared their promotion, fell with Townshend, but by-and-by came back into office and showed his full talent by steering the Government through the perils of the South Sea Bubble.

Thenceforth it was he who ruled England. His industry

was indefatigable, his ability and resource astonishing, and he maintained to the utmost the power, welfare, and peace of England. But his public conscience was better than his private one, and that is not saying much for it. In character he never rose above the gross, unscrupulous country squire, though he was kindly, upright, and public-spirited, really loving his country, deserving the respect of foreign nations, the confidence of the Queen, and the love of his dilettante son, Horace, his opposite in all things.

He ruled by the influence of the Queen, and by unblushing bribery of the members of Parliament, who thought it their due to find the value of their votes in guineas or orders under their plates when they dined with him. 'Every man has his price' is a saying attributed to him; and in some degree his power was founded on the good sense of the nation. For it was felt that affairs went well in his hands; critical situations did not result in wars, the finances were prosperous, and Jacobite plots were prevented, so that the country was fairly contented.

There was a low standard prevailing. Walpole had little or no religion, and dreaded Church influence as being first Tory and then Jacobite, and his appointments were, as far as possible, of men who would be useful to Government, or at any rate, not adverse. Even collections in churches were discouraged, lest they should be applied to the benefit of the Stuarts; zeal was treated as a dangerous quality, and in the fashionable world, there was a certain dabbling with philosophy. Some good old customs were still kept up by old-fashioned clergy and Church people, but in general, society was godless, thoughtless, and coarse to an inconceivable degree, intoxication almost the rule with gentlemen. The Court set no good example. The King really seems to have preferred Queen Caroline to everyone else, and her imperturbable good nature bore with whatever he chose to do; but both seem to have thought that *maitresses en titre*, after the example of Madame de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan, were natural appendages to a king, and so first Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk, and afterwards Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, were recognised favourites.

In fact, Caroline was never sorry to have the King off her hands, provided that the real management of affairs and full influence remained to her. The King, though really far from despicable in his public capacity, was at home a little

domestic tyrant, of very small mind and inferior tastes, while Caroline was a woman of remarkable intelligence, full of interest in everything around her, and much enjoying conversation and discussion, especially on philosophy, metaphysics, and theology, though she was herself by no means a religious woman. Lord Hervey, the eldest son of the Marquis of Bristol, and one of the gentlemen of the Court, has left very curious sketches of the life there. He was in great favour, and it was thought that there was some attachment between him and Caroline, the youngest of the three princesses. Anne, the eldest of the three, married the Prince of Orange, who was dull and slightly deformed, avowedly because she did not want to be left to the mercies of her brother, Frederick, Prince of Wales, a man of surly temper and evil habits, whom everyone disliked. One bone of contention was that he insisted that his sisters should be called, like all royal maidens down to Charles I.'s time, the Lady Anne, the Lady Amelia, the Lady Caroline, instead of Princesses after the German fashion; he seems to have been sullen and dissipated, inclined to do whatever he could to vex and annoy his father and mother. That George II. was a very provoking person there can be no doubt. He was small of stature, and wont to assert his dignity by strutting about and making fretful complaints and arbitrary orders. Lord Hervey gives a scene from one of the domestic evenings, when the King broke in upon an interesting discussion of the Queen upon an argument with Bishop Hoadley, to scold over an exchange of some vile Dutch daubs in the apartments for better pictures, and then to walk up and down growling at everything, while the Queen, after an attempt or two to change the current of his thoughts and divert his ill-humour, sat silent, knitting fast and nervously.

One of the most amusing and audacious scenes is what Lord Hervey seems to have actually written and sent to the royal family, as their manner of reception of the tidings of his own supposed murder by highwaymen, all given dramatically, at the Queen's toilette, while in the anteroom two chaplains are reading through the Litany for the supposed benefit of herself and her ladies, and she bids Lady Sundon to shut a little door so that 'those creatures' may not interrupt her with their noise, yet not so much as to make them think themselves shut out.

The Queen gives a few kind words of regret, and scolds her

daughter, Princess Emily for laughing, all interspersed with calls to 'her angel, her soul, Mrs. Purcel,' for her chocolate.

Princess Caroline is evidently really sorry, for not only does she defend poor Lord Hervey, but she incurs a reproof for almost twisting off the thumbs of her gloves.

Sir Robert Walpole pronounces that 'whatever faults he might have, there was a great deal of good stuff in him ;' but all is brought to a conclusion when Lord Grantham (a German) hurries in with—

'Ah! dere is my Lord Hervey in your Majesty's gallery. He is in de frock and de bob, or he should have come in.'

... 'You are mad,' says the Queen; but Lord Grantham repeats—

'He is dere, all so live as he was, and has play de trick to see what we all should say.'

Caroline's happiest times were when she was left as Regent while her husband was in Hanover, which he so much preferred to England.

There were troubles in her regencies. In 1736, gin-drinking had terribly increased' in London. On to the seventeenth century, spirits had been little used except as medicine; but about that time Geneva water, as gin is properly called, began to be commonly used by the intemperate of the lower classes in London. No one who has ever seen Hogarth's print of 'Gin Lane,' with its horrid spectres, can forget its miseries and demoralisation. To check the traffic, the justices of Middlesex petitioned Parliament, and Sir Joseph Jekyll proposed a duty of twenty shillings on every gallon, and that every retailer should yearly have to pay fifty pounds for his licence.

Walpole was reluctant to see the bill passed, thinking that it would be eluded, and that smuggling would increase, but he did not oppose it, and it was carried. It led of course to discontent, which was enhanced by an influx of Irish into Spital-fields. They had come over to make hay, and afterwards hired themselves to work at silk weaving at two-thirds of the wages given to the regular weavers, who were mostly naturalised French Huguenots. The Jacobite agents hoped to advance their cause, and there was abuse of the Germans, and a plan for distributing drams of gin gratis, so as to stimulate the weavers to any kind of violence. There was a considerable uproar, the troops were called out, and a magistrate read the Riot Act. An hour ought to have elapsed to allow the people to disperse before there was

a charge, but unfortunately there was some impatience, the troops charged too soon, and though no great harm was done, this was much resented, as an attack on British liberties. Queen Caroline could not understand this indignation. Lord Hervey represents her as saying—

‘There is your fine English liberty! The canaille may come and pull one by the nose, and unless one can prove which finger touched one’s nose, one has but to put a plaster to one’s nose and wait to punish them till they pull it again, and then maybe they shall pull one’s eyes out of one’s head too.’ To which Walpole soberly replies—

‘I am afraid, madam, there are inconveniences and imperfections attending all systems of government.’

Such being her feelings, Caroline was in a frame to resent to the utmost the tidings she received from Scotland of the act of mob law that we know in such detail and so nobly embellished in the ‘Heart of Midlothian.’

The facts were these. Two smugglers from Fife, named Wilson and Robertson, were under sentence of death in the Tolbooth, the old jail of Edinburgh. A file was conveyed to them; the rusty iron bars of the window were sawn through, and Robertson, a young, lithe, slender man, would certainly have escaped, if Wilson, who was large and burly, had not insisted on going first, and thus he stuck fast in the window, so as to be found in this condition by the jailor. The having thus prevented his comrade’s escape, preyed on his mind, and worked him up to desperate energy.

It was the custom on the last Sunday of a condemned criminal’s life to take him to the neighbouring church for prayers and exhortation. Four men of the City Guard were thought sufficient guard, but in the midst of the discourse, Wilson sprang up, grappled two of these men with giant strength, and calling out ‘Rin, Geordie, rin!’ fastened on the third with his teeth. Robertson in a moment shook off the fourth, leapt over the pew, and dashed out of the church, no man staying him.

Indeed Wilson’s generous act had excited so much sympathy that the city magistrates feared that there might be an attempt at rescue, and therefore, on the day of the execution, they drew out a strong guard of their own troops under the command of Captain John Porteous, a good officer, but a rough, harsh, passionate man, much hated by the rabble.

The execution, however, proceeded as usual, till Wilson had

been hanged, when the crowd, who always preferred the smugglers to the authorities, began to get excited, groans and hisses arose, and stones were flung at the hangman and at the guard. Porteous flew into a rage, snatched a musket from one of his men, fired it, and gave the word of command to do the same, though there had been no warning, no reading of the Riot Act.

Several persons were killed, several at the windows, for the soldiers fired over the heads of the crowd, and the rage of the citizens was great. Porteous was taken at once to prison and indicted for murder before the High Court of Justiciary, and found guilty by a Scotch jury of fifteen, but only by a majority of eight to seven.

Queen Caroline sent a commission to inquire into the matter, giving six weeks respite. This, however, appeared to the inhabitants of Scotland as tantamount to a pardon, and the rage of Edinburgh was exceedingly stirred up by hatred of the Hanoverians, jealousy of the military authority, personal enmity to Porteous, and the thirst for vengeance which civilisation had not yet extinguished.

Who concerted the scheme is unknown, but on the night of the 7th of September, 1736, the eve of the intended execution, while Porteous and his friends were celebrating his escape with a festal supper in his cell, a party began to gather in the suburb of Portsburgh, whence they proceeded to the Westport, and seized and barricaded it, as well as the other gates of Edinburgh, so as to prevent the calling in of the regiment who were quartered outside. The City Guard were then overpowered and disarmed, though without injury being offered to any, since they were held not to be responsible for the orders that they obeyed. No violence was permitted. Ladies going to a rout in sedan chairs were gently turned back again, and it was only when the whole way was clear that a thundering shout arose, 'To the Tolbooth, the Tolbooth! Porteous, Porteous!'

The doors were assailed with blows, and the jailors were called upon to bring out the prisoner; but a dead silence was the only reply, and then began a fierce attack with crowbars and sledge hammers, on the extraordinarily strong doors, which resisted every blow.

The city magistrates were in the meantime enjoying a supper at a tavern. The member for Edinburgh, Mr. Lindsay, undertook to carry a message to General Moyle, who commanded the troops outside, authorising him to break through the Westport, and

come to the rescue. But Moyle would not stir without written orders, and these Lindsay durst not carry through the rioters. It was equally impossible to get help from the garrison of the Castle, and when the Provost and magistrates sallied out, they were turned back by the outermost of the mob, armed with the weapons taken from the Guard.

The stubborn door still resisted the besiegers, when a voice cried out, 'Try fire!' Tar barrels were brought, and a hole was at length burnt in the stout panels, through which the porter flung the keys, and he then fled.

The unfortunate Porteous, roused from his joyous meal, had tried to hide in the only possible place—the chimney, and was clinging to the iron grating placed across it to prevent escape. He was dragged down, and bidden to prepare for death; but with the strange judicial gravity of the whole matter, time was given to him to put his watch, money, and papers in charge of a friend imprisoned for debt, before he was taken to the Grass-market, the place of execution and of his offence. 'As he would not walk, he was carried, king's cushion wise, on two of the rioters' clasped hands, and when one of his slippers fell off, they stopped to have it replaced. A rope was procured by breaking open a booth, and a guinea was left on the counter for payment. Then after watching till the victim had expired, the rioters quietly dispersed, leaving the corpse and the weapons taken from the Guard as the only tokens of this strange act of lynch law.

When the tidings reached London, Queen Caroline was furious at such an insult to her authority. She declared in her first passion that she would make Scotland a hunting-field.

'Then, madam,' said the Duke of Argyle, 'I will take leave of your Majesty, and go home to get my hounds ready.'

Argyle's brother, the Earl of Isla, was, however, sent to make an investigation; but nothing came of it, only high words between Mr. Lindsay and General Moyle, who, being accused of cowardice and incompetence, declared that Lindsay was drunk. No individual was traced out. The feeling of the whole City was in their favour. Even the clergy defended the deed as an act of Divine justice, and though the perpetrators must have been known, no one denounced them. The beautiful tale which Scott has connected with the Porteous mob, though founded on fact, was independent of it. The veritable Jeanie Deans, whose name was Helen Walker, did indeed abstain from a falsehood to

save her sister's life, and then went on foot to obtain her pardon from Queen Caroline ; but the sister's lover was not George Robertson, nor did the event happen at that time.

At the Session of Parliament, Walpole, actuated no doubt by the Queen, brought in a bill to punish the City of Edinburgh, but it was vigorously opposed by all the Scottish members, and was thrown out. Mrs. Porteous received a pension, and it was said at last that the result of the whole affair was the making the fortune of an old cook !

Queen Caroline died in 1737. It was a short sharp illness, aggravated by her determination at its commencement to share the King's walks. The scene of her death-bed was very sad, her daughters and all about her, broken-hearted, the King showing his misery by scolding her ; she, brave, resolute, but indevout, neither forgiving her son Frederick, nor receiving the Holy Communion. She trusted the King to Walpole, and begged that the good George Berkely might not be forsaken. She was a terrible loss, in spite of all her faults and laxities, for she had many virtues, and much patience and good sense, and the court was a desolate place without her.

TWILIGHT.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE END CROWNS ALL.

‘Peace, peace! such a small lamp illumines, on this highway,
So dimly so few steps in front of my feet,
Yet shows me that her way is parted from my way, . . .
Out of sight, beyond light, at what goal may we meet?’
D. G. ROSETTI.

IT was with a little grim amusement that Alick recollected that he had played the detective before on Louis Lorimer’s account, though with small result.

As it happened, he had now but little detective work to exercise his ingenuity. He went up to town by the next train and sought out the address that Katrine had given him, finding it, as he had expected, a respectable but exceedingly out-of-the-way little inn, in a part of London most conveniently situated for those who wished to leave it, and the country also.

The locality gave him a suspicion that just quickened the vague anxiety with which he enquired for Mr. Lorimer, and made him the more glad to hear that the gentleman had been staying there, off and on, for the last two or three days, that he was expected back there to-night, though he talked of leaving the next day, and, in fine, that he would be sure to come, though he had not said when he might be expected, because his luggage was there waiting for him.

That being the case, there was nothing for it but to go in and wait, and hope that Mr. Lorimer might think fit to come back before very long.

However unwilling he might be to pry into what did not concern him, Alick could not be shut up for an hour or two in a small back sitting-room without becoming well acquainted with everything it contained, its scanty furniture, and the litter of miscellaneous articles for which its present tenant was responsible.

And something in the look of these deepened Alick’s sus-

picion and filled him with that kind of rage with which we regard the petulant seeking of unhappiness by those who ought to be much better off than ourselves.

‘I believe he *was* going to leave the country!’ he thought. ‘What a fool the man must be—or worse! I suppose she could not profess to be altogether pleased at his confession, and he thinks to punish her and bring her to a proper sense of his value by taking himself off. How shall I find patience to speak to him?’

But when presently Mr. Lorimer made his appearance it was not quite so difficult to have patience with him as Alick had anticipated.

His brief surprise at the sight of his visitor could not hide his deep depression, and the defiant look of one who had a secret to guard was quite gone. Gone too was the carefully-attired, *soigné* air of the days of his prosperity, when he was trying to make himself and every one else forget the years that had passed since he had been the handsome, petted scion of a county family. In some mysterious way he looked now more as Alick had seen him first, though his clothes could hardly have grown old and shabby in three days.

Alick found it best to go straight to the point, having, indeed, no right to question him, and no heart to approach his subject by delicate periphrases.

‘You are naturally wondering why I should have come to hunt you up,’ he said, briefly and coldly. ‘I might have written had I been sure of a letter finding you here. But perhaps it is more easy to explain by word of mouth. You will remember, I daresay, that I spoke to you about small-pox one day when I saw you at Wychwood. But I think you do not know that your little girl has had it.’

The man looked so boyish, in spite of his worn face and dreary expression, that it seemed absurd to think of him with a father’s responsibilities. But Alick was sorry that he had conveyed his news in such an ambiguous fashion when he saw the start of dismay with which the other received it.

‘*Has had it?* Do you mean——?’ he cried, and plainly *dared* not end his sentence.

‘She is better. I believe she will do well now,’ said Alick hastily. ‘Your sister-in-law is ill also, but it is not small-pox, we hope and believe.’

‘Ah!’ he sighed, drawing a long breath that was only half of relief. ‘I am afraid I had partly forgotten. I sent her some

money, though, a day or two ago. I meant to send for them to join me when I was a little more settled—when I could bring myself to think of the poor child again.'

His tone was so simple and unapologetic, it seemed such a natural thing to him that his fatherly affection should wait the leisure of his other emotions, that Alick could only look at him in wonder.

'But now of course you will go down at once to Wychwood?' he asked at last.

'I—don't know! She is getting better, you say? My arrangements are all made, and I could not take her with me at present. It would only make trouble for both of us—I have seen so little of her lately, she would miss me far more afterwards if I went back now.'

'Do you mean them then to stay for an indefinite time in that cottage behind your stables?'

'Certainly not! I intended to authorise Jane Wardlaw to tell whoever it might concern who the child is, and to settle somewhere with her—not at Wychwood—where she may be properly educated. But I could not get an answer out of Jane, and I saw that I should have to order her to follow me, and make arrangements for them myself.'

'Excuse me if I ask one more question,' said Alick, after a moment. 'Circumstances rather force me to intrude upon your affairs without much regard to the wishes of either of us. Why have you not let Miss Lyndhurst know that you have no intention of returning to Wychwood at present?'

'Let her know? It is she who is sending me away!'

Mr. Lorimer was sitting with downbent head, moodily tracing with his eye the pattern of the carpet, or he would have seen that his companion started, and that his face grew white to the lips.

'I beg your pardon,' said Alick, very slowly, 'I have been up a good deal at night lately, and I am rather stupid. Will you tell me just what you mean?'

'Perhaps I ought to have told you before and released you from your promise, but, to tell the truth, I forgot. It was so utterly unexpected that I forgot everything, and even now I can hardly be sure of what I seem to remember. But I know that I told Katrine the whole story of my marriage, and that she did not seem shocked or angry as I had feared. But when I found that she was taking it for granted that all must be at an end between us,

this indifference appeared to me in a new light. Somehow, whatever I had thought or feared, it had never crossed my brain that she would not care.'

'I don't think—I understand you.'

'No? It is plain enough. She did not care, and nothing that I could say would make her care. I went away at last, and wrote to her. Her answer was short and very much to the point. I had tried to make her understand that those ten years are nothing, and that I had come back, heart and soul, to the old love and the old time. She answered that she too had been trying to ignore the past, but that I had convinced her that it was not possible, and that on the whole she thanked me for it. She told me, too, to go back to my child, and love her for my dead wife's sake, and—something about being thankful that I had something of my own to love. That last sentence gave me my one little glimmer of hope. I thought I saw in it a touch of jealousy of Lizzie's memory and Lizzie's child. I was sure she did not mean me to take it literally. So I came away here instantly, and wrote to her that she, and she only, had power to bring me back. And it is true. I shall never live at Wychwood without her! I love Louie, but I shall never bear to see her face again if she has cost me Katrine! And I begin to think she has, for I have had no answer. I told her that if she did not recall me I should leave England by the end of the week, and she has not lifted a finger. So to-morrow I shall go.'

So many points in this speech filled Alick with wrath and wonder that to answer was not easy. He could above all have indignantly repudiated the idea that Katrine could be jealous of Mr. Lorimer's first wife, and have pointed out that it was about on a par with the notion of poor little Louie having 'cost' her father the thing he now chose to fancy he wanted most.

But in course of time even a hot-tempered, shrewd-tongued man like Alick Rutherford learns that there are some people to whom it is little use to talk, and some things that it is no good to say. It seemed to him that he had better discharge Miss Lyndhurst's commission as briefly as he might, and say nothing whatever as to his own opinion and feelings.

'I think you will not go,' he said. 'I believe you will not wish to when you have heard what I came to say. Do you not see that you have laid yourself open to the charge of having cruelly neglected your child, who was fretting and calling for you

all through the earlier part of her illness, and your sister-in-law, who certainly ought not to have been left to bear the responsibility alone? Did it not occur to you that you might be supposed to have gone away out of reach of infection, in selfish fear for your own safety?’

‘Who thinks so?’ asked Louis Lorimer, in the sulky tones of a schoolboy under reproof.

‘No one. But Miss Lyndhurst was in fear of being obliged to think so. She came to me, in an agony of earnestness, to beg of me to find you, to force you to clear yourself, to set yourself right in her eyes.’

‘How did she know where they were, or that Louie was ill?’

‘I did not tell her. But that, excuse me, is not the point. The question is whether you are going to show her that you are neither cowardly nor cold-hearted, and whether the feeling that drove her to turn for help to an almost stranger like me is compatible with the indifference you speak of.’

‘I—suppose not.’

He spoke slowly, but like one who sees a sudden glimmer of relief and hope. Then he glanced round the room, and the brightening of his face was for an instant overclouded. Was it judging him too hardly to suppose that, in spite of his real passion and regret, the thought of the wandering life he had meant to lead had during the last day or two gained some real hold on his unstable mind, so that the sight of the preparations that must now be useless gave him a slight but real pang?

Alick, who was not perhaps an impartial judge, thought so at any rate, as he watched the other—sick at heart, but too weary and depressed to be wroth, as he might once have been. Again he thought of him who—

‘flung a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe,’

and felt as though he himself had happened to find the insulted jewel, and been compelled in common honesty to restore it to its owner.

‘Tell me just what she said to you,’ said Louis Lorimer, after a pause, much more eagerly; and Alick somehow forced himself to repeat as much as the other had any right to know of the conversation that he would have liked to keep in his own heart as its most private treasure.

It was a revelation of the man's nature to see how eager he grew, and how hopeful, as each word recalled to him more vividly what he thought he had lost. And there was a certain satisfaction in seeing him start up and begin to fling his things together as if he had quite forgotten what he had wanted them for, and without considering such trifles as what hour a train might be caught that would carry him to his destination, and whether it would be desirable to arrive there in the middle of the night, which was the earliest that could be hoped for.

It was plain that this man had still the large demands, the absolute hopefulness and utter despair of youth. What was delayed, to him, was lost—what was dimmed was worthless—what could not be grasped at once must be as soon as possible forgotten.

But he had not had time to console himself for the loss of Katrine, and now he was convinced at once that she was not lost.

'I was wrong,' he said simply. 'I ought to have given her more time to get over the shock of my confession. But I can easily forgive her for having been cold at first, and Louie herself will convince her that I was never an unkind father. I—I am really very grateful to you for having sought me out. When shall I see you again?'

'I obeyed Miss Lyndhurst's wish,' said Alick, rather coldly. 'I do not know when I shall be in Hatherston again. Are you going now?'

'Yes, as soon as I can get off. Trains? Oh! I shall find out at the station. She might wonder if I did not come as quickly as possible; and, besides, I am really anxious to hear how Louie is, and to make some better arrangement for my poor sister-in-law. Good-bye, then, and thanks again.'

Alick watched him start off, with half his new purchases left behind, to be sent after him at a more convenient season.

'I *suppose* he won't turn back again before he gets to the station, or is it part of my duty to see him safely there?' asked Alick of himself, with pardonable bitterness.

But he did not do so, only took a hansom on his own account, and drove all across London to his own chambers, and there shut himself in and gave orders that he was at home to nobody; and so went straight to bed and turned his face to the wall.

It is the lot of almost every fiery, energetic, sanguine-tempered man to break down utterly at least once in the course of his life,

when mind and body happen to be wearied out simultaneously, and the bold heart sinks till for the time all its spring of resistance and endurance seems gone.

Such a time had come now to Alick Rutherford, and it was to a great extent a new experience to him.

He did not want to see anybody, and had no curiosity to hear anything; and despair and weariness together seemed like an opiate, numbing heart and brain, so that for two days he hardly spoke or moved, much to the surprise and dismay of the elderly man and wife who had charge of his rooms and waited upon him.

Mr. Rutherford was a kind and pleasant-spoken master, but not one to be interfered with in any way by those who served him, so that it seemed likely enough that he would still be left to his own management, in spite of the good folks' anxiety, when towards the evening of the second day the Reverend David Henderson unexpectedly made his appearance.

Mr. Henderson had visited those rooms before, and was not unknown to his cousin's servants. They admitted him, disregarding their master's injunction, and since the announcement of his name was not followed by a distinct prohibition, he was ushered through the empty, forlorn-looking sitting-room into the bedroom beyond.

The Vicar of Hatherston had eyes that were trained to read the significance of trifles, and the pile of unopened letters on the sitting-room table gave him a thrill of anxiety that was not lessened by the heavy look of the eyes that were listlessly turned towards him as he entered.

'Why! Alick,' he said gently, 'what does this mean?'

'I might return the question!' answered Alick, partly rousing himself. 'It wouldn't be civil to ask what brings you here, but indeed I fancied you were in Scotland.'

'So I was till the day before yesterday. It seems to me it was time I was at home—or rather here. What's the matter with you, man?'

'Mayn't I be ill, for once, as well as anybody else?'

'No! it isn't your way at all. What ails you?'

'Well! two days ago I was under the impression that I was going to have small-pox. By last night I was—rather reluctantly—convinced that I was not! Since then I have been lying here simply because I have not the courage or the energy to get up.'

The sort of laugh in Alick's eyes as he spoke could not hide the shadows under them, any more than it could successfully screen the sadness and weariness that lay deeper than either.

'This is nonsense!' said Mr. Henderson. 'Have you seen a doctor?—or had anything to eat, or to drink? except this tepid London water? No! I thought as much! Now!—am I to fetch a doctor to you?'

'No! The small-pox scare was all nonsense, I quite believe. There is nothing the matter with me except that—as dear old Kingsley says—I am B-e-a-t—beat! When I have plucked up a little spirit I shall get up again, as tough and hard as ever.'

His voice did not sound as though 'a little spirit.' would be very easy to come by, though it was steady, and even a little hard, in the absence of all self-pity.

Mr. Henderson sat down beside the bed, and looked at him with kindly searching eyes.

'Do you mean to be reasonable, if I spare you the doctor?' he said. 'Can you tell me what is the matter with you?'

'Not more specifically than I have already!'

'Don't you think you want a good dinner—and possibly a glass or two of champagne?'

'I don't feel like it.'

'Don't you want to see all those letters that are waiting for you on your table outside there?'

'Not at all!'

Mr. Henderson suddenly dropped his half-bantering tone.

'My dear lad!' he said. 'Do you think I can't see that there is something amiss, beyond the fact that you have overdone yourself first and then let yourself run down? We have always been chums; but I am an older man than you, and consequently wiser, though you are far cleverer than I ever was or shall be. Couldn't you tell me *what* it is that has gone wrong with you?'

For the first time in their lives the Vicar saw a gleam of moisture in his cousin's bright, keen eyes; but in an instant Alick turned his face a little aside.

'I think *not*,' he said. 'I don't mind if you guess, as long as no one else guesses, but I will not talk about it. I am a fool, that's all, and the less said the better! Tell me how things are in Scotland, and at—Hatherston.'

"Well! as for Scotland, my dear mother is gone, as you know.

I shall have to go back there shortly, but for the present there was nothing to keep me, and I was anxious to be at home. As for Hatherston, there is no excitement going on there except that of wondering when the wedding is to be. There was an idea that Mr. Lorimer had gone away mysteriously and unexpectedly, but I believe he is at home again now ; so I suppose the strangeness of the proceeding was only in people's imagination.'

'I expect you will hear the date of the wedding very shortly.'

'Perhaps. I had a visit from Katrine Lyndhurst this morning.'

Mr. Henderson might have been trying after that guess of which Alick had spoken, for he looked up as he spoke, as if the words had been flung out experimentally.

But Alick said nothing, and he went on.

'It was the first time she had ever been inside my house, but she did not seem to be aware of the fact,—at least she did not allude to it. And the children made her so rapturously welcome that there was no scope for any feeling of strangeness. Have you noticed the wonderful change in her since Mr. Lorimer came back ?'

'Yes ! I—have seen it.'

'I suppose everyone has. But you know how sometimes, in learning somewhat late to know people, you blame yourself for having let all those years go by before understanding and appreciating them. Just so I blame myself on her account, whether justly or not. It seems to me now that she was like this all the while, only we never found it out till that man's return set us looking for a change.'

'She *was* herself all the while, but it was partly her own doing that no one found it out,' said Alick, in those slow, even tones in which he had spoken all along, which might mean either weary indifference or painful effort.

'Didn't *you* find it out ?' asked his cousin with another keen glance.

A swift wave of colour dyed Alick's pale face for an instant, then left it paler than before.

'Possibly !' he said, answering the look. 'I might even have wondered whether it would be possible for me to help her to get back her place in the world—her share of the daylight—again. It did not matter, you see. Some one came who could do more for her than I.'

Mr. Henderson was silent. He had found out what he wanted to know, and was very sorry to know it. He had been wondering what the real world would look like to one who had been absent from it so long—whether what had satisfied the girl of seventeen would satisfy the woman of nearly eight-and-twenty with such a past behind her. It was hardly conceivable that Alick should not have wondered too; but that others should speak of it could only make his burden harder to bear. Moreover, Mr. Henderson had something else to say, and hardly knew how to put it judiciously. What he *did* say sounded like an abrupt change of subject, though in his own mind it followed in a logical sequence.

‘Look here, Alick. I want you to come home with me.’

‘Thank you very much. But I think I won’t. I’m not up to it at present; and I suppose I have a good deal to do when I can bring my mind to bear upon it.’

‘That again is nonsense, if you’ll excuse my saying so. You’re not fit to do anything; and you want some one to take a high hand with you, and look after you properly. I intend to do it, but I can’t very well stay here, after being away from my parish so long.’

Alick said nothing, but he looked as if he were rather wishing that his cousin would go back to the cares of his parish and leave him alone. Mr. Henderson read the look, and played a card that he had been holding in reserve, not being anxious to play it at all, if it could be avoided.

‘I didn’t tell you that it was on *your* account that Miss Lyndhurst came to see me this morning. She was anxious about you, she said, and there was still a suggestion of her old self in the fact that she did not seem to think it necessary to say *why*, and I did not like to ask her. Also she wished to see you as soon as possible, and wanted to know if you were coming, or rather when you would come, to Hatherston. Again she did not explain herself, and I asked for no explanation, but merely undertook to convey her pleasure to you.’

Alick flung himself round upon his pillows with an impatient gesture, and coloured again.

‘What good can I do?’ he muttered. ‘I suppose she doesn’t know it hurts—but she might guess!’ Then, after a pause, in rather a different tone. ‘Did she speak as though she really wanted me?’

‘I’m afraid she did,’ said the Vicar, soberly. ‘Alick, my lad.

I want you down yonder, but wouldn't it be better if you came without any thought of Miss Lyndhurst ?'

'No! It might have been better if I had never seen her—though that is too much to say, seeing that I do not intend to be the worse for it in the long run. Meanwhile, if I can really do something for her, it is all right, and you need not worry yourself.'

'Are you coming back with me to Hatherston, then ?'

'Yes ; I suppose so.'

'When shall you be able to get up, do you think ? I take it for granted that you mean to be reasonable, and do as you are told ?'

'Well, *you* would not want to start to-night! To-morrow morning we will be off, and Hatherston will soon set me to rights again.'

'Oh, Alick, lad! Are you the man who just now by his own account had not courage or energy enough to get out of bed or to read his letters ?'

'No! You have made another man of me. Could I lie there lamenting when she wants me? You need not shake your head, David! I mean to do very little lamentation on that score in the course of my life. When I called myself a fool just now, *I was* a fool, but it was for regretting what cannot be helped and repenting what was no wrong-doing.'

'Ay, that may be well enough, as you say, as long as you can think she wants you. But when she does not want you any more ?'

'There will be—others. And I shall serve them none the worse for what I have given to her, and will not take back—perhaps all the better.'

Mr. Henderson said nothing more for the moment, and did not even shake his head. And in his heart Alick added, 'There is a pain that is better and dearer than peace! As long as she lives there is the possibility that she may need a friend ; and as long as *I* live the hope that if she did she would turn to *me* !'

It was the day after the two cousins went down to Hatherston, and in spite of Alick's valiant resolves he had not yet been fit for much but to lie on the sofa with a book which he did not read. Mr. Henderson would have had him keep in bed, for other reasons besides that of health, while he, for the same

reasons, was quietly determined to be up and about. Mrs. Henderson, like a wise woman, let him alone, and allowed no one to disturb him, not even herself.

But she could not prevent the arrival of a note for him presently, and perhaps would not if she could. It was no more than a line—as follows—

‘May we see you this afternoon?’

‘*Katrine Lyndhurst. We!*’ Alick sent off his brief answer in the affirmative, and then lay and meditated upon that one word. They were coming together, then! Was it possible that she only wanted—that *they* only wanted—to thank him for interference that had had so happy an end, to let him see the bliss that he had helped to create?

His face grew dark at the thought, even while he tried to put it from him. No! surely she read his heart better than that—she would spare him that pang at least. But what else could those two want with him together?

The question was soon to be answered. His note must have been delivered somewhere far nearer than the Manor, for even to his suspense it seemed a very brief space of time before the wondering little vicarage servant showed in Miss Lyndhurst and Mr. Lorimer.

Katrine’s first glance warmed Alick’s heart till for the moment he almost forgot her companion, and the pain that he had partly anticipated. That look was for him alone, full of friendliness and gratitude; searching too, and concerned, as if she found traces of fatigue and illness on his face and was grieved to see them. A little abashed too, and yet confiding, because of the secret shared between them—which is the closest bond of union of all when there is trust as well.

As for Louis Lorimer, he neither looked nor spoke, but stood with downbent brows a little behind her, as if he had been brought there without his own will, and had but one idea, to leave her to do as she herself might please.

Alick had started up as they came in, and now brought them seats, and sat down, looking from one to the other and then away from both, feeling in every nerve the embarrassment that Katrine might be supposed to be feeling.

But as for her, there was, as his cousin had said, a shade of her old irresponsible self in the way in which she went straight to her point, like a child that knows nothing of conventionalities and complications.

‘Mr. Rutherford,’ she said, ‘I asked you to do something for me, and you did it, and I shall thank you for it all my life. But—did you promise for me that if Louis came back everything should be as it was before between us?’

‘Certainly not!’ answered Alick, with perplexed gravity.

‘Not in so many words, perhaps,’ exclaimed Louis Lorimer. ‘But that was what I understood from you.’

‘Did *you* think I meant that?’ asked Katrine, turning her eyes upon Alick’s face with something strangely like reproach in them.

‘I did. I thought you meant to give Mr. Lorimer another chance of pleading his cause; and there would be little use in that unless you were prepared to give a favourable answer. I knew that you had misjudged him.’

How strange it seemed to be pleading this man’s cause thus before his face! But it must be done, and a little anger against Katrine made it the easier. What new caprice was this, in one whom he had fancied to be above such tragic coquetry?

‘You hear, Katrine!’ half whispered her lover. ‘Even a stranger can see that—’

She interrupted him with a little bitter laugh, drawing away from the hands that he had involuntarily held out to her. An angry light burned in her soft eyes, and a deepening flush on her cheek.

‘I knew you would not understand!’ she said. ‘But I am going to speak out very plainly. I will plead my cause before Mr. Rutherford, and he shall judge between us. He will be just when he knows all, and I ask nothing but justice.’

Alick did not speak. He was dazzled and startled by the change in her, by the fire and passion that had altered the character of her beauty and the very tones of her voice. Truly, she was no longer the ghost she had called herself, but the woman whom he had loved half in fancy, grown suddenly alive and real before his eyes.

‘He asks more of me,’ she went on in tones that were still soft and low, though so keen and incisive. ‘I will tell you what I gave him, and you shall judge whether it was not enough. Long years ago, when I was hardly more than a child, I gave him myself. To me there was no one else in the world, and I had not a thought but was for him. Then he went away.—I say nothing of that; it was my fault, perhaps,—not his,—that he found it easy to love another woman better. But I did not

know. I trusted him still. For some time it was all a blank (as far as I can tell, looking back), a sort of dream of loss and pain. When I came back out of that, it seemed to me that whatever had happened I was his still. Most often I thought that he was dead, and that I would be dead too, as far as that was possible without sin. Or if by any wild chance he might be alive and might come back to me, I would be able to feel that I had kept myself for him ; that even time had stood still with me, waiting for him ; that I had never wronged him by discussing his actions and motives with those who had not cared for him as I did. It was a folly, a kind of madness, but it was partly my own doing. I could not die, but I would not learn to live without him, would not see, would not know, would not let myself count the years as they went by, lest I should be obliged to realise that he *must* be either dead or faithless.'

She had risen, and stood before them with hands locked together, pleading her cause calmly enough, save for the swift and passionate inflections of her voice. It was to Alick that she looked, and never turned her eyes towards Louis Lorimer, or heeded him when once and again he seemed on the point of interrupting her with pleading or with protest.

But now, as she paused, he did not speak, but dropped his face between his hands. And Alick too said nothing, perhaps because he felt too much, though the eyes that he fixed upon hers were not uneloquent.

'Well!' she went on, with a little touch of self-pity. 'I was young. I could not mourn always. I loved him still, but life looked pleasant as I watched it out of my grave, though I blamed myself for finding it so. It was too late, though, to come back. Every one knew that I was "not like other people;" everyone, except the children, spoke to me kindly, and shrank aside and left me alone. And habit made it seem a relief to me at the time when they did so, however I might fret against it afterwards. It was my own fault, I know, but it hurt me. And they all did it, except you.'

Her beautiful face was full of a frank and simple gratitude, like a child's: and the look was a commentary on her words and said: 'Because of that I can tell you this, and be sure that you will understand.'

'Then he came back, and I was more glad at first than I can tell. I tried to put those ten years by like a dream in waking, and every one helped me to forget them, for they seemed to take

it for granted that I should be my old self again, and that the past was dead. I said to myself, "What it is right that I should know he will tell me," but I did not wish that he should tell me anything, lest it should force me to remember. It was a folly, a madness, still,—I own it ; but one cannot live in the dark for years and come back all at once to the daylight.'

Again she paused, and for the first time she blushed, more, it seemed, with anger than with confusion.

'The daylight came back slowly, but it came,' she said after a moment: 'I saw him clearly at last, and knew that he was not worth what I had given him. I had not wished to take my heart back from him ; but before I knew it, it was in my own keeping again. I was not a child any more, or a wilful dreamer. I could see, and—*compare*,—and that was enough! But still I fancied he wanted me. I thought that he had opened my coffin-lid and brought me back to life, and that I owed him *myself* for that.'

'Katrine!' broke in Louis Lorimer at last, breaking his long silence. 'It was no fancy.'

'Yes! He told me of it!' she went on, perhaps misunderstanding him. 'And indeed I thought so myself once. But then he told me the truth, and I knew that I was free. I was not angry, as he thought ; I was glad! I knew that he had loved his wife, and so could not really care for me, except for old sake's sake: and above all, he had his child, and so had some one still to love and to be loved by. He has his child, and the memory of that woman who died but did not leave off loving him ; and what can he want with *me* ?'

Spoken by another woman, the words would have sounded like pique and jealousy, but as she spoke them it was plain that she meant literally and exactly what she said.

The two men looked at each other, and for the moment pity for Louis Lorimer was more strong than any other feeling in Alick's mind. It was so hopeless—she was so far from understanding, so genuinely in earnest in her half-scornful protest. They could not tell her that—as she stood there in her ripe beauty, in all the glory of her womanhood—no *man* could look upon her and think that a child, even to the father of it, could compensate in the slightest degree for the loss of her. Evidently she believed in her own theory, that a man who had *only* lost his love by death could not really love again, and that the child ought to be more than sufficient for present interest and joy.

But the real barrier between them was not any theory, but only the gradual change and development of those ten years, that had

‘set their lives so far apart
They could not hear each other speak.’

Her clear eyes went from one to another, as if defying them to dispute what she had said, and reading with a touch of anger their looks of mutual comprehension.

‘Have patience with me, this story is nearly over,’ she said with proud humility. ‘That woman came to me next, and told me that he had hated and deserted her and his own child; that he had neither courage nor patience to take his own place and do his own duty; and that his child had called and fretted for him in vain, till one who was almost a stranger came to their help. She showed me his letter too—his own letter to her—in which he threatened to disown his child and deny his marriage to the child’s mother unless he could have his way. . . . Was not that pleasant reading, in the handwriting of the man I had loved?’

‘I did not mean it!’ broke in Louis Lorimer, half-sullenly. ‘There *was* some illegality, but I don’t even know that I *could* have taken advantage of it if I had wished to do so. Certainly I only intended to hold it over her as a threat.’

Katrine had paused to hear what he had to say, but she still spoke to Alick.

‘If he could use such a threat, did it not justify me in almost believing what otherwise I would never have regarded? I tried to find out how things really were, and could learn nothing, except that he was not where he should by rights have been. Then I sent you to him, and he thought—and *you* even thought, it seems—that I wished him to come back to *me*!’

‘Surely it was a natural thought,’ said Alick humbly.

‘Was it? Was it not at least as natural that for old sake’s sake I should wish him to prove himself not utterly unworthy?—to come back to his place and to his duty—to prove that it was not a coward and a base, heartless creature whose image I had held in my heart for ten years? May not a woman as well as a man be “shamed through all her nature to have loved so slight a thing”?—and was I not shamed enough already?’

Again Alick looked at the other man, and in very pity took his eyes away.

‘Hush! oh, hush,’ he said gently. ‘Do you not think that now you are rather cruel?’

Again she looked consideringly at them both.

‘Yes—perhaps! Women cannot always help it; and it seems we must speak very plainly before we can be understood. Louis!—I am sorry that I misjudged you, and more glad than you can tell that you were not afraid nor altogether forgetful. But it is for the sake of the past, not of anything that can ever be in the future. When you speak as though you had a claim upon me, you drive me to be cruel—to remember what I had rather forget.’

The kindness in her eyes was more inexorable than the flash of anger that had been there just before—and Louis Lorimer stood looking into them hopelessly.

Quietly Alick rose and left them together, to take that long farewell of dead love, which is farewell for this world and for all worlds to come.

For the first time he felt a real compassion for Louis Lorimer unmixed with envy or scorn. But with it came a thrill of almost incredulous hope. Why had *he* been made the judge between them, and why had Katrine cared—as she evidently did care—to justify herself in *his* eyes?

* * * * *

Six months had passed, and the May sunshine flooded Alick Rutherford’s chambers, and made the air that streamed in at the open windows look dusty—as indeed it generally was, though the motes did not always shine and sparkle so.

He was standing beside the fireplace, re-reading a letter that he had read carefully enough before, and looking somewhat grave over it.

‘The *menage* at Wychwood is odd enough—as you may imagine,’ wrote Mr. Henderson. ‘Miss Wardlaw is nominally the mistress of the house, but is as much under the sway of Louie’s grand governess as the child herself. Apparently they are to have what they like and do what they like; and hear occasionally from Mr. Lorimer; though they seldom seem to know where he is, and I believe he does not think of coming home. It would be dull enough for the child, but that the Lyndhursts are very kind to her, and she is almost always there. And that brings me to the real purport of my letter, though I don’t know whether it will be news to you, or whether—if it is—you will not attach too much importance to it. Last time I was

at the Manor, Mrs. Lyndhurst informed me, in her semi-confidential way, that Katrine talked of going, as a nurse, to a Children's hospital. She seemed very much vexed at the idea, and will of course oppose it tooth and nail, but—as you perhaps know—that will not make much practical difference. What Katrine wished to do she always did, even years ago, and now of course there is no reason why she should not do what she chooses and thinks right, like anybody else. My wife and I shall miss and mourn her if she goes, having learned to understand and value her during these past six months ; but the most important thing seems to me to be what *you* think of it ? I don't ask you to tell me if you would rather not, but just write to let you know in case you may not have been somehow informed already.'

Alick had *not* known before, and the news might well make him look grave and thoughtful.

He had not been at Hatherston for six months, and during his last visit there he had only seen Katrine on that one occasion when she came to seek him. Chance had not brought them together, and indeed he had rather avoided a meeting than otherwise. He did not feel that they could meet as mere acquaintance, and there seemed an affront to her in the very idea that another man might at once address her now that she had dismissed her former lover.

So he went away, resolved not to show himself in too great a hurry to triumph over Louis Lorimer. But before he went it seemed to him that he might venture to write her a letter, not asking anything, but simply reminding her that he was at her service, then and always, and praying her to remember him and let him know, if only by one word, if there was anything that he could do for her, or any reason why she should wish to see him.

He had hardly hoped that she would write, or even send him a message, under any circumstances ; but he intended that the request should keep him before her mind until he might make some excuse to be near her again. Almost in spite of himself he had built great hopes upon their next meeting, and had come to feel that she was somehow waiting for it too—waiting, in all maidenly dignity, till her true knight should come to seek her in her enchanted tower, the door of which now stood open.

But this startling hint of her wishes and intentions threw a

different light upon everything, and made Alick wonder whether he had been mistaken from the first, and merely cheating himself with visionary, baseless hopes.

At least he could go down to Hatherston at once, and see her, and find out for himself how things were.

And the next day he went, rightly judging that his cousin would not be much surprised to see him.

The Manor garden, in all the glory of spring, had been so often in his thoughts during the dreary winter months that were past that it seemed only fitting that he should enter from the lane by the little gate, and see Katrine's white dress among the soft shadows of the just-opened leaves. But considering all things he hardly knew whether to be encouraged or otherwise by this vivid reminder of that day when he saw her first. Without suffering himself to hesitate, he crossed the lawn to her side, walking noiselessly across the grass.

She was busy with some kind of woman's work, the first that he had seen in her hands. In old days no one had ever seen her do anything of the kind—since the use of a needle for any purpose implies a little more interest in the affairs of ordinary life than had ever been hers formerly.

And again he hardly knew what to augur from the friendly, unsurprised calm with which she greeted him—calm that might spring from having thought of him a great deal, or from not having thought of him at all. Remembering that he had once so utterly misunderstood her, he meant to be satisfied with nothing less than the very plainest of speech from her lips—now or later.

Does a happy ending to the story seem a foregone conclusion when towards the end of the last chapter two sit together in a sunny garden with none to come between them?

Perhaps!—but is ever a happy end a foregone conclusion in this world, where so easily things go wrong? where for a word, or a look, or a silence where something should have been spoken, two souls may go drifting apart on the dark stream of Life that sweeps them together again no more?

It seemed not so at least to Alick Rutherford, and his heart sank within him with a vague foreboding, though he did not hesitate when once he began to speak, and expressed himself in a somewhat masterful fashion that in him was natural and not unbecoming.

'They tell me you are thinking of going to the Children's Hospital as nurse?'

‘Yes, I am.’

‘And had you no message to send to me before you took such a step?’

Katrine flashed a quick look at him.

‘No, I—think not,’ she said. ‘I knew that you would hear of my proceedings in time.’

‘With the rest of your friends! But I am not quite on the footing of one of your friends. Once, you perhaps remember, I said something to you that a mere friend would not say. Thinking that you belonged to some one else, and that the words made little difference to you, I told you that I loved you. Since then, we have both found out that you belong to no one else, and the words stand now as a question that has never been answered yet. I love you! And what follows? Does anything follow?’

Again she looked at him, deliberately, consideringly, as if she knew that the question was merely rhetorical, and that he had not ended what he had to say to her.

‘I could say no more to you when last we met,’ he went on, ‘and I knew that you would understand why. But I thought you would understand also that it was my right to try some time to make you know me better, to try to earn your love. As long as you had not told me in so many words that you could never care for me, I thought I had a right to hope. I did not think that you were already planning out a new life for yourself, in which there was no place for me.’

‘You did say—that,’ she answered slowly, her soft colour deepening a little. ‘And I knew *then* that I was free, and answered as I do now,—that out of your kindness and pity you thought you loved me, because I was more forlorn and lonely—in a certain way—than any one else, you knew. But no one could really love such a creature as I was then; so that when you say that you loved me from the first, I know *what* feeling it is that you mistook for love.’

‘Am I to lose you, then, because I was unlucky enough to love you without stopping to think about it?’ asked Alick, bitterly.

‘Indeed,’ she said, very simply, ‘I never thought of it in that way. You could not lose what you never had; and I am not worth your winning. If I am planning out a new life for myself, is it not time? after half-wilfully wasting so many of my best years. It seemed to me the best thing I could do. I love children, and I can easily make them love me a little. I shall be very useful, and believe me, I shall be quite happy.’

Alick did not answer. It seemed to him that his dim foreboding had proved itself true, and that it was indeed all over,—his dream of the future. He had but crossed her path in the twilight of her dreams, and now that she had come back to real daylight, quite another vision drew her towards itself.

The pause lasted long. Across the plantations came

‘the word, in a minor third,
There is none but the cuckoo knows ;’

and the May wind sighed in the trees round them, but could not reach the sheltered corner where they sat.

‘Why do you say nothing?’ asked Katrine, at last. ‘Have I said what I should not?—offended you in any way?’

‘Pardon me,’ said Alick slowly. ‘I am trying to acquiesce, to be willing that you should do what is most for your own happiness. But I have been foolish—selfish, perhaps,—too confident, I daresay ; and it comes hard at first.’

He had not meant to look at her as he spoke. But she was looking at him, and as by a magnet her gaze drew his eyes towards her. He did not know how plainly his pain and disappointment were written upon his face, till he saw the change in hers.

Her eyes widened and deepened, with surprise, and something more ; her lips quivered and parted.

‘Do you really care so much, then?’ she said ; and he answered with a little half-angry laugh, that in spite of himself was most like a sob :

‘Yes ! just so much, and a great deal more than you will ever understand ! I have told you so, I would tell it you again, but that you are perversely bent on believing that what may have been the beginning of my feeling has been the end of it as well. Well ! I have no right to complain, or be disappointed, because you can be happy without me ; and it is not your fault that I cannot be happy without you.’

Her eyes looked through him, as if they would read his very soul, and he for his part only wished that they could. Then she turned away, and sat with her chin in her hand, considering. And somehow, something in her glance, as she withdrew it, filled Alick with a vague, unreasoning hope. His next words, though perfectly honest, had a little guile in them—something of the serpent’s wisdom that would never have come to his aid had he

been still so genuinely cast down as he had been a moment or two before.

‘After all, I suppose I ought not to have asked you to—share my life,’ he said. ‘It will never be an easy one! I have very little money—enough for necessity, but barely enough for comfort—and though I shall always be a worker, I doubt whether I shall ever earn much more. I should have had to ask you to live nearly all the year in town, among the people I work for, whose lot is nearly as sad to see as it is to bear. Your life has been spent chiefly in a rose-garden, so far; and what I had to offer you would have been very different.’

‘It will be different in any case, I should hope,’ she said, with a touch of indignation. ‘Is a hospital so like a rose-garden?’

‘At least you will always be able to come back to the roses when you choose. Your way will not lead so far from them as mine.’

Again there was a pause, and Katrine broke it; looking and speaking with wistful hesitation.

‘I—did not want an easy life. I have had too easy, too useless a life hitherto—but I don’t think it has made me quite useless. As for money, I have some of my own. But I never expected to hear *you* speak as though much money was necessary to happiness. I could be very happy with such life and work as you speak of, if—any one thought me worthy of it.’

‘*Any* one?’ said Alick, looking at her with glowing eyes, and playing with this wonderful new bliss.

‘Say *one* person, then,’ answered Katrine, very quietly. ‘Surely you knew that you could make me care, if once I was sure that *you* cared enough! May I leave the rose-garden, and come and work with you?’

THE END.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

VI.—SIR CALIDORE: THE KNIGHT OF COURTESY.

‘THE bloosme of comely Courtesie’ is indeed one of the fairest flowers that grow in the lovely world through which we have been travelling. It implies the most delicate consideration, and the most absolute unselfishness, and aspires to regulate the whole of life by the golden rule of doing to others what we would have done unto ourselves.

Canto I. 4. When Arthegall, sad, and a little sore with the sense of his imperfect success, was returning from his hard adventure, he was accosted by Sir Calidore, a fair young knight, the darling of the Faery Court for his sweet and gracious manners and simple truthfulness. He gave the older knight all praise and honour, and then told him that he was setting forth, in fact, to complete his adventure, to pursue and destroy the Blatant Beast. (This besides being the symbol of mob force, the idealised ‘rough,’ is of course the incarnation of the *spirit* of rude uncultured loutishness which Arthegall had failed to put down and with which the Knight of Courtesy was alone capable of dealing.) Arthegall wished him good speed, and Calidore soon found work to do in delivering the victims of *Maleffort* and *Crudor*, and in converting *Briana*. (Courtesy, be it observed, endeavours to change rather than vanquish its foe.)

I. 4-47. Calidore, continuing his journey, presently met a graceful youth, in Lincoln green, fighting on foot with an armed knight on horseback, while a lady stood weeping beside them. Calidore saw the boy slay his enemy, and civilly enquired why he had laid hands on a belted knight. The youth explained that the knight had come riding past him driving the lady before him, rudely, through mud and mire, goading her forward with his spear, and had replied to his indignant remonstrance with fowle scorn and reviling. The lady told how she had been riding with this recreant knight, when they passed another pair of lovers fearless and unarmed, upon whom the uncivil knight rushed without warning, wounding the man, while the lady fled in terror. Then, he avenged his disappointment by discourteous roughness to his own poor

lady, whom Calidore commended to the care of Tristram (for so was the boy called) as a worthy beginning of a knight's duties.

I. 39.

Calidore soon came upon the wounded knight and weeping lady, whom he comforted with the news of her enemy's destruction. But still she knew not what to do, for she feared to trouble a stranger with her woes, or to ask the gay young knight to help her to carry her fainting lover. Indeed, she shrank, it seems, from so debasing herself. But Calidore laid down his shield, and laying the knight upon it, between them they bore him to a neighbouring castle, which belonged to the father of the wounded *Aladine*, *Sir Aldus*. He made them welcome (the old gentleman does not, however, seem to be a very tender father) and, while Aladine was slowly recovering, it soon became apparent that Calidore had on his hands a complication needing the most delicate courtesy. Aladine confided to him that, being of meaner birth than his fair *Priscilla*, her father opposed his suit, and that he had induced the lady secretly to meet him in the wood, and so by the misadventure, which hindered her return, risked her fair fame. Calidore conducted the lady home in safety, and invented a suitable tale to tell. (We fear false excuses, or at least suppression of truth for fair maidens' sake has always belonged to the rôle of courteous knight; but all the details of this pretty story show the most engaging tact on Calidore's part.)

I. 48.

I. 18.

Riding onwards, he came suddenly upon another knight and lady, and, unlike the boor whom Tristram had slain, was abashed at coming on them unawares. However, they welcomed him gladly, and while *Sir Calepine* and he discoursed together, the fair *Serena* wandered away among the 'divers flowers distinct with rare delight,' to gather a garland for her head; when out upon her rushed the *Blatant Beast* (rudely insulting the unprotected girl after the manner of ruffians), and carried her off in his great mouth, while the two knights, hearing her scream, rushed after him, and Calidore, being the fleetest of foot, forced him to drop his prey, and pursued him at full speed.

I. 22.

I. 25.

(We now come to a series of episodes exceedingly difficult to follow in any kind of order. First the sad wanderings of Calepine and Serena, the discourtesy of *Terpine*, the subdual of the wild savage of noble instincts by Serena's beauty and distress, the lovely little story of the bear and the baby, in which Calepine showed that tender pity is part of courtesy. Nothing can be prettier than his care of the infant, and his extreme embarrassment in having it on his hands; it is a little story to itself.

I. 27.

I. 30.

Canto IV.

IV. 27.

Then the meeting of Serena with Arthur, after which we are told, in a retrospect, how that prince had found his long-lost squire, Timias, sore wounded and in distress; how a holy hermit healed both Timias and Serena of their cruel hurts, while Arthur went on his way and overcame *Terpine*. How when they recovered and rode forth together, Timias, in endeavouring to rescue *Mirabella*, was overcome and bound

Canto V. 1.

Canto VIII.
130 with a hempen cord, while Serena fled ; how Arthur once more rescued him, and then went on his way again with him, on a 'great adventure,' which, alas ! we shall never know, for this is our last glimpse of the magnificent Prince and his tender-hearted Squire. Then finally we hear how Calepine and Serena found each other once more, but their future history is also left untold. There is a dainty grace and delicacy of feeling about all these incidents well in keeping with the courtesy they are intended to enforce.)

Canto IX.
IX. 6. Calidore, meanwhile, pursued the Blatant Beast over hill and dale, through towns and cities, until, breathless and tired, he came upon a set of shepherds singing and playing on their pipes ; he courteously asked them if they had seen the beast which he was pursuing (judging from the description of the animal, he would hardly have been likely to trot quietly by and leave them piping) ; they told him no, and offered him food. Calidore's good manners made him at ease in all society, and he sat down with the peasants and presently saw a lovely damsel crowned with flowers and clad in green, dancing with her companions to the piping of the shepherds. This was fair *Pastorella*, for whom the shepherd *Corydon* sighed in vain ; while Calidore fell in love with her at once. Her supposed father, *Melibee*, invited him to his humble cot for the night, and Calidore was only too glad to go, as he saw all the shepherd lads vying with each other in helping *Pastorella* to drive home her sheep. Calidore, more and more bewitched, begged to stay as *Melibee*'s guest ; but do what he would, the rustic beauty was shy of the courtly knight, and cared more for the music of a certain *Colin Clout* than for all his attentions ; so Calidore laid aside his armour and donned a shepherd's weeds, helping to keep the flocks, nay, with his knightly hands he even milked them, 'love so much could.' *Corydon* was jealous and flouted the stranger, but Calidore treated him with perfect grace, even giving him every chance of showing himself off to *Pastorella*, and when the shepherd youth brought her nestling squirrels and tiny sparrows, Calidore would praise them, never showing spite or jealousy. And so he won *Pastorella*'s heart at last, having
Canto X. 3 stooped to conquer. Then a great grace was given to this knight of courtesy, and he was admitted into the inmost shrine of lovely intercourse and fair companionship. One day when alone, he came to a place—

'whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth that were,'

X. 6. a wooded hill on which the trees blossomed all the year round, where the birds sang, and round which flowed a silvery brook. This was Mount Acidale, the favourite play-place of Venus, and on the top of it a troop of fair maidens were dancing to the piping of Colin Clout (Spenser himself)—

‘A hundred naked maidens, lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight’

round three still lovelier ones who enclosed the loveliest of all, rose-crowned and perfect, for whom *alone* Colin Clout was piping (this was Spenser's own fair Elizabeth, his destined wife, to whom he offers this, surely the most exquisite and splendid compliment ever paid by lover to his lady, even though he was obliged to apologise to Gloriana for praising any one but herself). Calidore, in rapture, came in sight, and the whole fair vision vanished away, leaving him to express his regret to Colin Clout for his over-haste and eagerness.

Soon after, as he and Corydon were gathering wild strawberries with Pastorella, a tiger rushed out upon her; Corydon was too much frightened to come to her help, but Calidore rescued her and so entirely won her love. But one day when he was away hunting, a troop of brigands carried off Pastorella, her father, and the shepherd youth; Calidore was in despair, but at last he saw poor Corydon in evil plight running back, and from him he heard that Melibee was killed and that he had seen Pastorella die. Calidore rushed to revenge her, she heard his voice in the cave where she was hidden, he rescued her, and restoring to Corydon all the flocks and herds carried off by the brigands, took his love away with him to the castle of *Sir Bellamour* and his wife *Claribell*. Here they were kindly entertained, and as the old nurse *Melissa* helped to dress Pastorella, she beheld on her breast a little rosy mark, by which token she knew again the lost child of her dear mistress. So Pastorella proved to be a maiden of high degree, and was clasped once more in her mother's arms (like her still sweeter sister *Perdita*), so that Calidore left her in honour and safety while he went on to capture the Blatant Beast, who had now begun to rob churches and ransack cloisters, raging with many tongues of mortal men as well as of wild beasts; Calidore caught him at last, muzzled him, tied him in a chain, and led him like a dog, frightened and subdued, all through Faeryland to the Court of Gloriana. But, alas! he soon broke loose again, and though many gallant knights have tried to tackle him, he still ranges through the land, until, perhaps, the Spirit of Courtesy may not only bring him under outward control, but subdue his nature and change his form.

X. 35.

X. 40.

Canto XI.
27.

XI. 44.

Book XII.

Canto III.

III. 14.

III. 19.

III. 34.

III. 38.

We shall penetrate no further into Faery Land, for our guide is gone, and we can follow the gallant knights and fair ladies no longer; but a few words must be given to the magnificent fragment ‘Of Mutabilitie,’ which seems to be the culminating point of the lost or unwritten legend of *Constancie*, in which *Mutabilitie*, the daughter of the defeated Titans, claims from Jove the supreme place among the Olympian Gods, on the ground that everything is subject to change and decay, and that she is the end and ruler of all.

Jove would not yield to her demand, and she challenged him to disprove it before great Nature herself, supreme over gods and men. Then every living thing came to the hill of Arlo, where the Goddess took her seat to deliver judgment in the mightiest cause that was ever tried. There sat the great veiled Being, of whom none could say whether she were man or woman, young or old, still or in motion, for she was

‘Unseene of any yet of all beheld.’

Before her Mutabilitie pleaded perpetual change, and brought as witnesses the Seasons and the Hours, Night and Day, Life and Death, even the heavenly bodies themselves, since all must change.

Then Nature, after long silence looked up and spoke—

‘I well consider all that you have sayd,
 And find that all things stedfastnesse doe hate
 And changed be ; yet, being rightly wayd,
 They are not changed from their first estate ;
 But, by their change, their being do dilate ;
 And, *turning to themselves at length againe,*
 Doe work their own perfection so by fate ;
 That over them Change doth not rule and raigne ;
 But they raigne over Change, and doe their states maintain.
 Cease, therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
 And thee content thus to be ruled by me,
 For thy *decay* thou seekest by thy *desire* :
 But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
 And from thenceforth none no more change shall see !’

‘And the last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death.’ This is the teaching which ends this greatest of all fragments, and the last words written are a prayer that, when change shall be swallowed up in the sameness of eternity

‘with Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight,
 Oh, that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabbath’s sight !’

It is often said, even by critics, that the ‘Faery Queene,’ though full of beauty is written somewhat at haphazard, that the episodes succeed each other by chance, and have no real connection. Surely this is a mistake. The same plan is followed in each Book with more or less distinctness. There is in each a place of special trial for the particular virtue, and a place where it is seen in the greatest perfection, and this earthly place is shown often to have a pattern in the heavens. There is always, besides the earthly embodiments of the virtue, a Divine Being from whom it seems to emanate. The opposing vice has also, usually, its sovereign and its court, and is manifested, where it is possible, both as an attracting and also as a terrifying power. This plan is not, perhaps,

perfectly carried out, and Books III. and IV. must be regarded as especially connected, but a study of these correspondences adds greatly to the interest of the whole.

And when we look at the whole, we see that its perplexity is due to the fact that the scheme is so enormous that only parts of it can come into our view, and, even if the poem had ever been completed, it would still have been difficult to realise it as a whole; for the theory of it seems to be nothing else than this. Spenser conceived the virtues which he depicted, as great fundamental principles by which God rules the whole universe, and he aimed at showing their working, not only in the heart of man but in the ways of nature, and at illustrating them in every possible manner. When the idea of this great 'argument for design' has once dawned upon us, very little in the poem appears to be extraneous to it; and this surely is the greatest of all the great ideas which we find in it. To show that Justice, Temperance, and the other virtues rule and can be vindicated in all the works of God, and can be illustrated by examples from every form of thinking about Him, and way of approaching Him which has ever occurred to the heart of man, was the glorious adventure to which Spenser devoted himself.

Like those of too many of his heroes it is incomplete, and the end of all the story we shall never know in this world. But if we were blessed with such an imagination as his, we might picture that somewhere, in some Island of the Blest, in some Garden of Adonis where all things come into being, the poet walks, and tells how Arthegall died, and Amoret and Scudamour were wedded; how Tristram grew into a gallant knight, and how Ruddymane at last washed the bloodstains from his hands. There we might hear who suffered for Constancie's sake, and what other splendid motives of conduct rule in God's world.

These he may tell, or other things yet more glorious, for, as another great enchanter has written:—

'Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is Homer *There*!'

THE END.

Questions.

21. Give instances of Courtesy from this book.
22. Trace the connection of Prince Arthur with the whole poem.
23. Name the 'correspondences' as indicated in the paper between the several books.
24. Say, shortly, anything that occurs to you as worth remarking in the story of the 'Faery Queene.'

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

Class List for October.

Jon 40	Aphrodite 36	Alexandra 32
Lisle 36	Jessamine 34	A. W. 30

Only six papers have been received this time, all very good. The story of Cambell and Triamond is well told by all ; by *Lisle* with notable clearness ; *Jon* hunts out its origin in Chaucer. The various characters are well described. Very different views are taken of Timias : *Lisle* traces out his likeness to Raleigh, and *Jon* gives the most sympathetic account of him. Of Canace she says, 'As Timias showed one side of the romance of chivalry—the adoring worship of the man—so Canace shows another—the passionless attitude of the lady towards the knights who strove for her.' I cannot think Paridell worthy to be named in the same day as Lancelot.

Among the illustrations of Friendship, Timias' hero-worship for Arthur is undoubtedly one of the beautiful ways in which souls are knit together. The curious legend of the union of spirits of the three brothers is of course intended to show the fusion and the utter self-sacrifice of ideal friendship. *Aphrodite* gives a most careful list of texts, many of which Spenser almost paraphrases. *Jon* says, 'The sacred allusions resemble the recurrence of the "Grail motif" in Parsival . . . echoes of the heavenly music, they may be heard by snatches, but not worked out or analysed.' Her idea as to Prince Arthur is very interesting when viewed in the light of Tennyson's treatment of him, and it certainly may be that he was intended to suggest the One Example, of all virtues united. There is never any knowing, in Spenser, where allegory ends and simple story begins ; but Arthur's fainting and fever before Alma's castle is certainly curious. It may have a deep meaning, or Lord Leicester may have had a recent illness ; or it may be a reminiscence of the various sicknesses—not wounds—from which, also rather oddly, Arthur is represented as suffering in the old romances.

 GENIUS.

'Genius' is derived from 'gigno,' to be born, to give birth to ; akin to 'genitor,' a producer of life. It means that which is the cause of life in nature, the divine element in nature, the spirit or soul of man, and thence the genius or presiding spirit of a locality. It means also enjoyment, a love of life and its pleasures. . . . Genius in the classical sense may be considered under four aspects : 1. The origin of life. 2. The guide of life (for good or evil). 3. The presiding spirit of a place. 4. The love of life, and of the joy and pleasure of life.'—Extract from *Jon's* last paper.

 BOOK NOTICES.

Publications of the National Society, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

These prettily got-up books vary in price from 3s. 6d. to 1s., and are equally suited for school prizes, parochial or G. F. S. libraries, or for presents to young people of the upper classes. They are all sensible tales written on purpose, not novels and milk-and-water. This year's issue are particularly good.

The Constable of Dover, by C. M. Yonge, 3s., deals with the reign of King John ; and when we have got over thinking of Hubert de Burgh as a

stage ruffian who wanted to put out Prince Arthur's eyes, we see him as a very striking figure. There is a description of a Lateran council under Pope Innocent III., so vivid that we feel as if it must have been communicated by a special correspondent of the *Guardian* present in a previous state of existence.

The Abbot's Bridge, by F. M. Peard, 3s. 6d. This is a capital story of the same sort as the delightful *Children of the New Forest*, which charmed our youth. It is full of exciting adventures, and Gaffer's dangers and sorrows move all our sympathies. The illustrations are particularly good.

Fifty Pounds, by C. R. Coleridge, 3s. Dogs have their day this year, for Laddie is certainly the most carefully studied character in this continuation of *The Green Girls of Greythorpe*. The characters work out on their old lines. Leila is quite as naughty, and Elsie quite as good as might be expected.

Kinsfolk and Others, by the author of *Malle. Mori*, 3s. 6d., is more of a novelette than the other stories. It is full of pleasant characters and clever social contrasts, and the difficulties of the relationships brought about by a second marriage make various complications, overcome by the charms of the new relations.

The Silver Mine, by Esmé Stuart, 3s. This is a very pretty and romantic story, with plots, adventures, and situations sure to be popular with young readers. We are not quite clear as to *when* the story is supposed to take place, but this will not trouble the public for which it is intended.

Abby's Discoveries, by M. Bramston, 2s. 6d., will not perhaps appeal so readily to the national school mind, as its interest turns more on character. It is a tender and graceful story of childish joys and sorrows, and simple as are Abby's discoveries in themselves, we feel that they are peep-holes into a wide and beautiful world of feeling and experience.

A Village Genius, by the same author, 2s., is the story of Roche Dedler, who wrote the music of the Ammergau Passion Play. Very pretty and characteristic.

Mistress Phil, by Mary H. Debenham, 2s., is quite delightful. If any one wishes to exemplify the mutual kindness and good-will which the G. F. S. and such institutions try to inculcate, they cannot do better than give this to their scholars. The lesson is embodied in the very prettiest romance, as sweet as the hawthorn blossoms that crown the little May Queen. It is fit for maidens of all degrees, and will enchant them.

For King and Home, 2s., by the same author, is also a very pretty story of the war in La Vendée. *The King's Ferry*, 2s., and *Joan's Victory*, 1s. 6d., by the author of *Starwood Hall*, and *Lost on the Moor*, by Taffy, complete this excellent series.

S. P. C. K. Publications.

Two Friends and a Fiddle, by Helen Shipton, 5s. This is a big book, as full of feeling and interest as the author's smaller ones. Hugh is a most interesting hero, more suited, we cannot but feel, for the friend he makes in the Channel Islands than for the one he leaves behind in Yorkshire. Morris does not seem quite worthy of his devotion, and we feel as if Hugh must have grown considerably beyond him during their separation. The description of Sark is wonderfully vivid, and the newly-married old couple most charming. It is a capital book for lads who are civilised enough to like something besides 'a sea-tale with lots of battles,' and their sisters are sure to delight in it.

The Ice Prison, by F. Franfort Moore, is delightful for lovers of adventure, and so is *To the West*, by G. Manville Fenn.

Dorothy Dymoke is an excellent historical tale, dealing with the dissolution of the monasteries and the Pilgrimage of Grace very ably; and Austin Clare's *A Local Lion* tells how the first fiddle of a village choir was beguiled into

becoming the very second fiddle, indeed of a wandering band, whose best possession was two poodles.

The Tip-Cat Series (A. D. Innes & Co., 3s. 6d.). Most of these books have been already noticed in these pages, but at this season of the year it may be useful to point out that they are quite as moderate in price as the books issued by the great societies, and equally suited for the more cultivated class, catered for by lending libraries and rejoicing in Christmas presents. *Dagmar*, by Helen Shipton, *Pen*, by the author of *Tipcat*, *A Houseful of Girls*, by Sarah Tytler, have been for some time in print. *Jack o' Lanthorn*, by C. R. Coleridge, has just been added to the list.

Cecilia de Noel, by the author of *Mdlle. Ire* (Macmillan & Co.), is a most interesting study of different characters and modes of thought, told without a needless or unmeaning word, and, as well as *Blanche*, *Lady Falaice*, by Mr. Shorthouse, in which we breathe a certain 'pure severity of perfect light,' merits a far more detailed notice than we have space for here.

Judging from personal experience, the readers of 'The Monthly Packet' will have great pleasure in reading *Amethyst, the Story of a Beauty* (A. D. Innes & Co.), by C. R. Coleridge. It is not a story for schoolroom girls, but their elders will find both interest and profit in the new and original set of characters it brings together. One of the cleverest sketches is Amethyst's charming but utterly untrustworthy mother; her own struggles to be a good girl, in spite of her 'shady' home and inherited instincts, are most pathetic; but perhaps the most interesting study is that of Una, the poor child whose chances of a natural and wholesome girlhood have been wrecked by premature passion, and whose emotional nature, as it nearly works out her ruin, so also works out her salvation through religion. Lucian is real, all through; Sylvester, though less life-like, is very good in the scene in which he comes to Amethyst's rescue, though one wonders whether he had force in him to live up to it for ever after; but we hardly believe in Oliver Carisbrooke, who seems to be credited with incompatible qualities, nor do we think that any sane person would have allowed a girl of twenty to take the sole charge of a case of *delirium tremens*. However, these are small blemishes in a new and most interesting story.

M. BRAMSTON.

The Memoirs of Count George Albert, of Erbach, translated by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, are very pleasant reading, and their royal translator vouches for their truth, and their foundations in the family archives. The Count, an enthusiastic youth of twenty-two, visits Malta about the year 1636, and finds the Knights of St. John most noble, pious and hospitable. He is afterwards made prisoner by the Moorish Corsairs, and his adventures are most interesting, while his behaviour is as beautiful as that of our dear old hero, 'the Constant Prince.'

Church Lore Gleanings, by T. F. Thistleton Dyer (Innes & Co., 1 vol.). This is a valuable and delightful book, which we would fain notice at more length than is allowed by the autumn press of novelties. It is a sort of more enlightened Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, and goes back to the oldest canons, while giving such remnants as can be collected of them. The readers will probably be incited to collect many more, each in his own district. One melancholy impression we carry away is how often charity has been allowed to grow cold. For instance, cows were kept for the benefit of the poor—how valuable they would be in these days many a parish priest knows. On the other hand, there has been certainly an improvement in hymns. Imagine the feelings of the good and Jacobite Susanna Wesley, on one of the returns of the Dutch sovereign from his campaigns, on hearing the parish clerk give out, in Epworth Church, 'a hymn of my own composing:'

'King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come;
Therefore let us together sing
The hymn that's called Te Deum.'

Church History Society.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND ART.

Questions for December.

41. Mention some great English Church Builders from the Conquest to 1400, with one or two existing examples of their work.
42. A short account of the Symbolism of Gothic Architecture.
43. Trace one or more of the Religious sentiments or teaching of the Middle Ages in Pre-Renaissance Art.
44. A life of one Church Builder, English or foreign, between 1066 and 1400, and an account of any work of his *which you have seen*, either still perfect or in ruins.

Books recommended.—Trench's *Lecture XXVII.*, Milman's *Latin Christianity* (three last chapters), and any good Handbook of Architecture.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by January 1st.

August and September Class List.

Class I.

Hermione	}	. . . 38	Etheldreda	}	. . 37	Ierne	34	
Papaver			Andromache			Gooseberry		30
Erica			Water Wagtail			35		

Class II.

Veritas } 27	Fidelia	} 26	Cratægus } 24
Laura } 26	Honeysuckle		White Cat } 23
Λαυβδα 26	Meniza		*Robin Redbreast 23

Class III.

*Verena	19		Miss Molly	16		*North Wind	15
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* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

29. The papers this time are admirable. All have worked well, but some papers are of such high quality that their marks must be higher. All are most reverently done. The quotations from the Fathers and Ancient Liturgies are well chosen, and about one hundred have been cited. Bog-Oak asked for these quotations, as statements of doctrine by the unlearned are apt to be more or less heretical. One point deserves attention. 'Real Presence' is a term of Scholastic Theology, and is philosophical in its applica-

tion rather than dogmatical, signifying the Presence of the *Res Sacramenta*. 'Real' here is not the opposite of *unreal*, but of *nominal* (so the old question of Realists and Nominalists is asked yet!). 'Presence,' too, is hardly the antithesis of *absence*, and the term does not occur in our Prayer-Book. It has no Greek equivalent; still it is the only term we can use (Transubstantiation, equivalent to *μετουσίωσις*, having been misused). We all understand it, and our Divines apply it to the Catholic doctrine of the English Church of which, probably, no two minds frame quite the same idea.

Andromache is requested never again to give long quotations in Greek and Latin, as Bog-Oak possesses very few Fathers in the original, and cannot check their accuracy. *Verena* and others omit all *formulae*, even the Liturgies. *Cratægus*: Calvin did not teach the Real Presence *in* or *under* the Elements, but held that 'simultaneously with the bodily participation of the material elements, which in every respect remained what they were . . . a power, emanating from the Body of Christ which is now in Heaven only, is communicated to us by the Spirit.' *Honeysuckle*: 'Symbolically' is an inadequate expression. A symbol is not of one nature with the thing symbolised, still less can it convey the latter to us. We must be very careful, when speaking of 'Natural Body' and 'Spiritual Body,' to remember that these are One Body and not two.

This question is best answered by *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, and *Erica*.

30. The controversy of Paschasius Radbertus is most clearly given by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, and *Andromache*, and perhaps *Ierne*. There is little doubt that if Radbertus erred by materialising, his opponents used defective language as to the Change, showing how dangerous it is to dogmatise where the whole Church has not defined. But he could not write too strongly on the fact of the Change, or on the Presence of that Body born of the Virgin, which died and rose again, receiving spiritual attributes and functions which It had not before. It is to be regretted that the controversy was not in Greek with its exact theological terms. Some mistakes arose from confusing *φύσις*, i.e. *natura*, physical substance, with *οὐσία*, the *substantia* of the Schoolmen, meaning Essence or Personality; so those Members who define the extreme view thus: 'that the Substance of Bread and Wine was changed into the Substance of His Flesh and Blood,' should add to the latter 'substance' the term 'corporal' or 'material.'

31. Berenger is excellently done by *Papaver*, *Λαυβδα*, *Erica*, *Veritas*, and *Laura*, with *Andromache* and *Honeysuckle* very close. *Hermione*, *Etheldreda*, and others, are too lenient to him, for taking his own guarded words, as Trench says, they tend 'to leave the words of Consecration a trope, and the Sacrament itself little more than a commemorative meal'; while the way he fences with Catholic-sounding phrases before Councils, and the straits to which those Councils were driven to tie him to a definition, remind us of the shiftiness of the Semi-Arians. Of course we may take these Catholic utterances as his true teaching—then why did he on other occasions use language the very reverse of Catholic? His contemporaries (who had seen even his lately found writings), and who could judge his written in the light of his spoken teaching, firmly believed him to teach that in the Eucharist 'there is neither true Body of Christ nor true Blood, but a certain figure and similitude.'

32. *Etheldreda* has best done the further enactments of Rome, and the question whether England has decreed either way; and *Erica* is nearly as good. *Andromache*: Article XXVIII., which alone could be esteemed a 'decree,' does not define the *manner*, however strong it may be on the *reality* of the Change and Presence. It contradicts one dogma as to 'manner,' but enacts none, leaving it undefined, because undefinable, thus raising no bar against union, laying no burden on weak consciences. Thus all shades of thought may be held as 'pious opinions.' Rome's error is not so much that it holds Transubstantiation as a pious opinion, as that she makes it *De Fide*.

Δαμβδα and others hardly give any subsequent definitions of Rome ; besides the Lateran Canon of 1215, there were pronouncements at Constance and Florence ; also Canons and Catechism of Council of Trent, and the Creed of Pius IV.

The Church History Society will be continued next year, when the subjects will be rather easier, and each month's work shorter than at present (see China Cupboard).

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.¹

Twenty essays have been sent in for this competition, all of which are creditable, while many attain a high standard of merit. The First Prize is taken by *Miss Barbara Scott, School Field, Rugby*, whose essay appears in the magazine. *Miss Ethel C. Huntingford's, Barnwell Rectory, Oundle*, is, however, so nearly equal in merit that the value of the prize offered (three guineas) is divided between them.

Highly Commended.

May E. Knipe.
Neil Campbell.

Alexandra.
Lisle.

Commended.

C. W. L.
Ethne.

May Leather.
Catherine Hart-Davis.

The essays give abundant evidence—if such was needed—that clever girls of the present day thoroughly appreciate the delightful Waverley Novels, and can express their opinions on them with considerable skill. The writers acknowledge that these novels are read by many of their contemporaries with a sense of effort, and give as reasons their unanalytic character, and the more explanatory and lengthy style expressing what nowadays people often take for granted. There is, we think, another reason that they are, and must be, like everything else, works of their own time as well as of the days they represent, and are accommodated to the limitations of a day that is not ours. We cannot find in them experiences and aspirations which they have not to give. *Westward Ho! The Dove in the Eagle's Nest, Romola, The Cloister on the Hearth, John Inglesant*, all give us something which is not in the Waverleys, though without the Waverleys they never could have been written. It would be ungrateful to the nineteenth century and all its influences to say that it has taught us nothing. But it would be still more stupid to be so much repelled by the sense of difference as to be unable to recognise the vigour, the splendour, and the charm of the great stock of ideas which were new when the Wizard of the North called them up, and can never grow old.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Messrs. Mowbray, Oxford, have some charming Christmas cards, for those who think the sacred season ought not to be forgotten. They are photographs from pictures enclosed in illuminations.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

The difficulty proposed by *Lettice* on which debate was invited was whether a young girl, working in her father's parish, should endeavour to induce Dissenters to attend Church.

Chelsea China must remind debaters that the subject proposed was not the relative merits of the Church and Dissent, but whether the Church would be served by a young lady discussing the question in the course of her parish visiting. Now, Chelsea China is personally of opinion that whether *Lettice's* views are those of *Wren* or those of *Black Rabbit*, she had much better give up the attempt, simply because she is sure to fail to do any real good. The parish being as small as she describes, it is just possible that the desire to please her and her family might have some effect; but, on the parish at large, it would be a disastrous one. As *M.* stated in her letter, settled Dissent is due to all sorts of causes, good, bad, and indifferent, and is not likely to yield to a girl's argument, however sincere. But as it is also true that clever working women are sometimes unsettled in their minds, and ask questions, *Lettice* should do all she can to be able, *if necessary*, to render a reason for the faith that is in her, and learn to know why she is herself a Churchwoman, and also to teach Church principles clearly in the Sunday school. Perhaps she is able to teach them in the day school also, and in that case is probably obliged to teach them to the children of Dissenters. This is not an unmixed blessing, but it does cause a great deal of orthodox Christianity unconsciously to pervade the Dissenting bodies. The children may not join the Church, but their faith will be very different from what it would have been if they and their parents had never been taught in Church schools. The question is, of course, complicated by people like the lady who said to the clergyman's wife, 'Oh, dear Mrs. Jones, I like to *disseminate* myself, and go sometimes to church and sometimes to chapel!' For children, at any rate, to 'disseminate' themselves is a most pernicious practice, and ought to be discouraged in every possible way, even at the cost of occasional church attendances.

But what *Lettice* can do is to act in school and out with the most absolute fairness and impartiality. Let the Dissenters once become convinced that they can trust the Church authorities to deal with an even hand, and the worst fruits of 'our unhappy divisions' will disappear. Once when a church—and a 'high' one, too—was going to be consecrated, the chairs did not arrive in time. The Dissenting minister sent over all his chairs and benches to supply their place. That was the result of good-feeling on both sides.

She can also resist the temptation to *rivalry* which, now that many Church helpers are happily drawn from the same class, and from among the personal friends of Dissenters, is often very keen, and prompts much of that of which *Spero* complains. Never mind if, as the schoolchild said, 'We go to our treat in

waggon, but the Wesleyans have waggonettes !' Nothing is really gained by any form of bribery, however insidious. Let the Church authorities be above reproach, and there will be no bitter prejudice to hinder honest conviction from making its way, if the truth and beauty of the Church system does begin to dawn upon the minds of those who have hitherto never perceived it.

Papers received from *Black*, *Rabbit*, *Smut*, *A. P. S.*, and *Wren*. Chelsea China must confess to have lost two which she put away to be used in this debate.

LETTICE'S PERPLEXITY.

We all encounter this difficulty in some form or other. It appears amongst our Sunday scholars, amongst the cottagers, the tradespeople, and the farmers' wives and daughters ; it appears under many aspects, but the difficulty is the same.

The first step towards solving the question is to arrive at a clear understanding of our belief on the subject. Do I believe the Holy Catholic Church to be Christ's own institution—her orders and her rules appointed by the Holy Spirit? Do I believe that salvation is promised by God through the Church, and promised in no other way? And when the answer comes, 'All this I steadfastly believe,' the question is no longer one of personal opinion or of preference as between two or more equally permitted paths, but becomes a question of obeying or disobeying a command from God, remembering that it is as great a sin to disobey God's revealed will as His moral law.

We must do all we can to keep those amongst whom we work from this as from other habits of sin, and endeavour to reclaim those who have in this and other matters erred. Doubtless great tact, tenderness, and patience are needed ; but so also is courage. Common slipshod phrases, *e.g.*, 'We are all going the same way, but by different roads,' or 'As long as we pray to our Father it does not matter where or how we pray'—should never pass unchecked. We must be true to our colours, and have courage to say that religion is best learnt and best practised after the manner and the rules our Lord Himself gave, not after ways of man's choosing. No part of the creed is more neglected than that relating to the Holy Spirit and to His work, and none requires more thorough and careful teaching. WREN.

There are two questions in Lettice's letter, and taking the second, as to the views of the Free Methodists first, I find that the United Free Methodist Church consists of a union of two secessions from the main Wesleyan Connexion, viz., the Associated Methodists, and the Methodist Reformers. It was in 1837 that they joined under the above title, and they form a strong body, whose tenets differ but slightly from those held by the Wesleyan Methodists. To return to the first and more difficult question, my advice would be not to interfere with the religious practices of any professed chapel members. It is comparatively easy to unsettle a man's belief ; but once loosen the ties of habit, and the sentiment of religion as it has been learnt at a mother's knee, and it is very hard to inculcate other doctrines, or to teach different modes of worship. If this is the case even with divisions in our own Church (as is seen in the instance of Cardinal Newman, who, brought up an evangelical, when he gave up that school of thought, was in the re-action carried beyond our highest Anglican principles and ritual to the Church of Rome), let us beware of tampering with any one's special form of Christianity, lest in the end all forms of public worship are given up, when unbelief is sure to follow. If *Lettice's* father approves, there are occasions such as the Jubilee, once in a generation, or the Harvest Festival every year, when it is possible to invite any parishioner to the church service, without any doctrinal question being

raised, and which serve to remind Dissenters that the parish church is, in a peculiar manner, the church of all English people.

The case of those who, in every village, change from church to chapel, and back again as self-interest or pique dictate, is different. To them it is well to lend books or tracts inculcating sound church principles, and to urge them to make their choice; but very few women would find it safe to discuss theological points, and *Lettice* would surely do wisely in leaving argument to her father. A. P. S.

Marcia. Would *Blackbird* kindly write some expression of her views to an earnest malcontent, whom Henry George has failed to satisfy? She would gladly pay for any tracts or pamphlets, or the postage on a book, if lent. Address—Miss Georgiana G. King, 174, Bank Street, Norfolk, Virginia, U.S.A.

Marcia sends also a paper against the Female Franchise.

A rather severe paper on The Influence of Fashion in Religion, from *Ida Weston*, and two very pretty ones on middle-aged pleasures from *Black Rabbit* and *A Middle-aged Mother*, finish up the Debates of the Year.

Let us take a statement made in more than one Waverley Essay as a subject for debate—'That modern fiction has given us nothing worth having, which cannot be found in the Waverley novels.'

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before January 1st.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,

OR

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' can hardly pass over in silence the sudden death of one of the brightest contributors to the China Cupboard. The Lady Elyne Erskine, of Alloa House, Alloa, under the signature of *Jean Bruce*, did much to enliven this competition. Her letter appeared almost at the time that she passed away, and the prize she had gained was sent, in ignorance of the loss we had sustained, to the address previously given.

Honora Guest's letter of discouragement to the would-be author is the most to the point: but as she has already taken the prize in this series, *Lesbia* takes it as second on the list; *Gertrude M. Moxhay*, *Cora Langton*. Two letters signed *Mary Carmichael* have reached Chelsea China, both very good. *Lesbia* will please send her real name and address. Will *Smut* kindly choose some other signature than *Mary Carmichael*? All the letters are good and kind. Chelsea China would remind the writers, however, that as writing does not require the same mechanical skill as painting, it is not true that a beginner cannot make a hit. Of course, much is learned by practice; but whether practice is worth while is usually apparent, even when the child tells a story to the little ones. Nor does she think the experiences of a successful author are always quite as intense as those described.

MY DEAR CORINNE,—

I was so sorry to miss you yesterday, as I was particularly anxious to have a talk with you before we left. However, we must postpone it until my return, and in the meantime I must make a letter do instead.

I have carefully read your MS., and must now fulfil my promise of giving my 'candid unbiassed opinion' on it. Now I am afraid you will consider this a 'hissing, groaning, cat-calling epistle,' as Miss Burney called the letter in which her 'dear Daddy Crispe' condemned her play; but I trust that, like them, we shall be as good friends as ever, notwithstanding. Then I must tell you that, though I have seen far worse stories in print than yours, it has, to my mind, one fatal defect—want of originality; all the characters are more or less feeble reproductions of the heroes and heroines in well-known novels; the plot is hackneyed; and the dialogue wanting in spirit and freshness.

If you had plenty of leisure, and did not require remuneration for your work, I do not know that it would be right to discourage you, as so much may be gained by practice; but as you are engaged in teaching, either you must give up a certain means of livelihood, and an employment for which you have decided talent, or else sit up far into the night, to the injury of your health. Your work would be certain to suffer; and believe me, for I have been through it, it is a heart-sickening experience to spend weeks in waiting, with feverish longing, to know the fate of the child of one's brain, and then to receive one's MS. again, without a word of comment beyond the printed formula attached, 'Declined with thanks.'

Even where genuine talent exists, this is a fiery ordeal to go through, but where there is none, it is useless martyrdom, and one which I should wish to save any friend of mine from enduring. And now, dear, I must bring my homily to a close; if I had not great confidence in your good sense and your affection for me, I should not have ventured to write as I have done; but I feel sure that, like Frances Burney, you 'won't be mortified, and won't be downed!'

I am, dear Corinne,

Ever your affectionate friend,

LESBIA.

FIFTH COMPLICATION.

An apology for an unguarded speech which has 'found mark the speaker little meant,' and hurt a friend's feelings.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER QUESTIONS.

1. Guy Morville, in *The Heir of Redclyffe*, risked his life 'for nothing better than Farmer Holt's old ram.'

2. In *Lochiel's Warning*, T. Campbell—

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.'

3. The Mock Turtle, in *Alice in Wonderland*: "'Once upon a time I was a real turtle," he was always sighing, and tears running down his cheeks.'

4. In *Auld Robin Gray*, by Lady Anne Lindsay—

'My father brak' his arm, and the cow was stolen away.'

5. Miss Sally Manchester, in Longfellow's *Kavanagh*: 'On Sunday she appeared at church in a blue poplin gown, with a large pink bow on what she called the congregation side of her bonnet.'

6. In a *Laboratory*, Robert Browning: The Court lady buys poison for her rival, then says, 'You may kiss me, old man, on the mouth, if you will.'

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Unsigned, 24; *Halliday*, 30; *Rule of Three*, 24; *Theodora*, 24; *G. Festing*, 27; *Only Herself*, 12; *Helen*, 30; *M. R. Awdrey*, 18; *Nemo*, 12; *Ali Baba*, 24; *Honora Guest & Co.*, 18; *Sandford and Merton*, 18; *K. Anstey*, 24; *Ethne*, 24; *The Muffin Man*, 12; *Cedar*, 24; *The Cousins*, 12; *Jessamine*, 6; *Swansey China*, 12; *Wood Sorrel*, 12; *Black Rabbit*, 11; *Hileg*, 6; *Helen Mary*, 18; *Three Rock*, 6; *L. N. V.*, 12; *Olwen*, 18; *Crown Derby*, 12; *Proud Maisie*, 24; *Three Sisters*, 6; *Magnet*, 24; *Old Maid*, 30; *Smut*, 6.

L. N. V.'s marks last month should have been 21. The corrected answer sent for question 3 is unsigned. The other answers to 6 did not *pay* for the poison with a kiss. Half marks for the *Silver Shilling*, *Carita* and *Sir Gibbie*.

Laleham answers cannot, we regret to say, be received after date.

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Who prepared feathers to carry her true love through the air?
2. When did the measles stop an insurrection?
3. What precious animal was combed every day with a golden comb?
4. Who remained a stone while his family wept around him?
5. To whom was a sprig of mistletoe fatal?
6. Who was a turned-up-nosed peacock?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Where is a poem to be found called 'Lois, the Faith Healer'?—A. E. A.
Author of the following lines—

'How far, far off those happy days appear!
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as Heaven allotted here!'

ALGARIFER.

'Where do you come from, baby dear?' By George Macdonald. In his poems, and in many selections.

Chelsea China asks if any one remembers 'Prince Hempseed and his Companions,' 'The Nut-crackers,' and 'Sapphire and Amethyst,' charming children's books of five-and-thirty years ago, in gay paper covers, probably translations? Author? Publisher? And if obtainable?

Where is the following hymn to be found, and who is the author?—

THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.

'Glory to God in the highest;
Soft thro' the ages long,
In bright celestial chorus
Floateth the Angels' song.'

C. A. H.

Is a poem on the words 'Jehovah Tsidkenu,' author, the late Mr. McCheyne, still in print; and, if so, where it may be procured? S. C.

One or more copies of the 'Seven Last Sayings on the Cross,' by the late Canon Capel-Cure, out of print. The price of a new copy will be given.

E. H. WHITEMAN, 30, Harrington Road, London, S.W.

Can any of your readers lend or recommend to me a trustworthy account of the Christian slaves in North African towns, especially in Algiers, up to the time of the suppression of piracy by the English fleet? I will gladly pay postage. HELEN SHIPTON, *The Vicarage, Old Brampton, Chesterfield.*

Will some correspondent kindly inform me if—during the Sicilian Vespers—any particular ‘Shibboleth’ was used, to distinguish the French from the Italians? THEODORA.

Can any one inform me how to send small contributions to help the distress in Russia?

Honora Guest would be much obliged if any one could tell her of a *verse* club, or competition, which would admit members who were not much advanced or experienced in that line.

The Cousins would be much obliged if any reader of the ‘Monthly Packet’ could tell them who was the famous musician who once played a tune on the kitchen pans, and what was the occasion?

ANSWERS.

Chelsea China fears that the difficulty of cases like ‘*A Troubled Daughter’s*’ consists partly in the fact that no general rule can apply. The conscience must take the hard responsibility. But if she likes to write a private letter, giving an address, Chelsea China will do her best to answer it.

Chelsea China informs *Pan* that there is a modern edition of Jane Taylor’s ‘*Original Poems*’; but she does not know the publisher.

Schubruin.—Chaucer in his ‘*Canterbury Tales*,’ (‘*The Squire’s Tale*’)—

‘left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.’

It is referred to in Spenser’s ‘*Faery Queene*,’ Book IV. The lines quoted are in Milton’s ‘*Il Penseroso*.’

In answer to *Lamda*, Miss Laura French Wintle, Hill House, Streatly, near Reading, can recommend an Italian teacher.

Alexandra.—Nicol’s ‘*Help to Reading the Bible*’ is still a very useful guide. Dr. Edersheim’s ‘*Histories of the Israelites*,’ published by the Tract Society, is excellent. The S.P.C.K. Commentary would help you. Do you belong to your own Diocesan Society for Higher Religious Education, where you would have definite direction?

NOTICES.

Advertisements of back numbers of the ‘*Monthly Packet*’ will be admitted in consequence of the numerous appeals received on this point.

The Editors ENTREAT intending contributors to read the notice in *italics* at the end of China Cupboard. They state emphatically that enclosing a stamped wrapper does not put it into their heads to return an MS.—quite the contrary. Authors write notes stating that ‘they enclose stamps and MS. (nameless).’ They often do nothing of the kind. The MS. arrives by parcel post with many others, possibly type-written and without the author’s name or address. How can that work of budding genius, if space does not permit of its acceptance, go home to its anxious owner, who, perhaps, writes next month to ask what has become of it, again without mentioning its name and nature?

**'MONTHLY PACKET' CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.
SCHEME FOR 1892.**

AGE OF REFORMATION.

I.—PRECURSORS OF THE REFORMATION.

1. January.—Wycliffe and his followers.
2. February.—Huss and the Council of Constance.
3. March.—Basle and Ænea Sylvio Piccolomini.
4. April.—The Renaissance in Italy, and Savonarola.
5. May.—Humanists in England.

II.—THE REFORMATION.

6. June.—The Concordat of Bologna, and the Theses of Luther.
7. July.—The German Reformation to the Confession of Augsburg.
8. August and September.—Wolsey and Cranmer (Divorce and Supremacy).
9. October.—The Dissolution of the Monasteries.
10. November.—The 'Ten Articles' and the 'Six Articles.'
11. December.—Calvin and Zwingli.

Chelsea China wishes all contributors to the China Cupboard a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The shelves have all been full through 1891—indeed many valuable objects have been crowded out. She hopes next month to produce some new varieties of pottery, both useful and ornamental, while retaining some of the old favourites.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Chelsea China calls her readers' attention to the fact that comment and criticisms on the 'Women's Work Papers' were invited from the first, perfect freedom being also given to the writers themselves.

DEAR EDITORS,—

Let me, in the name of all that is feminine and reticent, remonstrate against the example held up in journalism! To write articles, as for instance Harriet Martineau did, from home, or as a letter might be written, is one thing; to run about interviewing is another. Why should foolish curiosity about contemporaries be gratified? Why should a woman sell her sense of delicacy towards others, and intrude on their privacy? Why should she become a collector of frivolity and sometimes of slander? Need is the answer, but surely such modes of acquiring gain are unhallowed? I would not rashly censure those who have been led into the practice, but I do most earnestly deprecate the following their example. To contribute an essay, a description or a review, is one thing, and perfectly lawful, often useful—to intrude into privacy, to ask impertinent questions, to rush about the streets in a ball-dress to telegraph the account of a private fête, to collect gossip and *on dits* for 'society papers' is, it appears to me, unworthy of a modest Christian woman; and if such be the pinnacle of the profession, I as a survivor of the old times, when women were 'keepers at home,' hope your readers will be warned rather than won by Miss Green's amusing paper.

BIRD OF AGES.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

